

T H E
P O E T I C A L
W O R K S

Of the REVEREND

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A N D

Chaplain in Ordinary to his MAJESTY.

VOLUME I.

L O N D O N:

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A N
E P I S T L E
T O T H E
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
G E O R G E L o r d L A N S D O W N E.

Parhassia laurus
Parva sub ingenti Matris se subiecit umbra.

VIRG.

W H E N Rome, my LORD, in her full glory shone,
And great AUGUSTUS rul'd the globe alone;
While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate;
HORACE did oft the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain,
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
And taught the ROMAN genius how to sing.

PARDON, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who know no want of CÆSAR, finding you;
The muse's friend is pleas'd the muse should press
Thro' circling crouds, and labour for access,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
The love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

LONG has the western world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead;
Fell discord thro' her borders fiercely rang'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd;
Nor heav'n repair'd, so fast as men destroy'd.

IN vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd:
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chac'd,
And robb'd the rich BURGUNDIAN grape of taste;
The smiles of nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flow'ry spring;
Time was distinguished by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

BUT now (so soon is BRITAIN'S blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now peace, tho' long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past;
Bids ev'ry nation cease her wonted moan,
And ev'ry monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed;
Renown'd in councils brave ARGYLE shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell:
Thro' milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name.
Each stream unstain'd with blood more smoothly flows;
The brighter sun a fuller day bestows;
All nature seems to wear a chearful face,
And thank great ANNA for returning peace.

THE patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life; in ev'ry field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

NOR is it peace alone, but such a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed;
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
See graceful BOLINGBROKE your friend advance,
Nor miss his LANSDOWNE in the court of France;
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate!) in BOURBON's stately dome;
The monarch pleas'd descending from his throne,
Will not that ANNA call him all her own;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renewed his grief, and robb'd him of a tear;

Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one,
Who makes him less regret his darling son;
So dear is ANNA's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpose the raging main:
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For LEWIS Thames, the Seine for ANNA flows:
From conflicts pass'd each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd;
Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but must prize th' illustrious sword,
That cause of fear to CHURCHILL could afford?
Who sworn to BOURBON's scepter, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him that could brave TALLARD tame?
Thus gen'rous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.
A thousand happy consequences flow,
(The daz'ling prospect makes my bosom glow.)
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.
The British merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons sees only skies and main;
When now in view of his lov'd native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,
Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind;
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.

Sweet

THE LORD LANSDOWNE.

5

Sweet PHILOMELA providently flies
To distant woods and streams, for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing:
Mean while, the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
BRITANNIA's bold adventurer of late,
The foaming ocean plow'd with equal fate.

GOODNESS is greatness in its utmost height,
And pow'r a curse, if not a friend, to right:
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence;
Else we may dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ingrateful land:
Now war is weary, and retir'd to rest;
The meagre famine, and the spotted pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relicts of the sword away.

WHEN peaceful NUMA fill'd the Roman throne,
JOVE in the fullness of his glory shone:
Wife SOLOMON, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the LORD.
ANNE too shall build, and ev'ry sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to BRITANNIA's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
Th' almighty Author of their late success.

And what is all the world subdu'd to this?
 The grave sets bounds to sublunary blifs.
 But there are conquests to great ANNA known,
 Above the splendor of an earthly throne;
 Conquests! whose triumph is too great, within
 The scanty bounds of matter to begin;
 Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
 Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
 And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

}

HEROIC shades! whom war has swept away,
 Look down, and smile on this auspicious day:
 Now boast your deaths; to those your glory tell,
 Who or at Agincourt, or Cressy, fell;
 Then deep into eternity retire,
 Of greater things than peace or war inquire;
 Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
 What farther passes in the world below.

THE bravest of mankind shall now have leave
 To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave:
 On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
 Sad melancholy numbers in each street,
 (Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
 Or wasting in the bottom of the main)
 To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
 Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
 And make us grudge ourselves that wealth, their blood
 Perhaps preserv'd, who starve, or beg for food.
 Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
 From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage.

On

On heav'n without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall;
Be Christians while we pray, nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

BUT, O! I view with transport, arts restor'd,
Which double use to Britain shall afford;
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield:
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great RAPHAEL but the second place;
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardors sparkle in our eyes;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last;
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.

IN silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring:
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

BUT what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvass, when the muses sing?
The muse, my lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.
The thunder of the battle ceas'd to roar,
'Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar;

Rome's dreadful foe, great HANNIBAL, was dead,
 And all her warlike neighbours round her bled;
 For JANUS shut her Io Pœans rung,
 Before an OVID, or a VIRGIL sung.

A THOUSAND various forms the muse may wear,
 (A thousand various forms become the fair)
 But shines in none with more majestic mein,
 Than when in state she draws the purple scene;
 Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
 And mourning beauty melt the crouded stage;
 Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
 The noblest virtues time did e'er produce;
 Leaves fam'd historians boasted art behind;
 They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,
 Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks:
 The hero's presence deep impression makes;
 The scenes his soul and body re-unite,
 Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight;
 Make our cotemporary him that stood
 High in renown, perhaps, before the flood;
 Make NESTOR to this age advice afford,
 And HECTOR for our service draw his sword.

MORE glory to an author what can bring,
 Whence nobler service to his country spring,
 Than from those labours, which, in man's despight,
 Possess him with a passion for the right?
 With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
 To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
 Thro' all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
 And with her wants and anguish fall in love?

WHO

WHO hears the godlike MONTEZUMA groan,
And does not with the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the gen'rous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which ev'ry sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within herpow'r?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures fail'd:
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lye.

THUS they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal;
Till throughly by the muses banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poignard on some tyrant king.

How can they cool to villains? how subside
 To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
 To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
 Who wept last night to see MONIMIA mourn?
 In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
 To govern, and controul the world of wit,
 As TALBOT, LANSDOWNE's friend, has Britain known?
 Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
 He in the lap of elegance was bred,
 And trac'd the muses to their fountain head:
 But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
 What's nearer antient than the modern Rome.
 Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
 When I the British genius would advance:
 There too has SHREWSBURY improv'd his taste;
 Yet still we dare invite him to our feast.
 For CORNEILLE's sake, I shall my thoughts suppress
 Of OROONOKO, and presume him less:
 What tho' we wrong him? ISABELLA's woe
 Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

OUR foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
 The drama glories in the British muse.
 The French are delicate, and nicely lead
 Of close intrigue the Labyrinthian thread;
 Our genius more affects the grand than fine,
 Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
 They raise a great cur'osity indeed,
 From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
 We rouse th' affections, and that hero show
 Gasping beneath some formidable blow:

They

They sigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.
What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of CÆSAR is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flow'rs of love:
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man,
Than any CÆSAR, in a human plan,
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what heav'n design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
SHAKESPEARE but wrote the play th' Almighty made.
Our neighbour's stage art too barefac'd betrays,
'Tis great CORNEILLE at ev'ry scene we praise;
On nature's surer aid BRITANNIA calls,
None think of SHAKESPEARE till the curtain falls;
Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

FRANCE yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs;
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Not antient Greece a truer sense has shown:
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too;
We sometimes err by striving more to do.
So well are RACINE's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment, you make a fault;

Nor

Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame.
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

AND yet in SHAKESPEARE something still I find,
That makes me less esteem all human-kind;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with master-strokes abound:
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile;
Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives, when his OTHELLO's in a trance?
With his great TALBOT * too, he conquer'd France.

LONG we may hope brave TALBOT's blood will run
In great descendents, SHAKESPEARE has but one;
And him, my Lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame: ----
Yet I in vain that author would suppress,
What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great AGAMEMNON name.

SHOULD SHAKESPEARE rise unblest'd with TAL-
BOT's smile,
E'en SHAKESPEARE's self would curse this barren isle:
But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine;
E'en I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

* An ancestor of the duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by SHAKESPEARE.

Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you, the muses glory and delight;
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
And mortify an author with your praise.
Praise wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due;
But censure's self will please, my lord, from you.
Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What tho' the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride;
Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is best rewarded, when best understood.
The muses write for glory, not for gold,
'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
To speak a sense of what the muse deserves;
The muse, which from her LANSDOWNE fears no wrong,
Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
Should this great theme allure me farther still,
And I presume to use your patience ill,
The world would plead my cause, and none but you
Will take disgust at what I now pursue.
Since what is mean my muse can't raise, I'll chuse
A theme that's able to exalt my muse.

For who, not void of thought, can GRANVILLE name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame?

Whether

Whether we seek the patriot, or the friend,
Let BOLINGBROKE, let ANNA recommend ;
Whether we chuse to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and th'ambitious fire.

SUCH native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way ;
Bless all, on none an obligation lay :
So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

THO' sweet your presence, graceful is your mein,
You to be happy want not to be seen ;
Tho priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own :
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, tho' resolute to please ;
You, were all blind, would still deserve applause,
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause ;
That lyes beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their GOD obey.

You take delight in others excellence,
A gift which nature rarely does dispense :
Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those, who shew your name respect,
So little worth, as might excuse neglect ;

Nor

Nor are in pain left merit you should know;
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe;
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good; that told, so well
Your pow'rs are known, th' event I need not tell.
When NESTOR spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd:
And such great fame had HECTOR's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.

WHEN you, my lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
(No crouds around for pleasure, or for state)
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to shun the discipline of thought:
But unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You chuse companions from all human race;
Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is BRITANNIA's day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more:
In Grecian sages you are only taught
With more respect to value your own thought.
Great TULLY grew immortal, while he drew
Those precepts we behold alive in you:

Your

Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
 It makes that history they meant for rules.
 What joy, what pleasing transport must arise
 Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
 When in each learned page that you unfold,
 You find some part of your own conduct told?

So pleas'd, and so surpris'd ÆNEAS stood,
 And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
 When far from Trojan shores the hero spy'd
 His story shining forth in all its pride;
 Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
 The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

HE knows not half his being, who's confin'd
 In converse, and reflection on mankind:
 Your soul, which understands her charter well,
 Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
 Ranges eternity without the leave
 Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

WHEN pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
 When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
 In heav'nly numbers you your soul unbend,
 And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
 Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand,
 Read SENECA grown rich in GRANVILLE's hand †.

BEHOLD the glories of your life complete!
 Still at a flow, and permanently great;

† See his Lordship's tragedy, entituled, *Heroic Love*.

New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is, that you must die.

THUS ANNA saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great;
Confess'd, not made him such; for faithful fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with GRANVILLE's name.
Tho' you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir;
Farther than ermin make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs;
The soul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo one great day calls forth ten mighty peers!
Produce ten GRANVILLES in five thousand years.
ANNA, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and controul the great;
But O! to bid thy GRANVILLE brighter shine!
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure high'r,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

YET still one bliss, one glory I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice:
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,

Which

Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
 Pleading a tie far nearer than of blood;
 Similitude of manners, such a mind,
 As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
 Such ease his common converse recommends,
 As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's;
 Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
 Of all beneath the sun to bend his course*.

THUS the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
 Flatters the motions of the wanton air;
 Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd;
 The pliant branches dance in ev'ry wind:
 But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
 And all the fury of the North disdains.

How are you bless'd in such a matchless friend?
 Alas! with me the joys of friendship end.
 O HARRISON! I must, I will complain;
 Tears sooth the soul's distress, tho' shed in vain:
 Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
 With welcome peace, and is my friend no more?---
 Thy task was early done, and I must own
 Death kind to thee, but ah! to thee alone.
 But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
 The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
 STRAFFORD and BOLINGBROKE the loss perceive,
 They grieve, and make thee envy'd in thy grave:

WITH aking heart, and a foreboding mind,
 I night to day in painful journey join'd,

* His lordship's nephew, who took orders.

When first inform'd of his approaching fate ;
 But reach'd the partner of my soul too late :
 'Twas past, his cheek was cold, that tuneful tongue,
 Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
 Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
 Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again :
 Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
 Shot like an arrow thro' my bleeding heart.
 To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power,
 But more to load that most unhappy hour ?

YET still prevail'd the greatness of his mind ;
 That not in health, or life itself confin'd,
 Felt thro' his mortal pangs BRITANNIA'S peace,
 Mounted to joy, and smil'd in death's embrace.

HIS spirit now just ready to resign,
 No longer now his own, no longer mine ;
 He grasps my hand, his swimming eye-balls roll,
 My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul ;
 Then with a groan---Support me, Oh ! beware
 Of holding worth, however great, too dear ! †

PARDON, my lord, the privilege of grief,
 That in untimely freedom seeks relief :
 To better fate your love I recommend ;
 O ! may you never lose so dear a friend !
 May nothing interrupt your happy hours ;
 Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe show'rs :
 Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn ;
 To make the muse immortal you was born.

† The author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr.
 William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

Sing ;

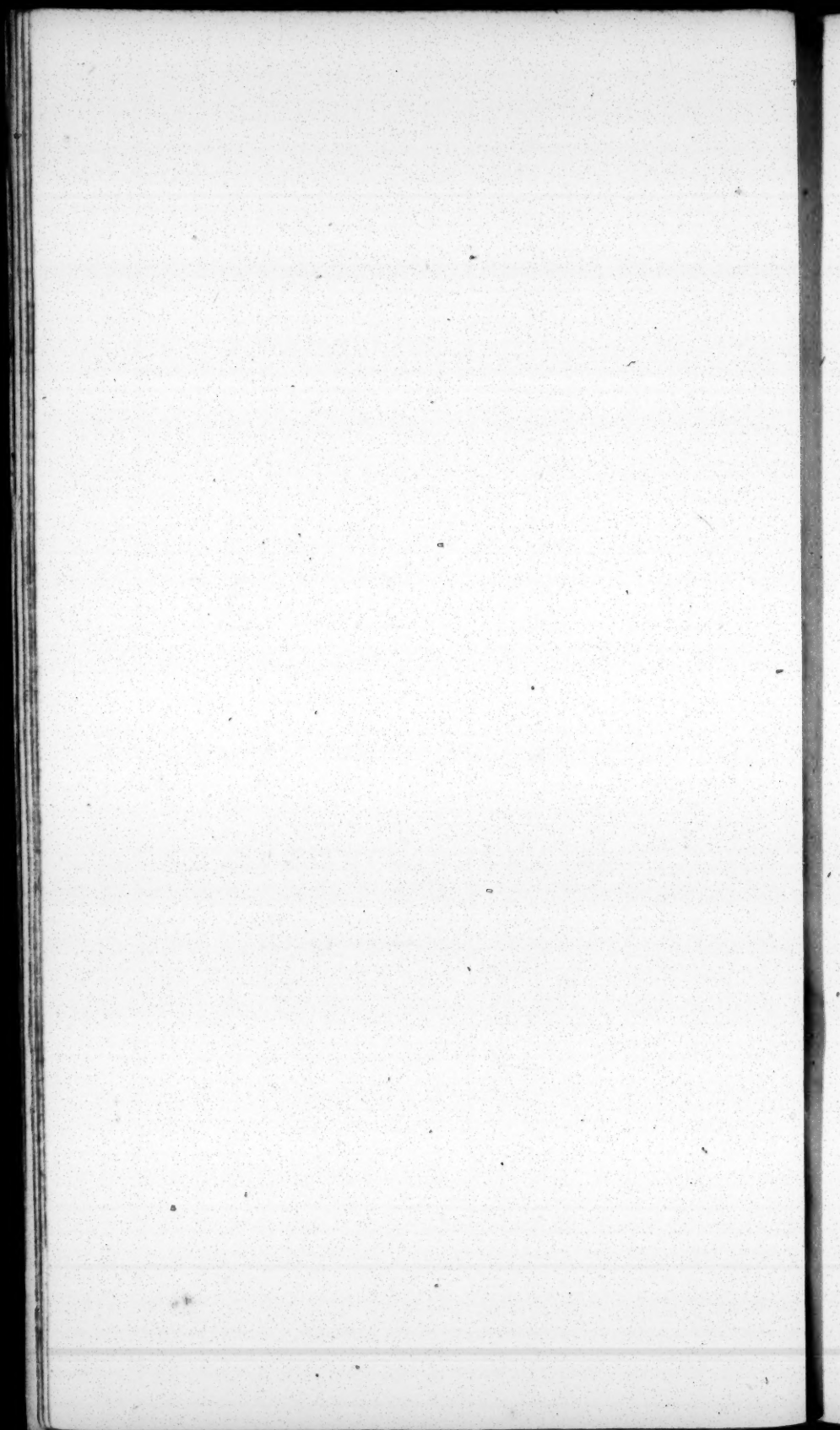
Sing; and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark;
Save from the gulph of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

THE crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And ANNA Britain sway'd, when GRANVILLE sung:
That noted year EUROPA sheath'd her sword,
When this great MAN was first saluted LORD.

A
P O E M
ON THE
L A S T D A Y.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit Summa Dies. ——— *VIRG.*



T O T H E
Q U E E N.

M A D A M,

MY only title to the great honour I now do myself, is the obligation I have formerly received from your royal indulgence; which I remember with the utmost gratitude. I was indeed uneasy, till I had bethought myself of some means of relieving my heart, by expressing its acknowledgment. My inclination carried me to poetry; your virtues determined me to sacred poetry above all other; and in that kind there is no subject more exalted and affecting, than this which I have chosen. Its very first mention snatches away the soul to the borders of eternity, surrounds it with wonders, opens to it on every hand the most surprising scenes of awe and astonishment, and terminates its view with nothing less than the fulness of glory, and the throne of God.

BUT this may seem a very improper season for any thing of so grave and solemn a nature to present itself before you, and mingle with the gaiety and splendor of universal joy and thanksgiving: yet if we consider that the thoughts which you will meet in the following pages, are such as are ever uppermost in your own heart; and that, in all probability, those great blessings, which your people now enjoy, are the reward of that religious bent of mind, and virtuous disposition in their PRINCE; I hope that may seem less foreign and unseasonable, which is the root of the felicity now flourishing among us, and shedding its ripened fruits on our land.

THEY are strangers to your majesty, who think, when they write to the British throne, that victories and triumphs must be their constant theme; they know not there is something you hold much dearer than either your fortune or your glory. They have not attended to your unbounded charities; they have not heard of your royal care and generosity to those who serve at the holy altar; they

D E D I C A T I O N.

they never sufficiently admired your resolution of building magnificently to the Lord, and setting wide the gates of salvation: in a word, they are still to be informed, that prudent councils and successful arms, well-ordered states, and humbled foes, are only the second glories of your most illustrious reign.

It is, Madam, a prospect truly great, to behold you seated on your throne, surrounded with your faithful counsellors, and mighty men of war, issuing forth commands to your own people, or giving audience to the great princes and powerful rulers of the earth. But why should we confine your glory here? I am pleased to see you rise from this lower world, soaring above the clouds, passing the first and second heavens, leaving the fixed stars behind you; nor will I lose you there, but keep you still in view thro' the boundless spaces on the other side of creation, in your journey toward eternal bliss, till I behold the Heaven of heavens open, and angels receiving, and conveying you still onward from the stretch of my imagination, which tires in her pursuit, and falls back again to the earth.

WHAT a panegyric is it on human nature to consider, that it shall come to pass in some future time, thro' which the thread of your existence shall run, that you yourself may forget this Glorious Year, or make its remembrance only serve by comparison to recommend superior honours, and more splendid renown? Let us tremble at the power of God, and adore the profusion of his goodness on us his creatures! We behold thee, O QUEEN! great in peace and war, great in thy alliance, great in thyself; we see thee blessing thy people, and composing the strifes of Europe; we survey thee in this full light, this blaze of sublunary greatness, and own thy glory is not yet begun.

SUCH thoughts might appear too warm and affected on another occasion; but they are so natural to him who presents such a theme to such a QUEEN, that they are not without violence to be suppressed. When at your
royal

D E D I C A T I O N.

royal leisure you turn over the following sheets, if you find any thing that encourages virtue, or disheartens vice, let it intercede for pardon of my many defects and errors.

THAT your reign may be as pious as it is glorious, and give posterity as many instances of exemplary virtue and religion, as it will of eminent talents, and extraordinary capacities; that it may not only shine in history, and be great in the annals of the earth, but also be set down in the observation of angels, and with distinguished characters be written in the book of life, to give joy at the GREAT DAY; is the constant prayer of him who is, as most particularly obliged to be,

Your MAJESTY'S

Most Humble,

And Most Obedient Subject,

EDWARD YOUNG.

B

V E R S E S

T O T H E

A U T H O R.

NOW let the Atheist tremble; thou alone
Canst bid his conscious heart the Godhead own.
Whom shalt thou not reform? O thou hast seen,
How God descends to judge the souls of men.
Thou heardst the sentence how the guilty mourn,
Driv'n out from God, and never must return!

YET more, behold ten thousand thunders fall,
And sudden vengeance wrap the flaming ball:
When nature sunk, when every bolt was hurl'd,
Thou sawst the boundless ruins of the world.

WHEN guilty Sodom felt the burning rain,
And sulphur fell on the devoted plain;
The Patriarch thus the fiery tempest past,
With pious horror view'd the desert waste;
The restless smoke still wav'd its curls around,
For ever rising from the glowing ground.

BUT tell me, oh! what heav'nly pleasure tell,
To think so greatly, and describe so well!
How wast thou pleas'd the wond'rous theme to try,
And find the thought of man could rise so high?
Beyond this world the labour to pursue,
And open all ETERNITY to view?

BUT

To Dr. Y O U N G.

BUT thou art best delighted to rehearse
Heaven's holy dictates in exalted verse:
O thou hast pow'r the harden'd heart to warm,
To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
To fix the soul on God; to teach the mind
To know the dignity of human-kind;
By stricter rules well-govern'd life to scan,
And practise o'er the angel in the man.

Magd. Col.
Oxon.

T. WHARTON.

TO a LADY, with THE LAST DAY.

MADAM,

HERE, sacred truths, in lofty numbers told,
The prospect of a future state unfold:
The realms of night to mortal view display,
And the glad regions of eternal day.
This daring author scorns, by vulgar ways
Of guilty wit, to merit worthless praise.
Full of her glorious theme, his tow'ring muse,
With gen'rous zeal a nobler flame pursues:
Religion's cause her ravish'd heart inspires,
And with a thousand bright ideas fires;
Transports her quick, impatient, piercing eye,
O'er the strait limits of mortality,
To boundless orbs, and bids her fearless soar
Where only MILTON gain'd renown before;
Where various scenes alternately excite
Amazement, pity, terror, and delight.

Thus did the muses sing in early times,
'Ere skill'd to flatter vice, and varnish crimes:
Their lyres were tun'd to virtuous songs alone,
And the chaste poet, and the priest, were one.
But now, forgetful of their infant state,
They soothe the wanton pleasures of the great:
And from the press, and the licentious stage,
With luscious poison taint the thoughtless age;
Deceitful charms attract our wond'ring eyes,
And specious ruin unsuspected lyes.
So the rich soil of India's blooming shores,
Adorn'd with lavish nature's choicest stores,

Where

On Dr. YOUNG's LAST DAY.

Where serpents lurk, by flow'rs conceal'd from sight,
Hides fatal danger under gay delight.

THESE purer thoughts, from gross allays refin'd,
With heav'nly raptures elevate the mind:
Not fram'd to raise a giddy short-liv'd joy,
Whose false allurements, while they please, destroy;
But bliss resembling that of saints above,
Sprung from the vision of th' Almighty's love:
Firm, solid bliss, forever great and new,
The more 'tis known, the more admir'd, like you;
Like you, fair nymph, in whom united meet
Endearing sweetness, unaffected wit,
And all the glories of your sparkling race,
While inward virtues heighten ev'ry grace.
By these secur'd, you will with pleasure read
"Of future judgment, and the rising dead;
"Of time's grand period, heav'n and earth o'erthrown;
"And gasping nature's last tremendous groan."
These, when the stars and sun shall be no more,
Shall beauty to your ravag'd form restore:
Then shall you shine with an immortal ray,
Improv'd by death, and brighten'd by decay.

Pemb. Col.
Oxon.

T. TRISTRAM.

To Dr. Y O U N G.

On his *Last Day*, and *Universal Passion*.

A N D must it be as thou has sung,
Celestial bard, seraphic YOUNG?
Will there no trace, no point be found
Of all this spacious glorious round?
Yon lamps of night, must they decay?
On nature's self destruction prey?
Then fame, the most immortal thing
Ev'n thou can't hope, is on the wing.
Shall NEWTON's system be admir'd,
When time and motion are expir'd?
Shall souls be curious to explore
Who rul'd an orb that is no more?
Or shall they quote the pictur'd age,
From POPE's and thy corrective page,
When vice and virtue lose their name
In deathless joy, or endless shame?
While wears away the grand machine,
The works of genius shall be seen?
Beyond, what laurels can there be,
For HOMER, HORACE, POPE, or THEE?
Thro' life we chase, with fond pursuit,
What mocks our hope, like Sodom's fruit:
And sure, thy plan was well design'd,
To cure this madness of the mind;
First, beyond time, our thoughts to raise;
Then lash our love of transient praise.
In both, we own thy doctrine just;
And fame's a breath, and men are dust.

1736.

J. BANCKS.

THE

T H E
L A S T D A Y.
B O O K I.

*Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra; quo maxima motu
Terra tremit, fugere feræ, & mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor.——* VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great;
Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state;
With Britain's Hero † set their souls on fire,
And grow immortal as his deeds inspire;
I draw a deeper scene: a scene that yields
A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields;
The world alarm'd, both earth and heav'n o'erthrown,
And gasping nature's last tremendous groan;
Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
The righteous judge, and man's eternal doom.

'TWIXT joy and pain I view the bold design,
And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring: I look down
On all the splendors of the British crown.

† The duke of Marlborough.

This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
 Attend me all ye glorious worlds around !
 Oh ! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
 Of ev'ry various order, place, and kind,
 Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays,
 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.

BUT chiefly Thou, Great Ruler ! Lord of all !
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall ;
 If at thy nod, from discord and from night
 Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
 Exalt ev'n me ; all inward tumults quell ;
 The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;
 To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
 And raise my labouring soul with equal fire.

MAN, bear thy brow aloft, view ev'ry grace
 In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face :
 See spring's gay bloom ; see golden autumn's store ;
 See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
 Leviathans but heave their cumb'rous mail,
 It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies fail.
 Here, forests rise, the mountains awful pride ;
 Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide :
 There, vallies fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
 Hold kings, and kingdoms fortunes in their beds :
 There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
 And into distant lands their shades extend.
 View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
 See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
 View the whole earth's vast landkip unconfin'd,
 Or view in Britain all her glories join'd.

THEN

THEN let the firmament thy wonder raise;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west? the labouring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry:
Wide theatre! where tempests play at large,
And God's right-hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year controul:
They shine thro' time, with an unalter'd ray:
See this grand period rise, and that decay:
So vast, this world's a grain; yet myriads grace
With golden pomp the throng'd ethereal space;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stor'd,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have ador'd.

How great, how firm, how sacred all appears!
How worthy an immortal round of years!
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain:
The tract forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the STUARTS fill'd an awful throne:
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

SOONER, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate!)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose;
When scenes are chang'd on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth:
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other ANNES:

While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolv'd, or an extinguish'd sun.

(YE sublunary worlds, awake, awake!
Ye rulers of the nations, hear and shake!)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise one day,
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend,
Eternal mountains like their cedars bend;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread,
Darkness the circle of the sun invade;
From inmost heav'n incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

WHEN lo! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note: the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball;
Th' extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

OH pow'rful blast! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound,
Tho' rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal thro' the sky,
Tho' God's whole enginry discharg'd, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

HAVE angels sinn'd? and shall not man beware?
 How shall a son of earth decline the snare?
 Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
 Can promise for the safety of mankind.
 None are supinely good: thro' care and pain,
 And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
 This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
 Man's is laborious happiness at best;
 On this side death his dangers never cease,
 His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
 And bending to the terms of human state,
 When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
 When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
 The conscious soul would this great scene display,
 Call down th'immortal hosts in dread array,
 The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
 And raise from silent graves the trembling dead;
 Such deep impression would the picture make,
 No pow'r on earth her firm resolve could shake;
 Engag'd with angels, she would greatly stand,
 And look regardless down on sea and land:
 Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
 And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain;
 Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
 And danger serve but to supply delight.

INSTRUCTED thus, to shun the fatal spring,
 Whence flow the terrors of that DAY I sing;
 More boldly we our labours may pursue,
 And all the dreadful image set to view.

THE sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
 The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
 All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
 Provokes our fear, and bids us fly the brake:
 The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
 In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes;
 We view with joy, what once did horror move,
 And strong aversion softens into love.

SAY then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
 Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night;
 Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
 The last extremes of terror and despair,
 Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
 This blackest moment since the world began!

AH mournful turn! the blissful earth, who late
 At leisure on her axle roll'd in state;
 While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
 Still onward in their circling journey prest;
 A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
 And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring:
 Some thro' vast oceans to conduct the keel,
 And some those wat'ry worlds to sink, or swell:
 Around her some their splendors to display,
 And gild her globe with tributary day:
 This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
 Heav'n's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
 Now looks an exile from her father's care,
 Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
 No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
 No light, but from the terrors of the sky:

Fall'n

Fall'n are her mountains, her fam'd rivers lost,
 And all into a second Chaos tost:
 One universal ruin spreads abroad;
 Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

SUCH, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
 To comfort, and support thy guilty lord?
 Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
 How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
 Prostrate the reptile own, and disavow
 His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
 Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
 That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
 What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
 Lord, why dost thou forsake, whom thou hast made?
 Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
 Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
 It flies the reach of thought; Oh save me, pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremend'ous hour!
 Thou, who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
 And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
 Thou, who for me thro' every throbbing vein
 Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
 Whom death led captive thro' the realms below,
 And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
 Defend me, O my God! Oh save me. Pow'r
 Of pow'rs supreme, in that tremend'ous hour!

FROM east to west they fly, from pole to line,
 Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
 Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
 Or rocks to yawn compassionately deep:

Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown :
While death sits threat'ning in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd ; and now his fears command
To change his native for a distant land :
Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

BUT why this idle toil to paint That Day ?
This time elaborately thrown away ?
Words all in vain pant after the distress ;
The height of eloquence would make it less :
Heav'ns ! ev'n the good man trembles----

AND is there a Last Day ? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?
Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow :
Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand ;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine :
And Thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty shine ;
Shine All ; in all your charms together rise ;
That all in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

IN hopes of glory to be quite involv'd!
To smile at death! to long to be dissolv'd!
From our decays a pleasure to receive!
And kindle into transport at a grave!
What equals This? and shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow?
Religion! Oh thou cherub, heav'nly bright!
Oh joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight!
Thou, thou art All; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

FOR ever then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame?
They all for him pursue, or quit their end;
The mounting flames their burning pow'r suspend;
In solid heaps th' unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence aw'd by his command:
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and a-thirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain
In the deep chambers of the gloomy main;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the sea bellow'd o'er his sinking head?

WHEN now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise;
When now the foaming surges tost on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky;

When

When death draws near, the mariners aghast
 Look back with terror on their actions past;
 Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
 Their hearts thro' fear and anguish melt away;
 Nor tears, nor pray'rs, the tempest can appease;
 Now they devote their treasure to the seas;
 Unload their shatter'd barque, tho' richly fraught,
 And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
 With gems and gold; but oh, the storm so high!
 Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

THE trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
 They headlong plunge into the briny wave;
 Down he descends, and booming o'er his head
 The billows close; he's number'd with the dead.
 (Hear, O ye just! attend ye virtuous few!
 And the bright paths of piety pursue.)
 Lo! the great ruler of the world from high
 Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
 Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
 And bids tempestuous nature silent stand;
 Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
 Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace:
 He bridles in the monsters of the deep,
 The bridled monsters awful distance keep;
 Forget their hunger, while they view their prey;
 And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

BUT still arise new wonders; nature's lord
 Sends forth into the deep his pow'rful word,
 And calls the great Leviathan: the great
 Leviathan attends in all his state;

Exults

Exults for joy, and with a mighty bound
Makes the sea shake, and heav'n and earth resound;
Blackens the waters with the rising sand,
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws enormous size:
The prophet views the cavern with surprize;
Measures his monstrous teeth afar descry'd,
And rolls his wondring eyes from side to side:
Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleas'd the northern blast to hear,
And hangs on liquid mountains void of fear;
Or falls immerst into the depths below,
Where the dead silent waters never flow;
To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
Dwells in the shelving mountains dreadful shade:
Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
And glides serenely thro' the paths of death.

Two wondrous days and nights thro' coral groves,
Thro' labyrinths of rocks, and sands he roves:
When the third morning with its level rays
The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
It sees the king of waters rise, and pour
His sacred guest uninjur'd on the shore:
A type of that great blessing, which the muse
In her next labour ardently pursues.

T H E
L A S T D A Y.
B O O K II.

— Έκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν εἰς φάος ἐλθεῖν
Λείψαν ἀποσιχομένων; ὑπίσω δὲ θεοὶ τελέθονται.

PHOCYL.

i. e.

*—We hope that the departed will rise again from
the dust: after which, like the gods, they will be
immortal.*

NOW man awakes, and from his silent bed,
Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;
Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
And on the borders of new worlds appears.
Whate'er the bold, the rash adventure cost,
In wide Eternity I dare be lost.
The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
To teach the swain, or celebrate the king:
I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
I lift my voice, and sing to Human-kind:
I sing to men and angels; angels join,
While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.

AGAIN the trumpet's intermitted sound
Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
An universal concourse to prepare
Of all that ever breath'd the vital air;

In

In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out th' unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-mov'd advance; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head, the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame.

WHEN the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to POMPEY, and confess'd her lord.
Yet one day lost, this deity below
Became the scorn and pity of his foe.
His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,
And smok'd indignant on a ruffian's blade.
No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,
Bid with due horror his great soul farewell.
Obscure his fall! all wett'ring in his gore,
His trunk was cast to perish on the shore!
While JULIUS frown'd the bloody monster dead,
Who brought the world in his great rival's head.
This sever'd head and trunk shall join once more,
Tho' realms now rise between, and oceans roar.
The trumpet's sound each vagrant mote shall hear,
Or fix'd in earth, or if a-float in air,

Obey

Obeys the signal wafted in the wind,
And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day
In airy rings, and wild meanders play,
Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings end,
And gently circling on a bough descend.

THE body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,
Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,
Or 'midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,
Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid;
Or rather coasted on her final state,
And fear'd, or wish'd for her appointed fate:
This soul returning with a constant flame,
Now weds forever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

THUS a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marble bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

THAT ancient, sacred, and illustrious † dome,
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,

† Westminster-Abbey,

From camps, and courts, tho' great, and wise, and just,
 To feed the worm, and moulder into dust;
 That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
 Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
 Now populous o'erflows: A numerous race
 Of rising kings fills all th' extended space:
 A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
 Awards the crown, and stiles the greater lord.

NOR monuments alone, and burial-earth,
 Labours with man to this his second birth;
 But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
 And gilded theatres invade the skies,
 Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
 Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
 The most magnificent and costly dome,
 Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
 No spot, on earth, but has supply'd a grave,
 And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
 All's full of man, and at this dreadful turn,
 The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

NOR all at once, nor in like manner rise:
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes;
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
 Others, whose long-attempted virtue stood
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
 Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;
 Such in this day of horrors shall be seen,
 To face the thunders with a godlike mien;

The

The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;
 The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move:
 An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,
 A yawning gulph, and fiends on every side,
 Serene they view, impatient of delay,
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

OH wond'rous change! what unknown objects rise,
 Shake my belief, and fill me with surprize?
 Here, Greatness prostrate falls; there, Strength gives
 place;
 Here, Lazars smile; there, Beauty hides her face.
 Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
 A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
 Some who perhaps by mutual wounds expir'd,
 With zeal for their distinct persuasions fir'd,
 In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
 And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

BUT none are flush'd with brighter joy, or warm
 With juster confidence enjoy the storm,
 Than those, whose pious bounties unconfin'd
 Have made them public fathers of mankind.
 In that illustrious rank, what shining light
 With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight?
 Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage shew,
 Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
 WICKHAM! FOX! CHICHLEY! hail illustrious *names,
 Who to far distant times dispense your beams;

* Founders of New-College, Corpus-Christi, and All-Souls in Oxford.

Beneath your shades, and near your chrystal springs,
 I first presum'd to touch the trembling strings.
 All hail, thrice-honour'd! 'twas your great renown
 To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
 When other records length of years shall blast,
 In your adopted sons your fame shall last,
 And make those kings to latest ages known,
 Those happy monarchs, under whom you shone;
 A moment shone, illustriously bright,
 Then left the mourning world, and set in night;
 But now you rise eternally to shine,
 Eternally to drink the rays divine.

INDULGENT God! oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
 For bounty so profuse to human-kind,
 Thy wond'rous gift of an eternal mind?
 Shall I, who some few years ago was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
 Was nothing; shall I live, when ev'ry fire
 Of ev'ry star shall languish or expire?
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move?
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,
 See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
 Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
 As we now tell how MICHAEL fung or fought?
 All that has being in full concert join,
 And celebrate the depths of Love Divine!

BUT oh! before this blissful state, before
 Th' aspiring soul this wond'rous height can soar,

The

The judge descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

THIS mighty scene I next presume to draw :
Attend, great ANNA, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts :
Fiction be far away, let no machine
Descending here, no fabled god be seen ;
Behold the God of gods indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend.

Lo ! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At heav'n's all-pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below :
And every age, and nation pours along ;
NIMROD and BOURBON mingle in the throng :
ADAM salutes his youngest son ; no sign
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart ?
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day or descent ?
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days ?
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood ?

Alas !

Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,
CÆSAR un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse, not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above.
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, Fall ; another, Stand :
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on :
Great XERXES' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield ;
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy.)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost :
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th' unbounded main.

THIS echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
“ For Judgment, Judgment, sons of men prepare !
Earth shakes a-new, I hear her groans profound,
And hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.

WHOE'ER thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth ;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord ;
Who on the day of triumph saidst, Be thine
The skies, JEHOVAH, all the world is mine :

Dare not to lift thine eye.---Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost? what numbers canst thou chuse?

A SUDDEN blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great sov'reign reigns in worlds of
light,

Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds! where time and place,
Matter and form, and fortune, life and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us, vagrant cmmets, crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,
(Speck of creation) if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

THENCE issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see on an empyreal flying throne,
Awfully rais'd, heav'n's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.

Where'er

Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
 Or we expect, or find a Paradise:
 But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
 The Eden kindles, and the world 's in flames.
 On one hand knowledge shines in purest light,
 On one the sword of justice fiercely bright.
 Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed,
 Now tell the scourg'd impostor he shall bleed!

BUT oh! ye sons of men, exalt your voice,
 And bid the soul thro' all her pow'rs rejoice:
 Mercy, his darling, in his bosom found,
 Scatters ambrosial odours all around;
 Unbends his brow, and mitigates his frown,
 And sooths his rage, and melts his thunder down.
 My thoughts are changed; now man exalt thine eye,
 In thy dread judge thy dear redeemer spy:
 E'en JUDAS struggles his despair to quell;
 Hope almost blossoms in the shades of hell.

THUS glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the source
 Of life and death eternal bends his course;
 Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play,
 Th' angelic host is rang'd in bright array:
 Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
 And mingling voices with rich concert swell;
 Voices seraphic, blest with such a strain,
 Could Satan hear, he were a god again:
 All heav'n shines forth, in all her pomp complete,
 For God, himself, magnificently great.

TRIUMPHANT king of glory! soul of bliss!
 What a stupend'ous turn of fate is this?
 Oh! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
 And indigence of him in Bethlem born,
 A needy, helpless, unaccounted guest,
 And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
 How chang'd from him who meekly prostrate laid,
 Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made?
 From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
 Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd, and
 dy'd;
 Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe,
 All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd below.

AND was 't enough to bid the sun retire?
 Why did not nature at thy groan expire?
 I see, I hear, I feel the pangs divine,
 The world is vanish'd----I am wholly thine.

MISTAKEN CAIAPHAS! ah! which blasphem'd,
 Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
 Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim;
 Deep are the horrors of eternal flame!
 But God is good! 'Tis wondrous all! ev'n he
 Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
 From earth full twice a planetary height.
 There all the clouds, condens'd, two columns raise,
 Distinct with orient veins and golden blaze.
 One fix'd on earth, and one on sea, and round
 Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.

These

These an immeasurable arch support,
 The grand tribunal of this awful court.
 Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
 Stream from the chrystal arch, and round the columns
 fly.

Death wrapt in chains low at the basis lyes,
 And on the point of his own arrow dies.

HERE high enthron'd th' eternal Judge is plac'd,
 With all the grandeur of his godhead grac'd;
 Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
 And the sun burns beneath his dreadful feet.

Now an archangel, eminently bright,
 From off his silver staff of wondrous height,
 Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
 And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
 The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
 Where'er it floats, on earth, in air, or main;
 Flashes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
 And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory! dreadful bright!
 Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
 Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
 What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
 Say not, (to make the sun shrink in his beam)
 Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
 Wish, or the souls may with their limbs decay,
 Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
 But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
 How they with transport may the scene behold.

AH how! but by repentance, by a mind
 Quick and severe its own offence to find?
 By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
 And all the pious violence of pray'r?
 Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
 I cast my heart before th' eternal throne,
 In this great temple, which the skies surround,
 For homage to its lord a narrow bound.

" O THOU! whose balance does the mountains
 " weigh,
 " Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
 " Whose breath can turn those watry worlds to flame,
 " That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
 " Earth's meanest son, with trembling, prostrate falls,
 " And on the plenty of thy goodness calls.

" AH! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
 " To scatter wide, and bury in the deep:
 " Thy pow'r, my weakness may I ever see,
 " And wholly dedicate my soul to thee.
 " Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
 " At thy command, nor human motive know!
 " If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
 " And sin the graceful indignation raise.
 " My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
 " And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.

" OH may my understanding ever read
 " This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
 " Who decks the maiden spring with flow'ry pride?
 " Who calls forth summer like a sparkling bride?
 " Who

" Who joys the mother-autumn's bed to crown?
 " And bids old winter lay her honours down?
 " Not the great OTTOMAN, or greater CZAR,
 " Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war:
 " May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
 " To bring th' eternal Author to my mind!
 " When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
 " May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul;
 " When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
 " Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine.

" THRO' every scene of life, or peace, or war,
 " Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care!
 " Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
 " Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine:
 " Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow;
 " The cluster blasts, or bids it richly flow;
 " 'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
 " And giv'st great ANNE thy sceptre o'er the north.

" GRANT I may ever, at the morning ray,
 " Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
 " Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
 " And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
 " As that advances, let my zeal improve,
 " And glow with ardour of consummate love;
 " Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
 " My endless worship shall be still begun.

" AND oh! permit the gloom of solemn night
 " To sacred thought may forcibly invite,

" When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 " Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
 " Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
 " And shew all nature in a milder light ;
 " How every boistrous thought in calm subsides !
 " How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides !
 " O how divine ! to tread the milky way,
 " To the bright palace of the Lord of day ;
 " His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 " Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;
 " Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
 " While I long vigils to its Founder keep.

" CANST thou not shake the centre? Oh controul,
 " Subdue by force the rebel in my soul :
 " Thou, who can'st still the raging of the flood,
 " Restrain the various tumults of my blood ;
 " Teach me with equal firmness to sustain
 " Alluring pleasure and assaulting pain.
 " O may I pant for thee in each desire !
 " And with strong faith foment the holy fire !
 " Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
 " Which in eternity's deep bosom lyes !
 " At the great day of recompense behold,
 " Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !
 " Then, wadded upward to the blissful seat,
 " From age to age my grateful song repeat ;
 " My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
 " And rival angels in the praise of Thee."

T H E
L A S T D A Y.
B O O K I I I.

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur affore tempus,
Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat, & mundi moles operosa laboret.*

OVID. MET.

THE book unfolding, the resplendent seat
Of saints and angels, the tremendous fate
Of guilty souls, the gloomy realms of woe,
And all the horrors of the world below,
I next presume to sing: what yet remains
Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
And let the muse or now affect the sky,
Or in inglorious shades for ever lye.
She kindles, she's inflam'd so near the goal;
She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole;
The world grows less as she pursues her flight,
And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heav'n, opening all its sacred pomp, displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze!
The triumph rings! archangels shout around!
And echoing nature lengthens out the sound!

TEN thousand trumpets now at once advance;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse;

So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
 As nature dy'd, when she had groan'd her last.
 Nor man nor angel moves; the judge on high
 Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky:
 Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
 When high to view supporting seraphs raise;
 In solemn form the rituals are prepar'd,
 The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
 Not guilty fear, nor fancy's self can draw
 A meeting more august, of greater awe.
 And thou, my soul, (oh fall to sudden pray'r,
 And let the thought sink deep!) shalt thou be there?

SEE on the left, (for by the great command
 The throng divided falls on either hand)
 How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
 What more than death in every face and mein!
 With what distress, and glarings of affright,
 They shock the heart, and turn away the sight!
 In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
 And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
 Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
 And ev'ry groan is laden with despair.
 Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
 A truer image pictur'd in thy mind.

SHOULD'ST thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
 And all the soft companions of thy life,
 Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
 Whose mix'd desires send up one common flame,
 Divided far; thy wretched self alone
 Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known;

How

How would it wound? what millions would't thou give
 For one more trial, one day more to live?
 Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
 To grasp with eagerness the means of grace;
 Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
 And in that moment to redeem an age?
 Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
 Restrain the sun; but still of this despair.

MARK, on the right, how amiable a grace!
 Their maker's image fresh in ev'ry face!
 What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
 And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires!
 Triumphant beauty! charms that rise above
 This world, and in blest angels kindle love!
 To the great judge with holy pride they turn,
 And dare behold th' Almighty's anger burn;
 Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
 And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
 Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust?
 Oh the transcendent glory of the just!
 Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt
 Th' infected brightness of their joy pollute.

THUS the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws
 nigh,
 Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye;
 Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
 And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain;
 Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
 Leap forth at once, and snatch the glorious prize,

Inflame

Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

SINCE ADAM's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast,
Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you who'er
Devote yourselves to Fame, and think her fair,
Look round, and view the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts time's brightest annals grace;
Who founded sects, crowns conquer'd, or resign'd,
Gave names to nations, or fam'd empires join'd;
Who rais'd the vale, and laid the mountain low,
And taught obedient rivers where to flow;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main;
All lost! all undistinguish'd! no where found!
How will this truth in BOURBON's palace sound?
Round gilded roofs how heavy will it fly?
With what a weight on crowns and sceptres lye?
E'en great and good AUGUSTUS is not seen,
Nor haughty Babylon's victorious queen.

WHAT then is he, * who, 'midst the radiant bands
Of spotless faints, and laurel'd martyrs, stands,
Conspicuous from afar? whose rays so bright
Sollicit and attract the ravish'd sight:
In whom I see two distant virtues join'd,
A royal greatness, and an humble mind;
His lifted hands his lofty neck surround,
To hide the scarlet of a circling wound;

* King Charles I.

Th' almighty judge bends forward from his throne,
These scars to mark, and then regards his own.
Jerusalem's foundations groan aloud,
And Albion sinks beneath her ambient flood.

NOT far, methinks, I kindred-features trace
In a majestic, tho' a female face,
Her consort by; around them smiling move
The beauteous blossoms of their fruitful love:
Known of their parents, they their parents know,
Their bosoms with a double transport glow;
Blest in themselves, but more than blest to find
All held most dear in equal blessing join'd.
In one superior majesty appears,
Advanc'd in beauty as advanc'd in years.
What melting sweetness, what commanding grace
Meet on his brow, like victory and peace?
Oh! to what fav'rite part of human-kind
Was this so great, but dang'rous gift design'd?
What nation humbly cou'd enjoy his reign?
If lost, with patience such a loss sustain?

AH, say BRITANNIA, whence this vengeance flow'd?
Hast thou not yet aton'd thy martyr's blood?
EDWARDS and HENRYS still aloud resound;
Nor are their names in greater GLOSTER drown'd:
Oh! what a godlike race in him is lost?
What has his death ev'n future ages cost?

BUT us'd with art, and rightly understood,
All dispensations from above are good;

And

And tho' with frightful aspect they surprize,
 Most ills are only blessings in disguise.
 Oh! happy issue! to whom ne'er was known
 The bright temptations sparkling from a throne;
 Great parents! who those bright temptations knew,
 Knowing engag'd, engaging overthrew.

Now, just reward! celestial crowns inclose
 With deathless glories your victorious brows.
 For see the volume vast, since time begun
 Just register of all beneath the sun,
 Is thrown full wide; peace ocean! silence lull
 The sounding winds! ye spheres forbear to roll!
 Hear, O creation, thy great Master speak!
 Now first for guilty man blest angels shake.

T H A T hour, on which th' almighty king on high
 From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
 Whether his right-hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
 Continu'd, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd,
 Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
 Gave north and west dominion o'er the world;
 The point of time for which the world was built,
 For which the blood of God himself was spilt,
 That dreadful moment is arriv'd.

A L O F T the seats of bliss their pomp display,
 Brighter than brightness, the distinguish'd day;
 Less glorious, when of old th' eternal Son
 From realms of night return'd with trophies won;
 Thro' heav'ns high gates when he triumphant rode,
 And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.

Horror

Horrors beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell;
A furnace formidable, deep and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands its jaws, most dreadful to survey,
And roars outrageous for the destin'd prey.
The sons of light scarce unappal'd look down,
And nearer press heav'n's everlasting throne.

SUCH is the scene, and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares----I tremble as I write;
The whole creation swims before my sight:
I see, I see the Judge's frowning brow;
Say not 'tis distant, I behold it now;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast,
In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

“ WHO burst the barriers of my peaceful grave?
“ Ah! cruel death, that wou'd no longer save,
“ But grudg'd me ev'n that narrow dark abode,
“ And cast me out into the wrath of God;
“ Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
“ And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
“ Our only song; black fire's malignant light,
“ The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.

“ Must all those pow'rs heav'n gave me to supply
“ My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,

“ Rise

" Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
 " Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe?
 " And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
 " Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell?
 " Oh! must I look with terror on my gain,
 " And with existence only measure pain!
 " What! no reprieve, no least indulgence giv'n,
 " No beam of hope from any point of heav'n!
 " Ah! mercy! mercy! art thou dead above?
 " Is love extinguish'd in the source of love?

" BOLD that I am, did heav'n stoop down to hell?
 " Th' expiring lord of life my ransom seal?
 " Have I not been industrious to provoke;
 " From his embraces obstinately broke;
 " Pursu'd and panted for his mortal hate;
 " Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate?
 " And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim?
 " Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning
 " flame;
 " Just is my lot---But, oh! must it transcend
 " The reach of time, despair a distant end?
 " With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,
 " Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies!

" NEVER! where falls the soul at that dread
 " sound?
 " Down an abyss how dark, and how profound?
 " Down, down (I still am falling, horrid pain!)
 " Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain;
 " My plunge but still begun---And this for sin?
 " Cou'd I offend, if I had never been,

" But

" But still increas'd the senseless happy mass,
 " Flow'd in the stream, or flourish'd in the grass?
 " Father of mercies! why from silent earth
 " Did'st thou awake, and curse me into birth?
 " Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,
 " And make a thankless present of thy light?
 " Push into being a reverse of thee,
 " And animate a clod with misery?

" THE beasts are happy, they come forth and keep
 " Short watch on earth, and then lye down to sleep.
 " Pain is for man; and oh! how vast a pain
 " For crimes which made the Godhead bleed in vain?
 " Stifled his groans, as far as in them lay,
 " And flung his agonies and death away?
 " As our dire punishment for ever strong,
 " Our constitution too for ever young,
 " Curs'd with returns of vigour still the same,
 " Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame.
 " Still to be caught, and still to be pursu'd!
 " To perish still, and still to be renew'd!

" AND this, my help! my God! at thy decree?
 " Nature is chang'd, and hell should succour me.
 " And can'st thou then look down from perfect bliss,
 " And see me plunging in the dark abyss,
 " Calling thee father in a sea of fire,
 " Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire!
 " With mortals anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
 " And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim!

" THOU

" THOU who canst toss the planets to and fro,
 " Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe:
 " Crush worlds; in hotter flames fall'n angels lay;
 " On me almighty wrath is cast away.
 " Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
 " Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage:
 " Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame,
 " But lose me in the greatness of thy name.
 " Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,
 " And shall I make those glories cease to shine?
 " Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,
 " And from its course turn back omnipotence?

" FORBID it! and oh! grant, great God, at least
 " This one, this slender, almost no request;
 " When I have wept a thousand lives away,
 " When torment is grown weary of its prey,
 " When I have rav'd ten thousand years in fire,
 " Ten thousand thousands, let me then expire."

DEEP anguish! but too late; the hopeless soul,
 Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
 Though loth, and every loud blaspheming owns
 He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans;
 Enclos'd with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
 Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain:
 To talk to fiery tempests, to implore
 The raging flame to give its burnings o'er,
 To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
 And bear the weight of an offended God.

THE favour'd of their Judge in triumph move
 To take possession of their thrones above ;
 Satan's accurs'd desertion to supply,
 And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;
 Again to kindle long extinguish'd rays,
 And with new lights dilate the heav'nly blaze ;
 To crop the roses of immortal youth,
 And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ;
 To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
 And lift the voice to their Almighty king ;
 To lose eternity in grateful lays,
 And fill heav'n's wide circumference with praise.

BUT I attempt the wondrous height in vain,
 And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
 What boldly I begin, let others end ;
 My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
 And chuse a less, but no ignoble theme,
 Dissolving elements, and worlds in flame.

THE fatal period, the great hour is come,
 And nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;
 Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
 Heav'n's terrors in array surround the ball ;
 Sharp lightnings with the meteors blaze conspire,
 And darted downward set the world on fire ;
 Black rising clouds the thicken'd æther choke,
 And spiry flames shoot thro' the rolling smoke,
 With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
 And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light ;
 From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
 Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
T'enrage

T'enrage the flame; it spreads, it soars on high,
 Swells in the storm, and billows thro' the sky.
 Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
 Cities and defarts in one ruin blend;
 Here blazing volumes wafted overwhelm
 The spacious face of a far distant realm:
 There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
 The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

HEAR'ST thou that dreadful crack, that sound which
 broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook?
 What wonders must that groan of nature tell?
 Olympus there, and mightier Atlas fell,
 Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
 A tow'ring monument of God's right-hand;
 Now dust and smoke, whose brow so lately spread
 O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

HIGH 'midst the clouds the boiling ocean rores,
 And looks far down on his decreasing shores;
 Leviathans in plaintive thunder cry,
 In distant, dismal pants the long-liv'd echoes die.

SHEW me that celebrated spot, where all
 The various rulers of the sever'd ball
 Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
 That land which heav'n seem'd diligent to bless,
 Once call'd BRITANNIA: can her glories end?
 And can't surrounding seas her realms defend?
 Alas, in flames behold surrounding seas!
 And all their waters but augment the blaze.

SOME

SOME angel say, where ran proud Asia's bound,
 Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd ?
 Where stretch'd waste Lybia ? where did India's store
 Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore ?
 Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
 And all dissolv'd, one fiery deluge flow :
 Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
 And a full period of ambition find.

AND now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
 Inhabitants of sea, of earth, or skies ;
 All on whom ADAM's wisdom fix'd a name,
 All plunge and perish in the conqu'ring flame.

THIS globe alone would but defraud the fire,
 Starve its devouring rage : the flakes aspire,
 And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their
 prey ;

The sun, the moon, the stars all melt away,
 And leave a mighty blank : involv'd in flame,
 The whole creation sinks ! the glorious frame,
 In which ten thousand worlds, in radiant dance,
 Orb above orb, their wondrous course advance,
 By that o'er-ruling hand, which kindled all
 The stars, and rounded in its palm the ball,
 Is crush'd and lost ; no monument, no sign,
 Where once so proudly blaz'd the gay machine.
 So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
 So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire ;
 The devastations of one dreadful hour,
 The great Creator's six days work devour.

How

How rich that God who can such charge defray,
 And bear to sling ten thousand worlds away !
 Great wealth ! and yet (ye nations hear !) one soul
 Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ;
 Exalted in superior excellence,
 Casts down to nothing such a vast expense.
 Have ye not seen th' eternal mountains nod,
 An earth dissolving, a descending God ?
 What strange surprizes thro' all nature ran ?
 For whom these revolutions, but for man ?
 For him Omnipotence new measures takes,
 For him through all eternity awakes ;
 Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
 Heav'n's loss, and with fresh glories fill the sky.

THINK deeply then, O man, how great thou art,
 Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart ;
 What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
 Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
 Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
 And gaze, and wander there a ravish'd guest ;
 Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
 Wander thro' all the glories of thy mind.
 Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
 Foretels a noon most exquisitely bright !
 Here springs of endless joy are breaking forth !
 There buds the promise of celestial worth !
 Worth which must ripen in a happier clime,
 And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
 Thou, minor, can'st not guess thy vast estate,
 What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait.

Lose not thy claim, let virtue's paths be trod ;
 Thus glad all heav'n, and please that bounteous God,
 Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
 Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky :
 That service done, its beams shall fade away,
 And God shine forth in one eternal day.

THE
FORCE OF RELIGION:
OR,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.

A
P O E M.

In Two Books.

Gratior & pulchro veniens in corpore virtus. VIRG.

D

To the Countess of SALISBURY.

MADAM,

THE nature of my subject pointed out my patronesses, and scarce left me the liberty of a choice. I hope it may be some excuse for my presumption, that the following story could not have been read without thoughts of the countess of Salisbury, tho' it had been dedicated to another.

VIRTUE and beauty met in the youthful and high-born Lady JANE GRAY, in a wonderful perfection; and, as their nature is, they mutually assisted each other. Her beauty was more beautiful, because she was virtuous; nor am I afraid to say, on the other hand, that her religion itself admitted of advantage, and received prevalence, as well as lustre, from the elegance of her mien, and the gracefulness of her person.

THOSE good men rather wish well to virtue, than understand her true interest, who think too slightly of what is agreeable to sight. As long as we have passions as well as reason, we shall own the force of outward appearances: by the misfortune of humanity, our hearts are naturally shut against that which is *only* good; but when that which is lovely joins with it, the latter makes interest with our senses for the admission of the former, and the former calls in our reason to embrace the latter; and thus is brought about a happy union and concurrence of the whole person, so miserably divided usually, and at variance with himself. We may fix our eyes on a fair example of piety, to an utter detestation of our vices, and gaze ourselves into a newness of life.

HENCE arises a double obligation on the beautiful to be good; and to see the charms of mind and person separated, becomes a too just occasion of our concern. To behold a person only virtuous, stirs in us a prudent regret; to behold a person only amiable to the sight, warms us with a religious indignation: but to turn our eyes on a countess of Salisbury, gives us pleasure and

D E D I C A T I O N.

improvement; it works a sort of miracle, occasions the bias of our nature to fall off from sin, and makes our very Senses and Affections converts to our religion, and promoters of our duty.

THERE is not in nature a more glorious scene than he enjoys, who by accident oversees a great, and young, and beautiful lady in her closet of devotion. Instead of gaiety, and noise, and throng, so natural to the qualities just mentioned; all is solemn, and silent, and private. Pious meditation has carried her away into a forgetfulness of her lovely person, which no one but herself can forget! all her exquisite features are animated with religion in such a manner, as to make any licentious thought in the beholder impious and shocking! all her motions and postures, whose gracefulness in others might be a foundation for pride, and be thought an excuse for omissions in duty, are full of humiliation, and pious neglect! those eyes, which cannot be shewed in publick without interrupting the business of the world, fixing thousands in attention, and suspending the pursuits of avarice and ambition, are devoutly raised, and importunately fastened on an invisible object; offering holy violence for those good things, the thoughts of which, in vulgar minds, keep company, for the most part, with nothing but Wrinkles, Grey-hairs, and Infirmary! what a radiant glimpse of heaven is this! all the divine and ravishing appearances, which were formed of angels and saints in glory, were at first suggested to the mind of man by such a sight.

THEY who are acquainted with the character of the lady JANE, will not look on this as foreign; they that are not, but have the honour of knowing the countess of Salisbury, will make another sufficient excuse for this seeming digression of,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

And most humble servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

1714.

THE

T H E
FORCE OF RELIGION:
O R,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.
B O O K I.

— *Ad cælum ardentia lumina tollens,
Lumina; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*

VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on
high,
And open'd wond'rous scenes above the sky,
My muse descend: indulge my fond desire,
With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
And smooth my numbers to a female's praise:
A partial world will listen to my lays,
While ANNA reigns, and sets a female name
Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.

HEAR, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
Who, round your Queen majestic and divine,
Like glories beaming from an angel, shine.
Virtue is Beauty: but when charms of mind
With elegance of outward form are join'd;

78 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
And fortune sets them in the strongest light;
'Tis all of heav'n that we below may view,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

FAM'd female virtue did this isle adorn
'Ere ORMOND, or her glorious QUEEN was born:
When now MARIA's pow'rful arms prevail'd,
And haughty DUDLEY's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great SUFFOLK's race,
In blooming youth, adorn'd with ev'ry grace;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

BUT how will GUILFORD, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart?
At once she longs, and is afraid to know:
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord; and finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye:
Lest that unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

AT length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heav'nly mein,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young;
While tender accents melt upon her tongue;

Gentle,

Gentle, and sweet, as vernal Zephyr blows,
Fanning the lilly, or the blooming rose.

“ Grieve not, my lord, a crown indeed is lost ;
“ What far out-shines a crown, we still may boast ;
“ A mind compos'd ; a mind that can disdain
“ A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
“ Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
“ To wealth eternal, and return above ;
“ Above, where no distinction shall be known
“ 'Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
“ And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
“ Shone forth in all the splendor of the great ;
“ Nor can I find the diff'rence here below ;
“ I lately was a queen, I still am so,
“ While GUILFORD's wife : Thee rather I obey,
“ Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
“ When we lye down in some obscure retreat,
“ Incens'd MARIA may her rage forget ;
“ And I to death my duty will improve,
“ And what you miss in empire, add in love----
“ Your godlike soul is open'd in your look,
“ And I have faintly your great meaning spoke.
“ For this alone I'm pleas'd I wore the crown,
“ To find with what content we lay it down.
“ Heroes may win, but 'tis a heav'nly race
“ Can quit a throne with a becoming grace.”

THUS spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheer'd
Her drooping lord, whose boding bosom fear'd
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head :

80 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt!
 For, lo a guard!----Forgive him if he melt----
 How sharp her pangs, when sever'd from his side,
 The most sincerely lov'd, and loving bride
 In space confin'd, the muse forbears to tell,
 Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
 His pain was equal, but his virtue less,
 He thought in grief there could be no excess.
 Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
 And often fondly clasp'd his absent fair;
 Now silent, wander'd through his rooms of state,
 And sicken'd at the pomp, and tax'd his fate;
 Which thus adorn'd in all her shining store,
 A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
 Now on the bridal bed his eyes were cast,
 And anguish fed on his enjoyments past;
 Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
 And ev'ry transport stabb'd him to the heart.

THAT happy moon, which summon'd to delight,
 That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
 Which saw him fold her yet untasted charms
 (Deny'd to princes) in his longing arms;
 Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
 Empire and love! the vision of a day.

THUS in the British clime a summer storm
 Will oft' the smiling face of heav'n deform;
 The winds with violence at once descend,
 Sweep flow'rs and fruits, and make the forest bend:
 A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
 O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.

BUT

BUT whither is the captive borne away,
 The beauteous captive, from the chearful day?
 The scene is chang'd indeed; before her eyes
 Ill-boding looks, and unknown horrors rise:
 For pomp and splendor, for her guard and crown,
 A gloomy dungeon and a keeper's frown;
 Black thoughts, each morn, invade the Lover's breast,
 Each night, a ruffian locks the Queen to rest.

AH mournful change, if judg'd by vulgar minds!
 But SUFFOLK's daughter its advantage finds.
 Religion's force divine is best display'd
 In a desertion of all human aid:
 To succour in extremes is her delight,
 And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the sight.
 We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
 And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
 To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
 And comfort those who come to bring relief:
 We gaze; and as we gaze, wealth, fame decay,
 And all the world's vain glories fade away.

AGAINST her cares she rais'd a dauntless mind,
 And with an ardent heart, but most resign'd,
 Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
 Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
 Address her God---- "Almighty pow'r divine!
 "'Tis thine to raise, and to depress is thine;
 "With honour to light up the name unknown,
 "Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
 "In my short span both fortunes I have prov'd,
 "Nor hope the prisoner less than QUEEN belov'd;

82 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

" I bear it all (O strengthen me to bear!)
 " And if my piety may claim thy care;
 " If I remember'd in youth's giddy heat,
 " And tumult of a court, a future state;
 " O favour! when thy mercy I implore
 " For one who never guilty sceptre bore!
 " 'Twas I receiv'd the crown; my lord is free;
 " If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
 " Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
 " And in a guilty land to speak thy praise!
 " O may th' indulgence of a father's love,
 " Pour'd forth on me be doubl'd from above!
 " If these are safe, I'll think my pray'rs succeed,
 " And bless thy tender mercies whilst I bleed."

'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
 In which the queen to her full wrath gave way;
 Thro' rigid justice rush'd into offence,
 And drank in zeal the blood of innocence.
 The sun went down in clouds, and seem'd to mourn
 The sad necessity of his return:
 The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
 Or did, or was imagin'd to complain.
 The tapers cast an inauspicious light;
 Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

SWEET innocence in chains can take her rest,
 Soft slumber gently creeping thro' her breast,
 She sinks; and in her sleep is re-inthron'd,
 Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crown'd.
 She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
 And stretches wide her shadow of command:

With

With royal purple is her vision hung ;
By fantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung ;
Low at her feet the suppliant rival lyes ;
Our captive mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade.
The busy trades in cities had began
To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouze,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widow'd wife awakes ;
Awakes, and smiles ; nor night's imposture blames ;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams ;
A short-liv'd blaze, a light'ning quickly o'er,
That dy'd in birth, that shone, and were no more :
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind, well suited to her alter'd fate,
Serene, tho' serious ; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched GUILFORD !) of her instant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams ; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve ; be guiltless of the sight ;
Or haste more swiftly to the western main ;
Nor let her blood the conscious day-light stain.

Oh how severe ! to fall so new a bride,
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride ;
When time had just matur'd each perfect grace,
And open'd all the wonders of her face !
To leave her GUILFORD dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.

Unhappy

84 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

Unhappy fair ! whatever fancy drew,
 (Vain promis'd blessings !) vanish from her view ;
 No train of chearful days, endearing nights,
 No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights ;
 Pleasures that blossom ev'n from doubts, and fears ;
 And bliss, and rapture rising out of cares :
 No little GUILFORD, with paternal grace,
 Lull'd on her knee, or smiling in her face ;
 Who, when her dearest father shall return,
 From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
 Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
 And fill her place in his indulgent heart :
 As where fruits fall, quick rising blossoms smile,
 And the blest'd Indian of his care beguile.

IN vain these various reasons jointly press,
 To blacken death, and heighten her distress ;
 She thro' th' encircling terrors darts her sight,
 To the blest'd regions of eternal light,
 And fills her soul with peace : to weeping friends
 Her father and her lord she recommends ;
 Unmov'd herself : her foes her air survey,
 And rage to see their malice thrown away.
 She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care---
 But GUILFORD ; who still struggles for his share.
 Still will his form importunately rise,
 Clog, and retard her transport to the skies.
 As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
 Now catch the brand with a returning light :
 Thus her soul onward, for the seats above,
 Falls fondly back, and kindles into love.

At length she conquers in the doubtful field;
That heav'n she seeks will be her GUILFORD's shield.
Now death is welcome; his approach is slow;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

OH! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last:
Alas! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
'Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

SHE thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquer'd. Worse than death is near:
Her rigid trials are not yet complete,
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to th' offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breath'd her last,
'Ere the dire sentence on her father past.

A FONDER parent nature never knew,
And as his age increas'd, his fondness grew.
A parent's love ne'er better was bestow'd,
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflow'd.
And can she from all weakness still refrain?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain?
Impossible! a sigh will force its way;
One patient tear her mortal birth betray;
She sighs and weeps, but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dews descend, and vapours rise.

86 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

CELESTIAL patience ! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate !
While passion takes his part, betrays our peace ;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace ;
By not opposing, thou dost ills destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn ; the queen to rage inclin'd,
By mercy, nor by piety confin'd.
What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage ?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas ! should GUILFORD too---When now she's
brought

To that dire view, that precipice of thought ;
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, 'till heav'n's decrees are known,
Cure of all ills, till now, her lord appears,
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears :
Not now, as usual, like the rising day,
To chase the shadows, and the damps away :
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep,
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair ;

Slow,

Slow, like a ghost, he mov'd, with solemn pace;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd ;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk a breathless image to the ground.

THUS the fair lilly, when the sky's o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast ;
But when the winds, and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forc'd to bend ;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

T H E
FORCE OF RELIGION:
O R,
VANQUISH'D LOVE.
BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in scepra reponis?

VIRG.

TELL me fair CECIL, (who should better tell,
Than you, in whom resembling beauties dwell?)
Where, for that moment, fled the brighter grace,
The bloom, and sprightly lustre of her face?
Say, loiter'd it below, and humbly chose
To make the lilly fair, and flush the rose?
Or did it mount to heav'n, from whence it came,
And there with ease assume an angel's name?

BUT rather say, where pleas'd her soul to rove?
Sought it the glorious martyrs crown'd above?
Or did it here its airy being spread,
Hov'ring in fondness o'er her GUILFORD's head?
GUILFORD, who clasps her beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath.
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper touch'd, restores the fire.

She

She rear'd her swimming eye, and saw the light,
And GUILFORD too, or she had loath'd the fight:
Her father's death she bore, despis'd her own,
But now she must, she will have leave to groan:
Ah! GUILFORD, she began, and would have spoke,
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke;
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell:
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and controul
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair?
It melts us down; our pains delight bestow,
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

THIS GUILFORD prov'd, and with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair. Sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulg'd his love, and nurs'd the raging fire.
Then tore himself away, and standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cry'd,
With ill-dissembled grief, "My life, forbear,
" You wound your GUILFORD with each cruel tear.
" Did you not chide my grief? Repress your own;
" Nor want compassion for yourself alone.

" Have

90 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

" Have you beheld how from the distant main,
 " The thronging waves rowl on a num'rous train,
 " And foam and bellow, till they reach the shore,
 " There burst their noisy pride, and are no more?
 " Thus the successive flows of human race,
 " Chac'd by the coming, the preceding chace;
 " They found, and swell, their haughty heads they
 rear,
 " Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
 " Life is a trifle we must shortly pay,
 " And where's the mighty lucre of a day?
 " Why should you mourn my fate? 'tis most unkind;
 " Your own you bore with an unshaken mind:
 " And which can you imagine was the dart
 " That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart?
 " I cannot live without you, and my doom
 " I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.---
 " And are again your tears profusely spilt!
 " Oh! then my kindness blackens to my guilt;
 " It foils itself, if it recal your pain;
 " Life of my life, I beg you to refrain;
 " The load which fate imposes, you increase,
 " And help MARIA to destroy my peace."

BUT, oh! against himself his labour turn'd;
 The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd.
 Compassion swells our grief, words soft and kind
 But sooth our weakness, and dissolve the mind.
 Her sorrow flow'd in streams, nor her's alone,
 While that he blam'd, he yielded to his own.
 Where are the smiles she wore, when she so late
 Hail'd him, great partner of the regal state;

When

When orient gems around her temples blaz'd,
And bending nations on the glory gaz'd?

BUT there's a fure vicissitude below -
Of light and darkness, happiness and woe;
The dawn of day is an approach to night,
And grief is the conclusion of delight.

'Tis now the queen's command, they both retreat
To weep with dignity, and mourn in state:
She forms the decent misery with joy,
And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
A spacious hall is hung with black, all light
Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky;
It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
Which only shews the darkness of the room.
A shining ax is on the table laid,
A dreadful sight, and glitters thro' the shade.

IN this sad scene the lovers are confin'd;
A scene of terrors to a guilty mind!
A scene that wou'd have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd ev'ry love but theirs.
What can they do? they fix their mournful eyes,
Then GUILFORD thus abruptly; " I despise
" An empire lost, I fling away the crown;
" Numbers have laid that bright delusion down:
" But where's the CHARLES, or DIOCLESIAN where,
" Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair!

" Oh!

92 THE FORCE OF RELIGION :

" Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
 " In full possession of thy snowy hand!
 " And thro' th' unclouded chrystal of thy eye,
 " The heav'nly treasures of thy mind to spy!
 " Till rapture reason happily destroys,
 " And my soul wanders thro' immortal joys!
 " Give me the world, and ask me where's my bliss,
 " I clasp thee to my breast, and answer This.
 " And shall the grave---He groans, and can no more,
 But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
 Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought,
 And wond'ring sees in sad presaging thought,
 From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
 And rowl along the dust, a ghastly ball.

OH! let those tremble who are greatly blest'd!
 For who but GUILFORD, could be thus distress'd?
 Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
 From flow'ry meadows, and from rooms of state;
 Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
 But to refine, and to exalt your joy;
 Weep not, but smiling fix your ardent care
 On nobler titles than the Brave or Fair.

WAS ever such a mournful moving sight?
 See, if you can, by that dim, trembling light;
 Now they embrace; and mix'd in bitter woe,
 Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow.
 Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
 They stiffen into statues of despair.
 Now tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
 They rush at once, they fling their cares behind,

And

And clasp, as if to death ; new vows repeat,
And quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion ! for the raging pain
Returns, and their poor hearts must bleed again.

So when fierce tempests the rough ocean swell'd,
Two friendly vessels once these eyes beheld ;
Now run in circles, in a line now fly,
Now reel, now sleep, now sink, now hang on high ;
Thus, with variety of terror, press
Through all the dreadful changes of distress.

MEAN time, the QUEEN new cruelty decreed ;
But ill content that they should only bleed.
A priest is sent, who, with insidious art,
Infils his poison into SUFFOLK's heart ;
And GUILFORD drank it, hanging on the breast ;
He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.
When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind,
Bespoke her thus : " Grieve not ; 'tis in your pow'r
" Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."
Her bosom pants ; she draws her breath with pain ;
A sudden horror thrills thro' ev'ry vein ;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent,
And her soul trembles for the great event.

THE priest proceeds : " Embrace the faith of Rome,
" And ward your own, your lord's, and father's
doom."

Ye

94 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

Ye blessed spirits! now your charge sustain,
 The past was ease; now first she suffers pain.
 Must she pronounce her father's death, must she
 Bid GUILFORD bleed? It must not, cannot be.
 It cannot be! but 'tis the Christian's praise,
 Above impossibilities to raise
 The weakness of our nature, and deride
 Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
 What tho' our feeble sinews scarce impart
 A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart;
 Though tainted air our vigorous youth can break,
 And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake,
 Yet are we strong: hear the loud tempest roar
 From east to west, and call us weak no more;
 The light'ning's unresisted force proclaims
 Our might; and thunders raise our humble names.
 'Tis our JEHOVAH fills the heav'ns; as long
 As he shall reign Almighty, we are strong:
 We, by devotion, borrow from his throne,
 And almost make omnipotence our own:
 We force the gates of heav'n by fervent pray'r,
 And call forth triumphs out of man's despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
 And bleeding heart in silence to the skies,
 Devoutly sad---Then bright'ning, like the day,
 When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away,
 Shining in majesty till now unknown,
 And breathing life and spirit scarce her own;
 She, rising, speaks: "If these the terms---

HERE

HERE GUILFORD, cruel GUILFORD, (barb'rous
man!

Is this thy love?) as swift as light'ning ran;
O'erwhelm'd her, with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled in its birth the mighty thought:
Then, bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears,
His fears for her alone, he beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul express:
" Oh! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
" And shew one moment uninflam'd with love!
" Oh! if thy kindness can no longer last,
" In pity to thyself, forget the past!
" Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
" Pronounce his doom, whom thou hast held so dear.
" Thou, who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
" Empires were vile, and fate could give no more;
" That to continue, was its utmost pow'r,
" And make the future like the present hour.
" Now call a ruffian; bid his cruel sword
" Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord;
" Transfix his heart, (since you its love disclaim)
" And stain his honour with a traitor's name.
" This might perhaps be borne without remorse;
" But sure a father's pangs will have their force.
" Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
" Through cruel torment to the grave descend?
" His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
" Wash a slave's feet, and smother upon the ground?
" But he to you has ever been severe;
" Then take your vengeance---SUFFOLK now drew
near;

Bending

96 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

Bending beneath the burthen of his care;
 His robes neglected, and his head was bare.
 Decrepit winter, in the yearly ring,
 Thus slowly creeps to meet the blooming spring.
 Downward he cast a melancholy look;
 Thrice turn'd to hide his grief; then faintly spoke.
 " Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
 " That ax can only rob me of a day:
 " For thee, my soul's desire, I can't refrain;
 " And shall my tears, my last tears, flow in vain?
 " When you shall know a mother's tender name,
 " My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
 At this, afar his bursting groans were heard;
 The tears ran trickling down his silver beard:
 He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he prest,
 And bid her plant a dagger in his breast;
 Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
 And foil'd his hoary temples in the dust.

HARD-HEARTED men! will you no mercy know?
 Has the queen brib'd you to distress her foe?
 O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
 By false affection thus to pierce her heart!
 When she had soar'd, to let your arrows fly,
 And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky?
 And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
 Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
 When cleaving love, and human int'rest, bind
 The broken force of her aspiring mind?
 As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
 Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,

Her

Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies.

WHILE yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
And with its force her resolution reels ;
Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
To view discover, welt'ring on the ground,
Three headless trunks of those, whose arms maintain'd,
And in her wars immortal glory gain'd.
The lifted ax assur'd her ready doom,
And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
Shall I proceed, or here break off my tale,
Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal ?

SHE met this utmost malice of her fate
With Christian dignity, and pious state.
The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast.
Her lord and father, for a moment's space,
She strictly folded in her soft embrace ;
Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high,
And sudden gladness smil'd along the sky.

" YOUR over-fondness has not mov'd my hate ;
" I am well pleas'd you make my death so great.
" I joy I cannot save you, and have giv'n
" Two lives, much dearer than my own, to heav'n,
" If so the queen decrees. But I have cause
" To hope my blood will satisfy the laws ;
" And there is mercy still, for you, in store :
" With me the bitterness of death is o'er.

E

" He

98 THE FORCE OF RELIGION:

" He shot his sling in that farewell embrace ;
 " And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
 " Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,
 " Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
 Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
 She, smiling, says, " My victory complete:
 " And tell your queen, I thank her for the blow,
 " And grieve my gratitude I cannot show:
 " A poor return I leave, in England's crown,
 " For everlasting pleasure, and renown.
 " Her guilt alone allays this happy hour ;
 " Her guilt, the only vengeance in her pow'r."

HER lord and father view, with transport fill'd,
 Their utmost efforts to her virtue yield ;
 Her firm resistance, flush'd with shame, approve,
 With joy exulting, while they die with love.
 Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate;
 And fierce MARIA pity'd her too late.

TEUS to bright CECIL I presume to sing,
 While Britain serves a greater than a king;
 To vindicate her sex, and man chastise,
 Who dreams himself alone, or good, or wise.
 To what an height this female-martyr rose,
 And number'd life and love among her foes;
 While man, apostate to his better thought,
 Against his wishes impotently fought?
 Our British fair, ye loves, and graces, lead
 Through ev'ry grove, o'er ev'ry verdant mead;
 On ev'ry hill and vale let CECIL tread,
 That flow'rs may spring, to strow the lovely dead.

Ye lillies, dip your bells in whiter snow;
Ye roses, with a richer scarlet glow,
To deck her sacred tomb. Bless'd shade receive
These late, but earnest honours paid thy grave;
Nor deem it, most esteem'd, a slight respect,
When living wonders we for thee neglect;
When to thy dust our zealous harp is strung,
While blooming CECIL's self remains unsung.

V E R S E S

Occasioned by

That famous Piece of the CRUCIFIXION,
done by MICHAEL ANGELO †.

WHILE his REDEEMER on his Canva^r lies,
Stabb'd at his Feet his BROTHER welting lyes:
The daring artift, cruelly ferene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mein;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines ev'ry spirit as it flies:
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouze up ev'ry pang repeats his blow;
Each rifing agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his SAVIOUR's face.
O glorious theft! O nobly wicked draught!
With its full charge of death each feature fraught!
Such wond'rous Force the Magic Colours boast,
From his Own Skill he starts, in Horror loft.

† Who obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased for this purpose. The man being extended, this wonderful artift directed that he should be stabbed in fuch parts of the body as he apprehended would occafion the moft excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the moft natural manner.

O N
The Death of Queen ANNE,
A N D
The Accession of King GEORGE.

Inscribed to

JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;
Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords
Justices, in the Year 1714.

—————*Gaudia curis.*

HOR.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fullness of my grateful thought:
My fame at once, and duty to pursue,
And please the public, by respect to YOU.

THO' you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own;
To Me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition, in great ANNA's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Tho' you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Tho' rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens: virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

KNOW, Sir, the great esteem and honour due,
 I chose, that moment, to profess to You,
 When sadness reign'd, when fortune, so severe,
 Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
 And when no motives could have force to raise
 A serious value, and provoke my praise,
 But such as rise above, and far transcend
 Whatever glories with this world shall end,
 Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
 The sun's bright orb, and CATO be forgot.

I SING---But ah! my theme I need not tell!
 See every eye with conscious sorrow swell:
 Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
 Can only shew his duty, not his choice.
 How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain!
 We languish, and to speak is to complain.

LET us look back, (for who too oft can view
 That most illustrious scene, for ever new!)
 See all the seasons shine on ANNA's throne,
 And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
 Her summers heats not fruits alone bestow,
 They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe;
 And when black storms confess the distant sun,
 Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
 Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,
 And triumphs are the product of the year.
 To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
 And glorious victory is lost in peace.

WHENCE this profusion on our favour'd isle?
 Did partial fortune on our virtue smile,
 Or did the sceptre, in great ANNA's hand,
 Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land?

Ungrateful

Ungrateful Britain! quit thy groundless claim;
Thy QUEEN and thy Good Fortune are the same.

HEAR, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky;
'Tis ANNA reigns! the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvas to the southern shore;
'Tis ANNA reigns! the south resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain.
ARGYLE and CHURCHILL but the glory share,
While millions lye subdu'd by ANNA's pray'r.

How great her zeal! how fervent her desire!
How did her soul in holy warmth expire!
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams!
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join'd their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Tho' Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart:
She saw, and griev'd to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait;
She shed her bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

THUS on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

WHAT strikes my sight? does proud AUGUSTA rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise?

104 On the DEATH of Queen ANNE,

Her lofty brow more num'rous turrets crown,
 And sacred domes on palaces look down:
 A noble pride of piety is shown,
 And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
 How would this work another's glory raise!
 But ANNA's greatness robs her of the praise.
 Drown'd in a brighter blaze it disappears.
 Who dry'd the Widow's, and the Orphan's tears?
 Who stoop'd from high to succour the distressed,
 And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
 Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
 Whoever fought, it was a QUEEN that gave.
 Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
 But made another debtor to the crown;
 And each unfriendly stroke, from fate we bore,
 Became our title to the regal store.

THUS injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
 And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

YE numbers, who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
 When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
 Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
 How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
 That grief, which living ANNA's love suppress'd,
 Shook like a tempest ev'ry grateful breast.
 A second fate our sinking fortunes try'd!
 A second time our tender parents dy'd!

HEROES returning from the field we crown,
 And deify the haughty victor's frown:
 His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
 Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
 Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
 And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.

When

When time shall ask, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refresh'd the dry,
Shall rise a fountain of eternal joy.

BUT ah ! to that unknown and distant date,
Is virtue's great reward push'd off by fate ;
Here random shafts in ev'ry breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.

AUGUST in native worth, and regal state,
ANNA sat arbitress of Europe's fate ;
To distant realms did ev'ry accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty QUEEN ?
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's Greatness is compos'd in peace :
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

THUS end maturest honours of a crown !
This is the last conclusion of renown !

So when with idle skill the wanton boy
Breathes thro' his tube ; he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glitt'ring ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.

'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom ;
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb ;
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe !
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow !

106 On the DEATH of Queen ANNE,
Yes, this advantage ; from our deep distress
We learn how much in GEORGE the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown ;
An ANNA falling, all the KING employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch ! what a praise is thine ?

WELCOME great stranger to Britannia's throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft' did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With pray'r we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet ;
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet ;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer, and compose,
Join those whom int'rest joins, and chace our foes ?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame ?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the British crown.
Secure his honour, tho' he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

NOR think, great SIR, now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour, you exert your power ;
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The num'rous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you chose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine ;
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
'The greater debt was on Britannia laid :

They

They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

ALL share; but may not we have leave to boast,
That we contemplate, and enjoy it most?
This antient nurse of arts, indulg'd by fate,
On gentle Isis' bank, a calm retreat,
For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
Has thro' the world her loyalty proclaim'd;
And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
Her blood and treasure to support the throne;
For England's church her latest accents strain'd,
And freedom with her dying hand retain'd;
No wonder then her various ranks agree,
In all the fervencies of zeal for THEE.

WHAT tho' thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
And seas divide THEE from the British coast?
The crown's impatient to inclose thy head;
Why stay thy feet? The cloth-of-gold is spread.
Our strict obedience thro' the world shall tell,
That KING's a Briton, who can Govern Well.

A
L E T T E R
T O

Mr. T I C K E L L.

Occasioned by the

DEATH of the Right Honourable
JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq; 1719.

— *Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.*

VIRG.

O LONG with ME in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts, and sacred friendship join'd;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion, bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to sing.
A darling theme! once pow'ful to inspire,
And now to melt the muses mournful choir:
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

EARLY he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain;
See, see, she cry'd, old MARO's muse appears,
Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:

Her

Her finish'd charms to ADDISON she brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
All read transported his pure classic page,
Read, and forget their climate and their age.

THE state, when now his rising fame was known,
Th' unrival'd genius challeng'd for her own ;
Nor wou'd, that one for scenes of action strong,
Shou'd let a life evaporate in song.

As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense.

Yet few, how few with lofty thought inspir'd,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
In conscious pride, their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind !

Wit they esteem a gay, but worthless pow'r,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour ;
Unmindful, that conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic wisdom wears the bright disguise.

POOR Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy ;
Lightly she toy'd, and trifled with his charms,
And knew not that a God was in her arms.

WHO greatest excellence of thought cou'd boast,
In action too have been distinguish'd most.

This SOMERS knew, and ADDISON sent forth
From the malignant regions of the north,
To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;
Thro' warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.

With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,

Anxious

110 *A LETTER to Mr. TICKELL,*

Anxious the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

AUSONIA soon receiv'd her wond'ring guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confest,
To see her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
In like surprise was her ÆNEAS lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs
In ripen'd judgment, and consummate thought.
Great work ! by NASSAU's favour cheaply bought.

HE now returns, to Britain a support,
Wife in her senate, graceful in her court :
And, when the public welfare wou'd permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O WARWICK ! (whom the muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
O WARWICK ! by divine contagion bright,
How early did'st thou catch his radiant light !
By him inspir'd how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

ON some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
Full blown e'er noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shews th' abundance of her purple rays.

WIT, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
We now surpris'd her fruitful branches see ;
Or, orange-like, 'till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :
He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd indulgent in a warmer bed.

The

The nation pleas'd enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.

WHEN loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance-amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards cou'd scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

WHAT he has sung, how early, and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tyber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.
No fuller proof of pow'r th' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, then curbing her proud wave.

NAUGHT can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end;
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws;
To steel the patriot in great BRUNSWICK's cause;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint th' eternal bow'rs of bliss above.
Where had'st thou room, great author! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul?
Thro' paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel;
"How could a mortal essence think so well?"

BUT why so large in the great writer's praise?
More lofty subjects shou'd my numbers raise:
In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend!
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.

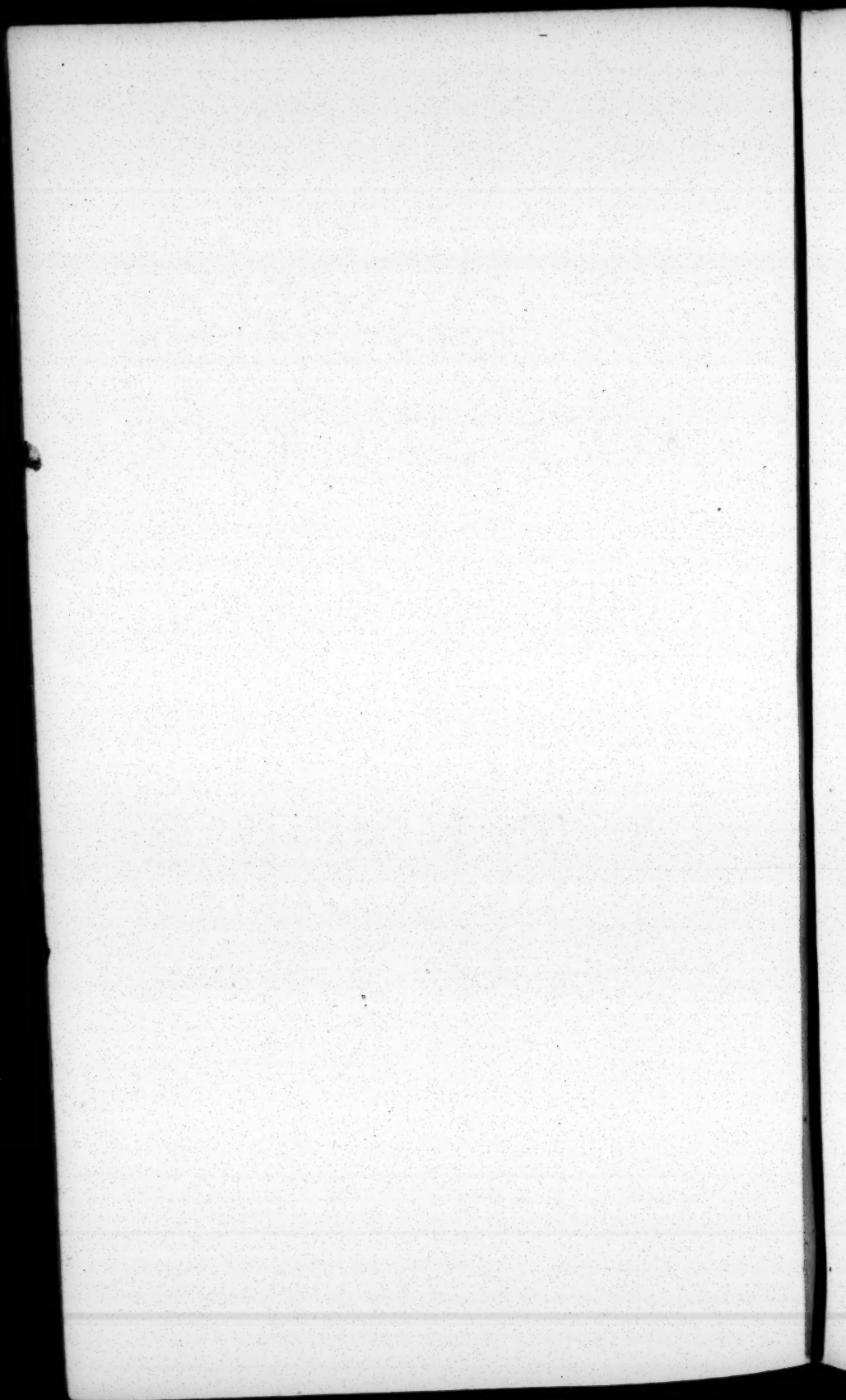
IN joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
TICKELL, accept this verse, thy mournful due.
Thou farther shalt the sacred theme pursue ;
And as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy muse began.
Tho' sweet the numbers, tho' a fire divine
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry line ;
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by Fame, and suffers from Applause.

BUT haste to thy illustrious task ; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care ;
The gift bequeath'd by ADDISON's command,
To CRAGGS made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light, in one united blaze :
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
Th' immortal legacy. He hangs a while
In gen'rous anguish o'er the glorious pile :
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What tho' thy tears pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend ;
Think not, O patriot, while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe ;
Thy love to HIM is to thy COUNTRY shown,
He mourns for HER, who mourns for ADDISON.

LOVE OF FAME,
THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.
IN
Seven CHARACTERISTICAL
SATIRES.

—*Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru*
Non minus ignotos, generosis.

HOR.



P R E F A C E.

TH ESE Satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation, the private amusement he finds in his compositions, the good influence they have on his severer studies, that admission they give him to his superiors, and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

BUT it is possible that satire may not do much good. Men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others. It is much to be feared that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by Satire; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will Certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written: which is applicable, likewise, to graver compositions. Ethics, heathen and Christian, and the scriptures themselves are, in a great measure, a Satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too. Nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress. So that, I hope, these satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. If they like not the fashion, let them take them by the weight; for some weight they have, or the author has failed of his aim. Nay, Historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to Relate, is to Expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive)

P R E F A C E.

passive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is, by no means, a thing Indifferent, to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: And that for this reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem. Which truth is the subject of the following satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root. An unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

LAUGHING at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach. For to reason we owe our passions: had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss. And the Cause seems not to be the natural cure of any Effect.

MOREOVER, Laughing Satire bids the fairest for success. The world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor: and when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion; he has but little valuable but his eloquence and morality: the last of which I have had in my eye, but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

BUT tho' I, comparatively, condemn Juvenal, in part of the sixth satire (where the occasion most required it) I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success; but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious satire on woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends

Boileau's

P R E F A C E.

Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, *Pressness*, particularly: whereas it appears to me, that repetition is his fault; if any fault should be imputed to him.

THERE are some prose-satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never succeed, without the former. An author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself; which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the Merit, if not the Wit of Cervantes and Rabelais? the last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him. He is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition. Nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it: and he that succeeds in spite of it, is, “ * *Aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutior.*”

SUCH wits, like false oracles of old, (which were wits and cheats,) should set up for reputation among the Weak, in some Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the Wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits too, like oracles, deal in Ambiguities; but not with equal success; for tho' ambiguities are the First excellence of an impostor, they are the Last of a wit.

SOME satirical wits and humorists, like their father Lucian, laugh at every thing indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with any thing; and such a want of virtue as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring every thing into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? some French writ-

* Val. Max.

P R E F A C E.

ers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence, and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind, are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one Individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a Wit a term of reproach.

WHICH puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of Love; one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern Poetry. Love, says he, is the son of the goddess Poverty, and the god of Riches: He has from his Father his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit, and his affectation of preference and distinction. From his Mother he inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity, with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made, viz. That poetry, like love, is a little subject to Blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical Quiver; and lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her Mother's relations.

HOWEVER, this is not Necessity but Choice: were wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shews a due passion for her charms.

S A T I R E I.

To His GRACE the
DUKE of DORSET.

———*Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam
Virtutis.*

Juv. Sat. 10.

MY verse is satire; DORSET, lend your ear,
And patronize a muse you cannot fear.
To poets sacred is a DORSET's name,
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to *B——e*, or to me.
But you decline the *mistress* we pursue;
Others are fond of *fame*, but *fame* of you.

INSTRUCTIVE satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining *supplement* of public laws!
When *flatter'd crimes* of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When *purchas'd follies*, from each distant land,
Like arts improve in *Britain's* skilful hand;
When the *law* shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And *South-Sea* treasures are not brought to light;
When *churchmen* scripture for the classics quit,
- Polite apostates from God's *grace* to wit;

When

When men grow *great* from their *revenue spent*,
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament ;
 When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
 Bequeath the *church* the leavings of a *whore* ;
 To chafe our spleen when themes like these increase,
 Shall *panegyric* reign, and *censure* cease ?

SHALL *poesy*, like *law*, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications wash an *Æthiop* white,
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines, as *trophies* on a *post* ?
 Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
 And scatter roses on the wealthy dead ?
 Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
 And *satirise* with nothing---but their *praise* ?

WHY slumbers *Pope*, who leads the tuneful train,
 Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain ?
 DONNE, DORSET, DRYDEN, ROCHESTER are dead,
 And guilt's chief foe in ADDISON is fled ;
 CONGREVE, who crown'd with laurels fairly won,
 Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
 He will not write ; and (more provoking still !)
 Ye Gods ! he will not write, and MÆVIUS will.

DOUBLY distressed, what author shall we find
 Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
 The courtly * *Roman's* shining path to tread,
 And sharply *smile* prevailing folly dead ?
 Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
 And save me, on the brink, from writing ill ?
 Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
 What will not men attempt for *sacred praise* ?

* HORACE.

THE

THE *love of praise*, howe'er conceal'd by art,
 Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart:
 The *proud* to gain it toils on toils endure;
 The *modest* shun it, but to make it sure.
 O'er globes, and sceptres, now, on thrones it swells,
 Now, trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.
 'Tis tory, whig; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
 Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
 Here, to *S*——e's *humour* makes a bold pretence;
 There, bolder aims at *P*——y's *eloquence*.
 It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
 Nor ends with *life*; but nods in fable *plumes*,
 Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

WHAT is not *proud*? the *pimp* is proud to see
 So many like himself in high degree:
 The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
 Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;
 And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
 To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

SOME go to church, *proud* humbly to repent,
 And come back much more guilty than they went:
 One way they *look*, another way they *steer*,
 Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear;
 And when their sins they set sincerely down,
 They'll find that their religion has been one.

OTHERS, with wishful eyes, on *glory* look,
 When they have got their *picture* tow'rd's a book,
 Or pompous *title*, like a gawdy sign
 Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.
 If at his title *T*—— had dropt his quill;
T—— might have past for a great genius still;

But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a *scribbler*, who was once a *man*.

IMPERIOUS some a classic *fame* demand,
For heaping up with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for *one* word,
While *A's* depos'd, and *B* with pomp restor'd.

SOME for *renown* on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they *quote*.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are ally'd,
Both strive to make our *poverty* our *pride*.

ON *glass* how witty is a noble peer?
Did ever diamond cost a man so *dear*?

POLITE diseases make some ideots *vain*,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

OF folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still!) of blockhead's flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean
By spitting on your face to make it clean.

NOR is't enough all hearts are swoln with *pride*,
Her *power* is mighty, as her *realm* is wide.
What can she not perform? the love of fame
Made bold ALPHONSUS his creator blame,
EMPEBOCLES hurl'd down the burning steep,
And (stronger still!) made ALEXANDER weep.
Nay it holds DELIA from a second bed,
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been dead.

THIS passion with a *pimple* have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By *this* inspir'd (O ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learnt to *spell*, and some to *knot*.
It makes GLOBOSE a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.

SAT. I. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 123

It makes *dear self* on well-bred tongues prevail,
And *I* the *little hero* of each tale.

SICK with the *love of fame* what throngs pour in,
Unpeople *court*, and leave the *senate* thin?
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great HOMER! with thy *Epic* rules
To take a catalogue of *British* fools.
Satire! had I thy DORSET's force divine,
A knave, or fool shou'd perish in each line;
Tho' for the first all *Westminster* should plead,
And for the last all *Gresham* intercede.

BEGIN. Who first the *catalogue* shall grace?
To *quality* belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room:
He stands for *fame* on his forefathers feet,
By heraldry prov'd *valiant* or *discreet*.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by *three descents* less wise?
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace,
Nobles look *backward*, and so lose the race.

LET high birth triumph! What can be more great?
Nothing — but merit in a low estate.
To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like *figures*, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of *honest* men, and *wise*;
The fool, or knave that wears a title, *lies*.

THEY that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their *debt*, instead of their *discharge*.
DORSET, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

VAIN as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that *Bristol* stone.
Mean sons of earth, who on a *South-Sea* tide
Of full success swam into *wealth*, and *pride*,
Knock with a purse of gold at ANSTIS' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

WHEN men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which *curb* not evils, *cause*;
And a rich knave's a *libel* on our *laws*.

BELUS with solid *glory* will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
He *builds* himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost, and grandeur, C——*dos* he'll out-do,
And B——l——ton, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd, every toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to *strangers* and to *duns*.

THE man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In *Britain* what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

IN smaller compass lyes PYGMALION's fame;
Not domes, but antique statues are his flame;
Not F---t---n's self more *Parian* charms has known;
Nor is good P---b---ke more in love with stone.

The

The bailiffs come (rude men, prophanely bold !)
And bid him turn his VENUS into gold.

“ No, sirs, he cries, I’ll sooner rot in jail.

“ Shall *Grecian* arts be truck’d for *English* bail ?”

Such *heads* might make their very *busto*’s laugh,
His daughter starves, but † CLEOPATRA’s safe.

MEN, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit ;
The *rich* may be polite, but oh ! ’tis sad
To say you’re *curious*, when we swear you’re *mad*.
By your revenue measure your expence,
And to your *funds* and *acres* join your *sense*.
No man is blest by *accident* or *guess*,
True *wisdom* is the price of *happiness* ;
Yet few without long discipline are sage,
And our *youth* only lays up sighs for *age*.

BUT how, my muse, can’st thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme ? The *court* affords
Much food for satire, it abounds in lords.

“ What lords are those saluting with a grin ?”

ONE is just *out*, and ONE as lately *in*.

“ How comes it then to pass we see preside

“ On both their brows an equal share of *pride* ?”

Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro’ all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.

As in its home, it triumphs in *high-place*,
And frowns a haughty exile in *disgrace*.

Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like AARON’s, to their ravish’d sight ;

† A famous statue.

Some lords it bids *resign*, and turn their wands,
Like *Moses*, into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown; and boast
With pride *inverted* of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being *out*, or *in*.

WHAT numbers, *here*, thro' odd ambition strive
To seem the most transported things alive?
As if by joy, *desert* was understood,
And all the fortunate were *wife* and *good*.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball, and play.
Completely drest by * *MONTEUIL*, and grimace,
They take their *birth-day* suit, and *public* face:
Their smiles are only part of what they *wear*,
Put off at night with lady *B*——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?
With anxious *care* they labour to be *glad*.

WHAT numbers, *here*, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's *dance*?
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down;
Fools grin on fools, and *Stoic*-like, support,
Without one sigh, the *pleasures* of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the *wife*, and *good*,
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations *tumult*, but not *bliss* create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great;

* A famous taylor.

SAT. I. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 127

Fools gaze, and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I ENVY none their pageantry, and show,
I envy none the *gilding* of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur *there*:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The *sense* is ravish'd, and the *soul* is blest;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, *untaught*, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In sight of sacred leisure blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the *drawing-room*.

THE *squire* is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear HIPPOLITUS, (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a *Christmas-tale*,
Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And RINGWOOD opens on the tainted ground,
Is that *thy* praise? let RINGWOOD's fame alone;
Just RINGWOOD leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gypsy *you* commit,
And shake the clumsy *bench* with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the *jest* you made.

HERE breathe my muse! and then thy task renew.
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.

Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates ;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates :
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind ;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind ;
Fewer grave lords to SCR——PE discreetly bend :
And fewer *shocks* a statesman gives his *friend*.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who lulls the town in *winter* with his strain,
At *Bath* in *summer* chants the reigning lads,
And sweetly *whistles*, as the *waters* pass ?
Is there a tongue, like DELIA'S o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding-up ?
Is there, whom his *tenth epic* mounts to fame ?
Such, and such only might exhaust my theme ;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad ;
For who can *write* so fast as men run *mad* ?

S A T I R E II.

MY muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end ;
 Tho' *toil* and *danger* the bold task attend.
Heroes and *gods* make other poems fine,
 Plain satire calls for *sense* in every line.
 Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose ?
 All friends to *vice*, and *folly*, are thy foes.
 When *such* the foe, a war eternal wage,
 'Tis most ill-nature to *repress* thy rage ;
 And if these strains some nobler muse excite,
 I'll glory in the verse I did *not* write.

So weak are human-kind by nature made,
 Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
 Almighty vanity ! to thee they owe
 The *zest* of pleasure, and their *balm* of woe.
 Thou, like the sun, all *colours* dost contain,
 Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
 For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
 Tho' hiss'd, and hooted by the pointing crowd.

WARM in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
 * HIPPOLITUS demands the *sylvan* crown ;
 But FLORIO's fame, the product of a show'r,
 Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r !
 Why teems the earth ? why melt the vernal skies ?
 Why shines the sun ? to make † *Paul Diack* rise.
 From morn to night has FLORIO gazing stood,
 And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.

* This refers to the first satire.

† The name of a tulip.

What shape? what hue? was ever nymph so fair?
 He doats! he dies! he too is *rooted* there.
 O solid bliss, which nothing can destroy,
 Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
 In fame's full bloom lyes FLORIO down at night,
 And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
 The tulip's dead! see thy fair sister's fate,
 O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

NOR are those enemies I mention'd all;
 Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.
 A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
 A Quaker serv'd him, ADAM was his name.
 To one lov'd tulip oft' the master went,
 Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
 But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour.
 He rag'd! he roar'd! "What *demon* cropt my
 flow'r?"

Serene quoth ADAM, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
 "Fall'n is the BAAL to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

"BUT all men want *amusement*, and what crime
 "In such a paradise to fool their time?"
 None: but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
 We grant *they're idle*, if they'll ask no more.

WE smile at florists, we despise their joy,
 And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy:
 But are those wiser whom we most admire,
 Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
 What's he, who sighs for wealth, or fame, or pow'r?
 Another FLORIO doating on a flow'r;
 A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
 From fordid arts, as FLORIO's out of dung.

WITH

With what, O CODRUS! is thy fancy smit?
 The *flow'r* of learning, and the *bloom* of wit.
 The gawdy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
 And EPICURETUS is a perfect beau.
 How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
 Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view?
 Thy books are *furniture*. Methinks 'tis hard
 That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
 And T——N, turn'd upholsterer, send home
 The gilded leather to *fit up* thy room.

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious *trifling* of the mind;
 Or is at best a secondary aim,
 A chace for *sport* alone, and not for *game*:
 If so, sure they who the mere *volume* prize,
 But love the thicket where the *quarry* lyes.

ON buying books LORENZO long was bent,
 But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
 His farms were floun; when lo! a sale comes on,
 A choice collection! what is to be done?
 He sells his *last*; for he the whole will buy;
 Sells ev'n his house, nay wants whereon to lye:
 So high the generous ardour of the man
 For *Romans*, *Greeks*, and *Oriental*s ran.
 When terms were drawn, and brought him by the
 clerk,

LORENZO sign'd the bargain—with his *mark*.
 Unlearned men of books assume the care,
 As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his author's *liveries* alone
 Is CODRUS' erudite ambition shoun?

Editions various, at high prices bought,
 Inform the world what CODRUS would be *thought* ;
 And, to this cost, another must succeed,
 To pay a sage, who *says* that he can read,
 Who *titles* knows, and *indexes* has seen ;
 But leaves to O——what lyes between,
 Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
 And humbly is contented with their *sense*.

O——, whose accomplishments make good
 The *promise* of a long-illustrious blood,
 In *arts*, and *manners* eminently grac'd,
 The strictest *honour* ! and the finest *taste* !
 Accept this verse ; if satire can agree
 With so consummate an *humanity*.

By your example would HILARIO mend,
 How would it grace the talents of my friend,
 Who with the charms of his own genius smit,
 Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit ?
 But time his fervent petulance may cool ;
 For tho' he is a *wit*, he is no *fool*.
 In time he'll learn to *use*, not *waste* his sense,
 Nor make a *frailty* of an *excellence*.
 His brisk attack on *blockheads* we should prize,
 Were not his jest as flippant with the *wife*.
 He spares nor friend, nor foe ; but calls to mind,
 Like *doomsday*, all the faults of all mankind.

WHAT tho' *wit* tickles ? tickling is unsafe,
 If still 'tis *painful* while it makes us *laugh*.
 Who, for the poor renown of being *smart*,
 Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

PARTS may be prais'd, *good-nature* is ador'd ;
 Then draw your *wit* as seldom as your *sword*,

And

And never on the *weak*; or you'll appear
 As *there* no hero, no great genius *here*.
 As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
 So *wit* is by *politeness* sharpest set :
 Their want of edge from their *offence* is seen ;
 Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
 The *same* men give is for the *joy* they find ;
 Dull is the *jester*, when the joke's *unkind*.

SINCE MARCUS, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
 To pay my compliment what place so fit ?
 His most facetious † letters came to hand,
 Which my first satire sweetly reprimand.
 If that a *just* offence to MARCUS gave,
 Say, MARCUS, which art thou, a *fool*, or *knave*?
 For all but such with caution I forbore ;
 That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before :
 I know thee now, both *what* thou art, and *who* ;
 No mask so good, but MARCUS must shine through.
 False names are vain, thy lines their author tell ;
 Thy best concealment had been writing *well*.
 But thou a brave neglect of *fame* hast shown,
 Of *others* fame, great genius ! and thy *own*.
 Write on unheeded, and this maxim know,
 The man who *pardons*, *disappoints* his foe.

IN malice to *proud wits*, some proudly lull
 Their *peevish* reason, *vain* of being dull ;
 When some home joke has stung their *solemn* souls,
 In vengeance they determine——to be *fools* ;
 Thro' spleen, that *little* nature gave, make *less*,
 Quite zealous in the ways of *heaviness* ;

† Letters sent to the author, signed MARCUS.

To *lumps* inanimate a fondness take,
 And disinherit sons that are *awake*.
 These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
 Most barbarously tell you——“ *he’s a wit.*”
 Poor *negroes*, thus, to shew their burning spite
 To *Cacodemons*, say, they’re *dev’lish white*.

LAMPRIIDIUS from the bottom of his breast
Sighs o’er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
 How just his *grief*? one carries in his head
 A less proportion of the father’s lead;
 And is in danger, without special grace,
 To rise above a justice of the peace.
 The *dunghill-breed* of men a *diamond* scorn,
 And feel a passion for a *grain of corn*,
 Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
 Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
 Who with *much* pains exerting *all* his sense,
 Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
 The booby-father craves a booby-son,
 And by heav’n’s *blessing* thinks himself *undone*.

WANTS of all kinds are made to fame a plea
 One learns to *lisp*, another *not* to see;
 Miss D—— tottering catches at your hand
 Was ever thing so pretty born to stand?
 Whilst these what nature gave, disown thro’ pride,
 Others affect what nature has deny’d;
 What nature has deny’d fools will pursue,
 As *apes* are ever walking upon *two*.

CRASSUS, a *grateful* sage, our awe and sport!
 Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support.
 He hems, and cries, with an important air,
 “ If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair:”

Then

Then quotes the *Stagyrite* to prove it true,
 And adds, "The learn'd delight in something *new*."
 Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
 But must he *wisely* look, and *gravely* plead?
 As far a *formalist* from *wisdom* sits,
 In judging eyes, as *libertines* from *wits*.

YE subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
 Tho' satire *couch* them with her keenest pen)
 For ever will hang out a solemn face,
 To put off *nonsense* with the better grace:
 As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
 Illustrious mark! where *pins* are to be sold.

WHAT's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd?
 The *body's* wisdom to conceal the mind.
 A man of sense can *artifice* disdain,
 As men of wealth may venture to go *plain*.
 And be this truth eternal n'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a *foe*.
 I find the *fool*, when I behold the *skreen*;
 For 'tis the wise man's interest to be *seen*.

HENCE, —, that openness of heart,
 And just disdain for that poor *mimic* art;
 Hence (manly praise!) that manner nobly free,
 Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

WITH generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
 Of court, and town the noon-tide masquerade,
 Where swarms of *knaves* the vizer quite disgrace,
 And hide secure behind a *naked face*?
 Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
 And men talk only to *conceal* the mind;
 Where generous hearts the greatest hazard run,
 And he who trusts a *brother* is undone.

THESE

THESE all their care expend on outward shew
 For wealth, and fame; for fame alone, the *beau*.
 Of late at WHITE'S was young FLORELLO seen.
 How blank his look? how discompos'd his mein?
 So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign!
Sunk were his spirits; for his coat was *plain*.

NEXT day his breast regain'd its wonted peace,
 His health was mended with a *silver lace*.
 A curious artist long inur'd to toils
 Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
 Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
 So touch'd his *curls*, his mighty soul was fir'd.
 The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
 And either shoulder has its share of fame;
 His sumptuous *watch-case*, tho' conceal'd it lyes,
 Like a good *conscience*, solid joy supplies.
 He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)

ST—PE in wit, in breeding D—L—NE.
 Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
 On mirrors flushing with the *Tyrian* dye,
 With how sublime a transport leaps his heart?
 But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
 In active measures brought from *France*, he wheels,
 And triumphs conscious of his learned *heels*.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day,
 A calf of genius debonnair, and gay,
 Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
 Fond of the *pretty fellow* in the stream.

MOROSE is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd
 In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
 No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
 Valu'd, like leopards, as their *spots* appear.

A fam'd

SAT. II. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 137

A fam'd furtout he wears, which *once* was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim!)
Levell'd her barbarous *needle* at his fame;
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling *rent*;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out *.

HE scorns FLORELLO, and FLORELLO him;
This hates the *filthy* creature, that the *prim*:
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim:
The *sloven*, and the *fopling* are the same.

Y^e whigs and tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And *folly* joins whom *sentiments* divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimick-monkey in the glass,
While both are *one*; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand as fools alone.

"BUT who art thou?" (methinks FLORELLO cries)
"Of all thy species art thou only wise?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
FLORELLO, thou my monitor shalt be;
I'll *conjure* thus some profit out of *thee*.

O THOU myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.

* MILTON.

Thou

Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lyes throbbing at thy heart ;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose ?
Know, *fame* and *fortune* both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a *rhyme*,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time ?
While I a moment name, a moment's past ;
I'm nearer death in *this* verse than the *last*.
What then is to be done ? Be wise with speed :
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

AND what so foolish as the chace of fame ?
How vain the prize ? how impotent our aim ?
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But *bubbles* on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and *forgot*, ten thousand in an hour ?

S A T I R E III.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Mr. D O D I N G T O N.

L ONG, DODINGTON, in debt, I long have fought
To ease the burthen of my grateful thought ;
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him *two* favours, and he'll ask for *three* :
For whose the present glory, or the gain ?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame ;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the *malice* of a *friend* ;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, *conceal* your own.

AN ill-tim'd modesty ! turn ages o'er,
When wanted *Britain* bright examples more ?
Her *learning*, and her *genius* too decays,
And *dark*, and *cold* are her declining days.
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live *on alms* of ages past.
Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair ;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such, who *run in debt* for their disgrace,
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with *improvements* of their own.

We

We bring some new materials, and what's old
New-cast with care, and in no *borrow'd* mold ;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"YOUR work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you :
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game ;
As hunted *hags*, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

LIKE the bold bird upon the banks of *Nile*,
That picks the teeth of the dire *crocodile*,
Will I enjoy (dread feast !) the critic's rage,
And with the fell *destroyer* feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those, who thunder in the critic's name ?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in *this*,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

BALBUTIUS, muffled in his fable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as *boading*, cries,
Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !
Ye doctors sage, who thro' *Parnassus* teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

ONE judges, as the *weather* dictates, right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's *principles*, or *parentage* ;
Since his great ancestors in *Flanders* fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's *look* ;
Another judges, for he *bought the book* ;

Some

Some judge, their knack of *judging-wrong* to keep ;
Some judge, because it is to soon to *sleep*.

THUS all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
The very best *ambitiously* advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise :
None are at leisure others to reward ;
They scarce will *damn*, but out of self-regard.

CRITICS on verse, as *squibs* on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and die.
Rail on, my friends ? what more my verse can crown
Than *Compton's* smile, and your obliging frown ?

NOT all on *books* their *criticism* waste ;
The genius of a *dish* some justly taste,
And *eat* their way to *fame* ; with anxious thought
The *salmon* is refus'd, the *turbot* bought.

Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids *December* yield the fruits of *May* ;
Their various cares in one great point combine,
The business of their lives, that is — *to dine*,
Half of their precious day they give the *feast*,
And, to a kind *digestion*, spare the rest.

APICIUS, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.

THESE worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their *bills of fare* ;
In those choice books their *panegyrics* read,
And scorn the creatures that for *hunger* feed.
If man by *feeding well* commences *great*,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and *pilferers* of fame;
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks,
They know a thousand lords, *behind their backs*.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer;
And *H—y's* eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
NIGER adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame, still greater than his own.
BATHYLLUS, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore.
Absence of mind *BRABANTIO* turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name;
Has words, and thoughts in nice *disorder* set,
And takes a memorandum to *forget*.
Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men *forge the patents*, that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise?
For such the vanity of great, and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

NOR can even satire blame them, for 'tis true
They most have ample cause for what they do.
O fruitful *Britain*! doubtless thou was meant
A nurse of *fools* to stock the continent.
Tho' *PHOEBUS* and the nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,

A WELCH

SAT. III. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 143

A WELCH descent, which well-paid heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a DUTCHMAN's epigram.
When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

SEE TITYRUS with merriment posselt,
Is burst with laughter, 'ere he hears the jest;
What need he stay? for when the joke is o'er,
His *teeth* will be no whiter than before.
Is there of *these*, ye fair! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase *monkeys* for your mirth!

SOME, vain of *paintings*, bid the world admire,
Of *houses* some, nay *houses* that they *hire*;
Some (perfect wisdom!) of a beauteous *wife*,
And boast, like cordeliers, a scourge for life.

SOMETIMES, thro' pride, the sexes change their
airs,

My lord *has vapours*, and my lady *swears*;
Then, stranger still! on turning of the wind,
My lord *wears breeches*, and my lady's *kind*.

To shew the strength, and infamy of *pride*,
By all 'tis followed, and by all deny'd.

What numbers are there, who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too?

Vincenna knows *self-praise* betrays to *shame*,

And therefore lays a stratagem for fame;

Makes his approach in modesty's disguise

To win applause, and takes it by surprise.

"To err, says he, in small things is my fate."

You know your answer, *he's exact in great*.

"My *stile*, says he, is rude, and full of faults."

But O! *what sense! what energy of thoughts!*

That

That he wants algebra he must confess.

But not a soul to give our arms success.

" Ah! that's a hit indeed, *Vincenna* cries ;

" But who in heat of blood was ever wise ?

" I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back,

" To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack:

" All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny.

" Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could *this* deceive in others, to be free,

It ne'er, *Vincenna*, cou'd deceive in *thee*,

Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou on *one sleeve* wilt thy *evening* wear,

And haunt the court, without a *prospect* there.

Are these expedients for renown? *Less*

Thy *little-self*, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, *Vincenna*, and the court forsake,
Our fortunes there, nor *thou*, nor *I* shall make.

Ev'n *men of merit*, ere their point they gain,

In hardy service make a long campaign,

Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,

And oft' repuls'd, as oft' attack the *great*

With painful art, and application warm,

And take at last some *little place* by storm;

Enough to keep *two shoes* on *Sunday* clean,

And *starve* upon discreetly in *Sheer Lane*.

Already *this* thy fortune can afford,

Then *starve* without the *favour* of my lord.

"Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer ;

But often, e'en in doing right, they err :

From *caprice*, not from *choice*, their favours come ;

They give, but think it *toil* to know to whom :

The

The man that's nearest, *yawning* they advance.

'Tis *inhumanity* to *blest* by chance.

If *merit* sues, and *greatness* is so loth

To break its downy trance, I pity *both*.

I GRANT at court, *Philander*, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.

Of every charm, and virtue she's possess.

PHILANDER! thou art exquisitely blest,

The public envy! Now then, 'tis allow'd,

The man is found, who may be *justly* proud:

But, see, how sickly is ambition's taste!

Ambition feeds on trash, and lothes a feast;

For lo! PHILANDER, of reproach afraid,

In *secret* loves his wife, but *keeps* her maid.

SOME nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
And love a market, where the rates run high.

Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear;

Their *vanity* is tickl'd, not their *ear*.

Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,

And SHAKESPEAR'S wretched stuff do quite as well.

Away the disenchanted fair would throng,

And *own* that *English* is their mother tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,

Imported nymphs our peeresses out-shine;

While *tradesmen* starve, these PHILOMELS are gay;

For generous lords had rather *give*, than *pay*.

O lavish land! for *Sound* at such expence!

But then she saves it in her bills for *sense*.

MUSIC I passionately love, 'tis plain,

Since for its sake such dramas I sustain.

An opera, like a pillory, may be said

To nail our *ears* down, but expose our *head*.

BEHOLD the masquerade's fantastic scene !

The *legislature* join'd with *Drury-lane* !

When *Britain* calls, th' embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their *country*——if the *dance* is done.

"Are we not then allow'd to be polite?"

Yes, doubtless, but first set your notions right.

Worth of *politeness* is the needful ground ;

Where *that* is wanting, *this* can ne'er be found.

Triflers not even in trifles can excel ;

'Tis *solid* bodies only *polish* well.

GREAT, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,

To turn a willing world *from* righteous ways,

Well, H——R, dost thou thy *master* serve ;

We'll has he seen his *servant* shou'd not starve.

Thou to his name hast splendid *temples* rais'd,

In various forms of *worship* seen him prais'd.

Gawdy devotion, like a *Roman*, shown,

And sung sweet anthems in a tongue *unknown*.

Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice,

And duly paid in *fiddles*, *cards*, and *dice* ;

Thy sacrifice supreme, an *hundred maids* !

That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !

If maids the quite-exhausted town denies,

An hundred heads of *cuckolds* will suffice.

Thou smil'st, well pleased with the converted land,

To see the *fifty churches* at a stand.

AND that thy ministry may never fail,

But what thy hand has planted still prevail,

Of *minor prophets* a succession sure

The propagation of thy zeal secure.

SEE commons, peers, and ministers of state

In solemn council met, and deep debate !

What

SAT. III. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 147

What godlike enterprize is taking birth?
 What wonder opens on th' expecting earth?
 'Tis done! with loud applause the council rings!
 Fix'd is the fate of *whores*, and *fiddle-strings*!

Tho' bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths like
 these

Wilt none offend whom 'tis a praise to please.
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
 Like just *tribunals*, bend an awful brow.
 How terrible it were to common sense,
 To write a *satire*, which gave none offence?
 And, since from *life* I take the draughts you see,
 If men dislike them, do they censure *me*?
 On then, my muse! and *fools*, and *knaves* expose,
 And since thou canst not make a *friend*, make *foes*:
 The fool, and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
 And godlike an attempt the world to mend;
 The world, where lucky throws to *blockheads* fall,
Knaves know the game, and *honest men* pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price?
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice;
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
 A curse within, a smile upon his face,
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
 Are *prizes* in the lottery of life:
Genius and *virtue* they will soon defeat,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the *great*.
 To *merit*, is but to provide a *pain*
 From men's refusing what you ought to gain.

MAY, DODINGTON, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view,
By WALPOLE's conduct fir'd and friendship grac'd,
Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd;
And lending, *here*, those awful councils aid,
Which you, *abroad*, with such success obey'd.
Bear *this* from one, who holds your friendship dear;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

S A T I R E IV.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE

Sir SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree th' ambitious *woodbine*
grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs :
So sweet the *verse*, th' ambitious *verse*, should be,
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee ;
Thee, COMPTON, born o'er senates to preside,
Their *dignity* to raise, their *councils* guide ;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh ;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The *crown's* asserter, and the *people's* friend :
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the *muse* ;
Thy smiles *protect* her, while thy talents *fire*,
And 'tis but *half* thy glory to *inspire*.

VEX'D at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous CHREMES is with spleen undone.
CHREMES, for airy pensions of *renown*,
Devotes his service to the *state*, and *crown* ;
All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
Tho' *Britain's* thankless, still *this patriot* loves :
But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,
He *drinks* his *coffee*, for the public good ;

Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms, or sun-shine providence decrees;
Knows for each day the *weather* of our fate:
A *Quid-nunc* is an *almanack* of state.

You smile, and think *this* statesman void of use.
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since *apes* can roast the choice *Castanean nut*,
Since *steeds* of genius are expert at *Put*,
Since half the senate *Not content* can say,
Geese nations save, and *puppies* plots betray.

WHAT makes *him* model realms, and counsel kings?
An incapacity for smaller things.
Poor CHREMES can't conduct his *own estate*,
And thence has undertaken *Europe's* fate.

GEHENNO leaves the realm to CHREMES' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.
To raise a name, th' ambitious boy has got
At once a *bible*, and a *shoulder-knot*;
Deep in the secret, he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that *saves his soul*;
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his *tender reason* with the creed.
Howe'er, well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with *blasphemies*.

PEERAGE is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not *attainders* brought unhop'd relief,
And *falling stocks* quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, BLOUNT talks with wond'rous
force;
But thunder mars *small beer*, and *weak discourse*.

Such

SAT. IV. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 151

Such useful *instruments* the weather show,
Just as their *mercury* is high or low.

HEALTH chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark ;
A fever argues better than a *Clarke* :
Let but the logic in his *pulse* decay,
The *Grecian* he'll renounce, and learn to pray ;
While C—— mourns with an unfeigned zeal
Th' apostate youth, who reason'd *once* so well.

C——, who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves *indeed* ;
But only thinks so ; to give both their due,
Satan, and *he*, believe, and tremble too.
Of some for *glory* such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest *scandal* of their age.

NARCISSUS the *Tartarian club* disclaims,
Nay, a *free-mason* with some terror names,
Omits no duty, nor can *envy* say
He mis'd these many years the *church*, or *play* :
He makes no noise in *parliament*, 'tis true ;
But pays his *debts*, and *visit*, when 'tis due ;
His *character* and *gloves* are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the *bowing dean* ;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief,
Patient of *idleness* beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his *face*,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place ;
As sure as *cards*, he to th' assembly comes,
And is the *furniture* of drawing-rooms.
When *ombre* calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.

NARCISSUS is the glory of his race:

For who does *nothing* with a better grace?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining *expletives* of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and *passion* to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the *mode*,
Some for renown are *singular* and *odd*;
What other men dislike, is sure to please
Of all mankind these dear *Antipodes*;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And *birth-days* are their days of dressing ill.

ARB——T is a fool, and F—— a fage,
S——LY will fright you, E—— engage,
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S——X is the worst of friends.

THEY take their rest by *day*, and wake by *night*,
And blush if you surprise them in the *right*.
If they by chance blurt out, 'ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Q——Y is fair.

NOTHING exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool *in* fashion, but a fool that's *out*;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a *rival* in the wrong.
Tho' wrong the *mode*, comply; more sense is shown
In wearing *others* follies, than your *own*.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be *wise*.
But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost *toymen* of his time?
His nice ambition lyes in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich *shell* enhances,

And

And ASHMOLE's baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich *Peru*!
 How his eyes languish? how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat which JOSEPH *never* wore?
 He shews on *holidays* a sacred pin,
 That touch'd the ruff, that touch'd queen BESS's chin.

" SINCE that great *dearth* our chronicles deplore,
 " Since the great *plague* that swept as many more,
 " Was ever year unblest as *this*?" he'll cry,
 " It has not brought us one new *butterfly*!"
 In times that suffer such learn'd men as *these*,
 Unhappy J—Y! how came *you* to please?

NOT gaudy butterflies are LICO's game;
 But, in effect, his chace is much the same.
 Warm in pursuit, he *levées* all the great,
 Stanch to the foot of *title* and *estate*.
 Where-e'er their *lordships* go, they never find,
 Or LICO, or their *shadows* lag behind;
 He *sets* them sure, where'er their *lordships* run,
 Close at their elbows as a *morning-dun*;
 As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
 And *fame* was, like a *fever*, to be caught:
 But after seven years dance from place to place,
 The † *Dane* is more familiar with his grace.

WHO'D be a *crutch* to prop a rotten peer;
 Or living *pendant*, dangling at his ear,
 For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town?
 Who'd be a *glass*, with flattering grimace,
 Still to reflect the temper of his face;

† A *Danish* dog.

Or happy *pin* to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave;
 Or *cushion*, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll, or *thump* it for his better ease;
 Or a vile *butt*, for noon, or night bespoke,
 When the peer *rashly* swears he'll club his joke?
 Who'd shake with laughter, tho' he cou'd not find
 His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry *chimney-sweep*, or drive a *plough*?
 With terms like these how mean the tribe that *close*?
 Scarce meaner they, who terms, like these, *impose*.

BUT what's the tribe most likely to comply?
 The men of ink, or antient authors lie;
 The writing tribe, who shameless *auctions* hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold.
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
 For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old constant spark, the bard profess.
 "B—LE shines in council, M———T in the fight,
 "P—L—M's magnificent; but I can write.
 "And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
 'Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
 That *fame's* unwholesome taken without *meat*,
 And life is best sustain'd by what is *eat*:
 Grown *lean*, and *wise*, he curses what he writ,
 And wishes all his wants were in his *wit*.
 AH! what avails it, when his *dinner's* lost,
 That his triumphant name adorns a *post*?
 Or that his shining page, (provoking fate!)
 Defends *firloins*, which sons of dulness *eat*?

WHAT

WHAT foe to verse without compassion hears?
 What cruel *prose-man* can refrain from tears?
 When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,
 A *prostitute* on every bulk in town,
 With other whores undone, tho' *not* in print,
 Clubs *credit* for *geneva* in the *mint*?

YE bards! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd?
 Ye bards! why will you *starve*, to be *admir'd*?
Defunct by PHOEBUS' laws, beyond redress,
 Why will your *spectres* haunt the frightened press?
 Bad metre, that *excrecence* of the head,
 Like *hair*, will sprout, altho' the poet's *dead*.

ALL other trades *demand*, verse-makers *beg*;
 A dedication is a *wooden leg*;
 A barren *Labeo*, the true *numper's* fashion,
 Exposés *borrow'd* brats to move *compassion*.
 Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend,
 Nay more, tho' gentle DAMON is my *friend*.
 "Is't then a crime to *write*?"—If talents rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to *forbear*:
 For some, tho' few, there are large-minded men,
 Who watch unseen the labours of the pen,
 Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,
 Who serve, *unask'd* the *least pretence* to wit;
 My sole excuse, alas! for having writ.
 Will H——T pardon, if I dare commend
 H——T, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?
 A——LE true wit is studious to restore!
 And D——T smiles, if PHOEBUS smil'd before,
 P——KE in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
 And HENRIETTA like a muse inspires.

BUT

BUT ah! not *inspiration* can obtain
 That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
 How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp what no man can possess *alive*?
 Fame's a *reversion* in which men take place
 (O late reversion) at their own decease.
 This truth sagacious LINTOT knows so well,
 He *starves* his authors, that their works may *sell*.

THAT *fame* is *wealth*, fantastic poets cry;
 That *wealth* is *fame*, another clan reply,
 Who know no guilt, no scandal but in *rags*,
 And *swell* in just proportion to their *bags*.
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
 Think glory nothing but the *beams of gold*;
 The first young lord, which in the *mall* you meet,
 Shall match the veriest hunks in *Lombard-street*,
 From rescu'd candle's ends who rais'd a sum,
 And starves to join a *penny* to a *plumb*.
 A *beardless* miser? 'tis a guilt unknown
 To former times, a scandal *all* our own.

OF ardent lovers, the true modern band
 Will mortgage CELIA to redeem their *land*.
 For love, young, noble, rich CASTALIO dies;
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
 Divine MONIMIA, thy fond fears lay down;
 No rival can prevail, but—*half a crown*.

HE glories to late times to be convey'd,
 Not for the poor he has *reliev'd*, but *made*.
 Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
 When HARRY conquer'd, and half *France* expir'd.
 He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain,
 Nay, a *dull sheriff* for his *golden chain*.

“WHO'D

SAT. IV. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 157

“WHO'D be a slave?” the gallant colonel cries,
While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right.—
Just is his title,—For I will not *fight*:

All soldiers *valour*, all divines have *grace*,
As maids of honour *beauty*,—by their *place*.
But, when indulging on the last campaign,
His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
A sweet *revenge*, and *half* *absolves* his sword.

Of *boasting* more than of a *bomb* afraid,
A *soldier* should be modest as a *maid*:
Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy;
Who strive to grasp it, as they *touch*, *destroy*:
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

WERE there no tongue to speak them but his own,
AUGUSTUS' deeds in arms had ne'er been known.
AUGUSTUS' deeds; if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak,
The ROMAN would not blush at the mistake.

S A T I R E V.

On W O M E N.

*O fairest of creation! last and best
Of all God's works! creature in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight, or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet!
How art thou lost.*———

MILTON.

NOR reigns *ambition* in bold *man* alone;
Soft *female* hearts the rude invader own.
But *there*, indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing *armies*, and dethroning *kings*.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a *finger*, or reclaim a *hair*;
Or rowl the lucid orbit of an *eye*;
Or in full joy elaborate a *sigh*.

THE sex we honour, tho' their faults we blame;
Nay thank their faults for such a *fruitful* theme.
A theme, fair ——! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing *those*, is praising *thee*;
Who would'st not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

BRITANNIA's daughters, much more *fair* than *nice*,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight.
As unreserv'd, and beauteous, as the sun,
Thro' every *sign* of vanity they run;

Assemblies,

*Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers caves, and lions dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms;
Installments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and still stranger!) pews.*

CLARINDA's bosom burns, but burns for *fame*;
And love lyes vanquish'd in a *nobler* flame:
Warm gleams of hope she, *now*, dispenses; *then*,
Like *April* suns, dives into clouds again.
With all her lustre, *now*, her lover warms;
Then, out of *ostentation*, hides her charms.
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain;
Then she starts up, all extasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul! just as sincere in this.
O how she rolls her charming eyes in *spight*!
And looks delightfully with all her might!
But, like *our* heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the *triumph*, not the *prize*.

ZARA resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows;
Without she freezes, and within she glows:
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the *psalms*, and *chapters* for the day
In ——— CLEOPATRA, or the last new play.
Thus gloomy ZARA with a solemn grace
Deceives mankind, and *hides* behind her face.

NOR far beneath her in *renown* is she,
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company;

Whose

Whose *manners* will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are *unhappy*, when at *peace*;
To find you *news*, who racks her subtile head,
And vows——*that her great-grandfather is dead.*

A DEARTH of words a *woman* need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn——*to hear.*
In that the skill of conversation lyes,
That *shews*, or *makes* you both polite, and wise.

ZANTIPPE cries, "Let nymphs who nought can
say,

"Be lost in silence, and resign the day:
"And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
"By tame behaviour, and a soft address."
Thro' *virtue*, *she* refuses to comply
With all the dictates of *humanity*;
Thro' *wisdom*, *she* refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and *raves* to prove her *wit*:
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind sent
Just *intimates* the lady's discontent.

WINE may indeed excite the meekest dame;
But keen ZANTIPPE, scorning *borrow'd* flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling *gruel*, and composing *tea*.
Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She *shakes* the curtains with her *kind* advice.
Doubly, like echo, *sound* is her delight,
And the *last word* is her eternal right.

SAT. V. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 161

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be *wise*?

FAMINE, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong :

What *black*, what *ceaseless* care besiege our state?

What strokes we feel from *fancy*, and from *fate*?

If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow ;

We *make* misfortune, *suicides* in woe.

Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !

Is *nature* backward to torment or kill ?

How oft the *noon*, how oft the *midnight* bell,

(That iron tongue of death !) with solemn knell,

On *folly's* errands as we vainly roam,

Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
home ?

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,

Few know so many friends *alive*, as *dead*.

Yet, as *immortal*, in our up-hill chace

We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace ;

Our ardent labours for the *toys* we seek,

Join night to day, and *Sunday* to the week.

Our very joys are anxious, and expire

Between *satiety* and *ferce desire*.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil,

But *one* ? a female friend's endearing smile ;

A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,

And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,

Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;

Victorious tendernefs ! it all o'ercame,

Husbands look'd mild, and *savages* grew tame.

THE

THE *sylvan* race our active nymphs pursue;
 Man is not all the game they have in view:
 In woods and fields their glory they complete;
 There *master* BETTY leaps a five-barr'd gate;
 While fair *miss* CHARLES to toilets is confin'd,
 Nor rashly tempts the barbarous fun and wind.
 Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
 And vault from *hunters* to the *manag'd* steed,
 Command his prancings with a martial air,
 And FObERT has the forming of the *fair*.

MORE than *one* steed must DELIA's empire feel,
 Who sits triumphant o'er the flying *wheel*;
 And as she guides it thro' th' admiring throng,
 With what an air she smacks the *filken* thong?
 Graceful as JOHN, she moderates the reins,
 And whistles sweet her *diuretic* strains.
 SESOSTRIS-like, such charioteers as *these*
 May drive six harness'd *monarchs* if they please.
 They *drive, row, run*, with love of glory smit,
 Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'ER the *Belle-Lettre* lovely DAPHNE reigns;
 AGAIN the god APOLLO wears her chains:
 With legs tofs'd high on her sophee she sits,
 Vouchsafing audience to contending wits:
 Of each performance she's the final test;
 One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest;
 And then pronouncing with decisive air,
 Fully convinces all the town—*she's fair*.
 Had lovely DAPHNE HECATESSA's face,
 How would her elegance of taste decrease?
 Some ladies *judgment* in their *features* lyes.
 And all their *genius* sparkles from their eyes.

BUT

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BUT hold, she cries, lampooner ! have a care ;
 Must I want common sense, because I'm fair ?
 O no: see STELLA, her *eyes* shine as bright,
 As if her tongue was never in the right,
 And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !
 She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire :
 How then, (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
 Could DAPHNE publish, and could she forbear ?
 We grant that beauty is no bar to *sense*,
 Nor is't a sanction for *impertinence*.

SEMPRONIA lik'd her man, and well she might ;
 The youth in person, and in parts was bright ;
 Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
 That claims just empire o'er the female heart.
 He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
 And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd.
 Large his possessions, and beyond her own :
 Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town.
 The day was fix'd ; when with one acre more
 In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd *threescore*.
 The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear.
 Of *pride*, and *av'rice* who can cure the fair ?

MAN's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
 Nature is frugal, and her wants are few ;
 Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights,
 But fools create themselves new appetites.
 Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
 Which relish nor to *reason*, nor to *sense*.
 When *surfeit* or *unthankfulness* destroys,
 In *nature's* narrow sphere, our solid joys,
 In *fancy's* airy land of noise and show,
 Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
Like

Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

LEMIRA'S sick, make haste, the doctor call.
He comes : but where's his patient? at the ball.
The doctor stares, her woman curt'sies low,
And cries, " My lady, sir, is always so.
" Diversions put her maladies to flight;
" True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night.
" I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
" For *fevers* take an opera in *June*.
" And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
" A midnight park is sov'reign for a *cold*.
" With *cholics*, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
" With *indigestions*, supper just at three."
A strange alternative, replies Sir H—s,
Must women have a *doctor*, or a *dance*?
Tho' sick to death, *abroad* they safely roam,
But droop and die, in perfect health, *at home*.
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill,
And *tickets* cure beyond the *doctor's bill*.

ALAS! my heart, how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls? with what a tender air?
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell CIBBER waves his pen.
Is her lord angry, or has * *Veny* chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
" Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed! " Because 'twas night."
Did she then dance, or play? " Nor this, nor that."
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.

* Lap-dog.

" No,

“ No, all alone, her *pray’rs* she rather chose,
 “ Than be that *wretch* to sleep till morning rose.”
 Then lady CYNTHIA, mistress of the shade,
 Goes, with the *fashionable* owls, to bed.
 This her *pride* covets, this her *health* denies;
 Her soul is silly, but her body’s wise.

OTHERS with curious arts dim charms revive,
 And triumph in the bloom of *fifty-five*.
 You in the morning a *fair* nymph invite,
 To keep her word a *brown* one comes at night;
 Next day she shines in glossy *black*, and then,
 Revolves into her native *red* again.
 Like a dove’s neck, she shifts her transient charms,
 And is her own dear rival in your arms.

BUT *one* admirer has the painted lass,
 Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass.
 Yet LAURA’s beautiful to such excess,
 That all her *art* scarce makes her please *the less*.
 To deck the female cheek *he* only knows,
 Who paints less fair the *lilly* and the *rose*.

How gay *they* smile? such blessings nature pours,
 O’er-stock’d mankind enjoy but half her stores:
 In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
 She rears her flow’rs, and spreads her velvet green.
 Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
 And *waste* their music on the savage race.
 Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
 Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
 But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
 And painted *arts* deprav’d allurements chuse.
 Such FULVIA’s passion for the town, fresh air
 (An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair:

Green

Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
 And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
 But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight;
 And to be press'd to death transports her quite.
 Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
 And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,
 Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets,
 And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene?
 Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth, and open way;
 Thro' briars, and brambles in the *world* we stray,
Stiff opposition, and *perplex'd* debate,
 And *thorny* care, and *rank* and *stinging* hate,
 Which choak our passage, our career controul;
 And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
 O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
 Choice of the prudent! envy of the great!
 By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
 We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:
 The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace,
 (Strangers on earth!) are *innocence* and *peace*.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
 We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the *next*;
There too the *musés* sport; these numbers free,
Pierian EASTBURY! I owe to thee.

THERE sport the *musés*; but not there alone:
 Their sacred force AMELIA feels in town.
 Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
 A wit herself, AMELIA weds a wit.

Both

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Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
 Three days, three wond'rous days! they liv'd in peace;
 With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
 On DURFEY's poesy, and BUNYAN's prose.
 The learned war both wage with equal force,
 And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

PHOEBE, tho' she possesses nothing less,
 Is proud of being rich in happiness.
 Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
 Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
 With what well-acted transport will she say,
 "Well sure, we were so happy *yesterday*!"
 "And then that charming party for *to-morrow*!"
 Tho' well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow.
 But she dares never boast the *present* hour;
 So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
 For such is or our weakness, or our curse,
 Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
 The present moment like a wife we shun,
 And ne'er enjoy, because it is *our own*.

PLEASURES are few, and fewer we enjoy;
 Pleasure, like *quicksilver*, is *bright*, and *coy*:
 We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
 Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
 If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,
 What is it, but rank poison in your veins?

As FLAVIA in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
 Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
 There's no satiety of charms divine:
 Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
 Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul!) in tears.

She

She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd ;
The morning came, when STREPHON waking found
(Surprising sight !) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
“ What miracle, says STREPHON, makes thee weep ?
“ Ah barbarous man, she cries, how cou'd you—*sleep* ? ”
MEN love a *mistress*, as they love a *feast* ;
How grateful one to *touch*, and one to *taste* ?
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our mistress and our meat away :
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
Eternal love let man, then, never swear ;
Let women never *triumph*, nor *despair* ;
Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill ;
Hunger and love are foreign to the *will*.

THERE is indeed a passion more refin'd,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind.
But not of that unfashionable set
Is PHILLIS : PHILLIS and her DAMON met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste ;
PHILLIS demands *eternal* love at *least*.
Embracing PHILLIS with soft-smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies :
But say, my *all*, my *mistress*, and my *friend* !
What day next week th' *eternity* shall end ?

SOME nymphs prefer *astronomy* to *love* ;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair philosopher to ROWLEY flies,
Where in a *box* the whole creation lyes.
She sees the planets in their turns advance ;
And scorns, POITIER, thy sublunary dance.

SAT. V. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 169

Of DESAGULIER she bespeaks fresh air,
And WHISTON has *engagements* with the fair.

WHAT vain experiments SOPHRONIA tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! PUG from JUPITER her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and NEWTON is a sot.

To — turn, she never took the height
Of SATURN, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzl'd learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
The *great* are vanquish'd, and the *wife* are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet;
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart severe;
In crouds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well-understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good;
Yet, not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of *silks* and *china* she's the last appeal;
In these great points she *leads* the commonweal;
And if disputes of *empire* rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and *Colberteen*,
'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes *her* nod to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their *dress*?

BUT oh! the nymph that mounts above the *skies*,
And, *gratis*, clears religious mysteries!

Resolv'd the *church's* welfare to ensure,
And make her family a *sine-cure* :
The theme divine at *cards* she'll not forget,
But *takes in* texts of scripture at *Piquet* ;
In these licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her *Maker* that her *cards* are good.
What angels wou'd these be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they *few* as well !
Yet why shou'd not the fair her text pursue ?
Can she more decently the doctor woo ?
'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but *chat*
Of her religion, shou'd be barr'd in that.

ISAAC, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous MARCIA often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the *fair*.
O how his pious soul exults, to find
Such love for *holy* men in woman-kind !
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture, he
Hangs on her *bloom*, like an industrious *bee* ;
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a *flow'r* ?

THE young and gay declining, ABRA flies
At nobler game, the *mighty* and the *wise* :
By nature more an *eagle* than a *dove*,
She impiously prefers the *world* to *love*.

CAN wealth give happiness ? look round, and see
What gay distress ! what splendid misery !
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says,
Like any lord it *promises* — and *pays*.

How

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How will the miser startle to be told
Of such a wonder, as *insolvent* gold?
What nature *wants* has an intrinsic weight;
All *more*, is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us *now*, *anon* we cast anew;
To some fresh birth of *fancy* more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

MISTAKEN lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair:
The *fair*, 'tis true, by *genius* shou'd be won,
As *flow'rs* unfold their beauties to the *sun*;
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the *willow*, with the *bays*.
Nought shines so bright in vain LIBERIA's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd;
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms;
And amply gives, (tho' treated long amiss)
The *man of merit* his revenge in *this*.

If you resent, and wish a *woman* ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her *will*.

THE *languid* lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so *severe* a doom,
She by just stages, *journeys* round the room:
But knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the *Alps*——that is, ascend the *stairs*.

My fan! let others say who laugh at toil;
 Fan! hood! glove! scarf! is her *laconic* stile.
 And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
 That *Betty* rather *sees*, than *bears* the call:
 The motion of her lips, and meaning eye
 Piece out th' idea her faint words deny.
 O listen with attention most profound!
 Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
 And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
 One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
 If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
 She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
 Let the robust, and the gigantic *carve*,
 Life is not worth so much, she'd rather *starve*;
 But *chew* she must herself, ah cruel fate!
 That ROSALINDA can't by *proxy* eat.

AN *antidote* in female caprice lyes
 (Kind heav'n!) against the *poison* of their eyes.

THALESTRIS triumphs in a manly mein,
 Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
 In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
 What nature dares to *give*, she dares to *name*.
 'This *honest fellow* is sincere, and plain,
 And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
 (Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
 If wanton language shews a *naked* mind.)
 And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
 An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
 Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
 And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
 By JOVE, is faint, and for the simple swain,
 She, on the Christian system, is prophane.

But

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But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her *dress*, she's not a granadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deutes a lady in his stead?
A *lady*! pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of *men*.

FEW to good-breeding make a just pretence,
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the *body's virtue*, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for *failings* take peculiar pains.
With *Indian* painters modern *toasts* agree,
The point they aim at is *deformity* :
They *throw* their persons with a Hoyden air
Across the room, and *tofs* into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchang'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow-measur'd pace,
For which her lovers *dy'd*, her parents *pray'd*,
Are indecorums with the *modern* maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer *art*, and *nature*, to be rude.
Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And lady *D*—— self will be polite.

YE rising fair! ye bloom of *Britain's* isle!
When high-born ANNA with a soften'd smile
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

BUT adoration ! give me something *more*,
Cries LYCE, on the borders of *threescore*.
Nought treads so silent as the foot of *time* ;
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime.
² 'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we *grow old*.
Autumnal LYCE carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms !
While rival *undertakers* hover round,
And with his spade the *sexton* marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others doom,
She plans new conquests, and *defrauds* the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd *sprites* away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow filks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of LYCE but *herself* is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a *smirking* grace,
And art has *levell'd* her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her *blessing*, but can't ask her *love*.
She grants indeed a lady *may* decline
(All ladies *but herself*) at *ninety-nine*.

O HOW unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent PORTIA ? Her grey hairs *engage* ;
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline.
Virtue's the paint that can make *wrinkles* shine.
That, and that *only* can old age sustain ;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for *pain*.
Not numerous are our joys, when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the *few* ;

But

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But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop *a-pace*; by *nature* some decay,
And some the blasts of *fortune* sweep away;
'Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and *shelter* in a shroud.

WHERE'S PORTIA now?—But PORTIA left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their *early* grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in *morning* dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and *passion* tofs it to and fro;
A-while torment, and then quite *sink* in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
Your best *example* lyes, my *precepts* trust.
Life swarms with ills, the *boldest* are afraid;
Where then is safety for a *tender maid*?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
And *man*, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours lost.
Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills *themselves* create.
If on your fame *our* sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of your *own*.
Most hard; in pleasing your chief *glory* lyes;
And yet from pleasing your chief *dangers* rise.
Then please the *Best*; and know, for men of sense,
Your strongest charms are native innocence.

Arts on the mind, like *paint* upon the face,
Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
In *simple* manners all the secret lyes,
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain *shew*, and *noise*, intoxicate the brain,
Begin with *giddiness*, and end in *pain*.
Affect not *empty* fame, and *idle* praise,
Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine *unknown*;
Of all applause, be fondest of *your own*.
Beware the fever of the *mind*! that thirst
With which this age is eminently curst.
To drink of *pleasure* but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire;
Take *pain* from life, and *terror* from the tomb,
Give peace *in hand*, and promise bliss *to come*.

S A T I R E VI.

On W O M E N.

Inscrib'd to the RIGHT HONOURABLE the
Lady *ELIZABETH GERMAIN*.

Interdum tamen & tollit comædia vocem. HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.
APOLLO whisper'd in my ear—"GERMAIN.—
I know her not—" Your reason's somewhat odd;
" Who knows his patron now? reply'd the god.
" Men write, to *me*, and to the *world*, unknown;
" Then steal great names, to shield them from the
town.

" Detected *worth*, like *beauty* disarray'd,
" To covert flies, of *praise* itself afraid:
" Should *she* refuse to patronize your lays,
" In vengeance write a volume *in her praise*.
" Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
" When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

YE fair! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You, *here*, in miniature your pictures see;
Nor hope from ZINCK's more justice, than from me.
My portraits grace your *mind*, as his your *side*;
His portraits will *inflame*, mine *quench* your pride:

He's *dear*, you *frugal*; chuse my *cheaper* lay,
And be your *reformation* all my pay.

LAVINIA is *polite*, but not *prophane*;
To *church* as constant, as to *Drury-lane*.
She decently, *in form*, pays heav'n its due;
And makes a civil *visit* to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which *passes* for a *pray'r* :
Curt'sies to curt'sies, then, with grace succeed,
Not one the fair omits, but at the *creed*.
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to *speak*;
Thro' dreadful *silence* the pent heart might break :
Untaught to bear it, women *talk away*
To God himself, and fondly think they *pray*.
But *sweet* their accent, and their air *refin'd* ;
For they're before their maker, — and *mankind* :
When ladies once are *proud* of praying well,
SATAN himself will toll the parish bell.

ACQUAINTED with the world, and quite well-bred,
DRUSA receives her visitants in bed ;
But chaste as ice, this *Vesta* to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you *just* would *turn you*, while she *shifts*.

THOSE charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no *woman*, where there's no *reserve* ;
And 'tis on *plenty* your poor lovers *starve*.

BUT with the modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a *nymph of spirit*.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.

“ Or

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“ Or if you take a lion by the beard, *
 “ Or dare defy the fell *Hyrcanian* pard,
 “ Or arm’d rhinoceros, or rough *Russian* bear,”
 First *make your will*; and then *converse* with her,
 This lady glories in profuse expence,
 And thinks *distraction* is *magnificence*.
 To beggar her gallant is *some* delight,
 To be more fatal still, is *exquisite*.
 Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
 In *duel* fell two lovers, one run *mad*.
 Her *foes* their honest execrations pour;
 Her *lovers* only should *detest* her more.
 Thrice happy they! who think I boldly *feign*,
 And startle at a mistress of my brain.

FLAVIA is constant to her old gallant,
 And generously supports him in his want.
 But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
 A hell, no lady so polite can bear.
 She’s faithful, she’s observant, and with pains
 Her angel-brood of *bastards* she maintains.
 Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
 But that of *guilt*, above the *marriage-bed*.

AMASIA hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
 Whate’er she *is*, she’ll not *appear* a faint:
 Her soul superior flies formality;
 So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
 Some might suspect the nymph not *over-good*——
 Nor wou’d they be mistaken, if they shou’d.

UNMARRY’D ABRA puts on formal airs;
 Her cushion’s thread-bare with her constant pray’rs.

* SHAKESPEARE.

Her

Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in *pray'r* and *charity*.
And *this*, to do her justice, must be said,
“ *Who wou'd not think that ABRA was a maid?*

SOME ladies are too *beauteous* to be wed,
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
LAVINIA will be ravish'd at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

LUCIA thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an *idiot*; but she eats in *plate*.

THE goods of fortune, which her soul possesses,
Are but the *ground* of *unmade* happiness;
The rude *material*; *wisdom* add to *this*,
Wisdom, the sole *artificer* of blifs.
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of *thin content* can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in *gold*, 'tis better still.

IF TULLIA had been blest'd with *half* her sense,
None cou'd too much admire her excellence.
But since she can make *error* shine so bright,
She thinks it *vulgar* to defend the *right*.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone:
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most *divinely* in the *wrong*.

NAKED in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very *wit* with *modesty*:
Let man *discover*, let not her *display*,
But yield her *charms* of *mind* with sweet delay.

FOR

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FOR pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves *important*, men must grieve.
LESBIA the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is ador'd.
In vain she's *proud* of secret innocence ;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

MIRA, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no *design* but on her husband's *peace* :
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd.
“ *How charming this ?* ”—The pleasure lasted long ;
Now every day the fits come thick, and strong :
At last he found the charmer only *feign'd*,
And was diverted, when he *should* be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store ?
How tedious life, now she can *plague* no more ?
She tries a thousand arts, but none succeed :
She's forc'd a fever to procure *indeed* :
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous, loving *wife*,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her *life*.

ANXIOUS MELANIA rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due :
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore ;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for *more*.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querelously shrill.
“ You went last night with CELIA to the ball.”
You prove it false. “ Not go ? that's worst of all.”
Nothing can please her, nothing *not* inflame ;
And arrant *contradictions* are the *same*.
Her lover must be *sad*, to please her spleen,
His *mirth* is an inexpressible sin :

For of all *rivals* that can pain her breast,
There's *one*, that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful self
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

AND this, because she's exquisitely fair.
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare?
How would MELANIA be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd? and yet the case is clear.

WHAT's female beauty, but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body *charms*, because the soul is *seen*.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace:
Some forms, tho' bright, no mortal man can *bear*;
Some, none *resist*, tho' not exceeding fair.

ASPASIA's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be *teaz'd* by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's *elegantly* pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each *creature's imperfections*, are her *woes*.
Heav'n by its favour has the fair distressed,
And pour'd such blessings—that she *can't* be blest.

AH! why so vain, tho' blooming in thy spring,
Thou *shining, frail, ador'd* and *wretched* thing!
Old age *will* come, disease *may* come before,
Fifteen is full as mortal as *threescore*.
Thy fortune, and thy charms may soon decay:
But grant these *fugitives* prolong their stay,

Their

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Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then *wrought* into the soul let virtues shine,
The *ground* eternal, as the *work* divine.

JULIA's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her *wiser* husband is a *fool*;
Assemblies holds, and spins the *subtile thread*
That guides the lover to his fair-one's bed;
For difficult amours can smoothe the way,
And tender letters *dictate* or *convey*.
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs,
For her own breakfast she'll *project a scheme*,
Nor *take* her *tea* without a *stratagem*;
Presides o'er *trifles* with a *serious face*,
Important by the virtue of *grimace*.

LADIES supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to *sooth*, and *entertain*;
Their *prudence* in a share of folly lyes.
Why will they be so *weak*, as to be *wife*?

SYRENA is for ever in extremes,
And *with a vengeance* she commends, or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her *judgment* just, her *sentence* is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

BRUNETTA's wife in actions great, and rare;
But scorns on *trifles* to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour BRUNETTA is to blame,
Because th' occasion is beneath her aim.
Think nought a *trifle*, tho' it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year;
And

And trifles life. Your cares to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with ALCEA, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree.

Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.

She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.

A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.

Gloves by queen BESS's maidens might be mist,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female *fist*.

Lovers beware! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail?

For H——y the first *wit* she cannot be,
Nor cruel R——d the first *toast* for thee;

Since full each other station of *renown*,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town?

Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female *sloven* is an odious sight.

FAIR ISABELLA is so fond of *fame*,
That her *dear self* is her eternal theme;

Thro' hopes of contradiction oft' she'll say,
“Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!”

When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a *blessing* than a *snare*.

Distrust *mankind*; with your own *heart* confer;
And dread even *there* to find a flatterer.

The breath of *others* raises our *renown*;
Our *own* as surely blows the pageant down:

Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a *bankrupt* in your fame.

BUT

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BUT own I must, in this perverted age,
 Who most *deserve*, can't always most *engage*.
 So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it *should* procure.
 Whom praise we *most*? the virtuous, brave, and wise?
 No; wretches, whom in secret we despise.
 And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
 No rival's rais'd by such *discreet* applause;
 And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
 By which our spleen may wound *true* worth the more.

LADIES there are who think *one* crime is *all*;
 Can women, then, no way but *backward* fall?
 So sweet is *that one* crime they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss they think *all* others *few*.
 Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
 Of *injur'd modesty* the sacred name.

BUT CLIO thus. "What, railing without end?
 "Mean task! how much more generous to commend?"
 Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind *instructor*, and *example* too.

"DAPHNIS, says CLIO, has a charming eye:
 "What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry?
 "ASPASIA's shape indeed—but then her air—
 "The man has parts who finds destruction there.
 "ALMERIA's wit has something that's divine;
 "And wit's enough—how few in all things shine?
 "SELINA serves her friends, relieves the poor—
 "Who was it said SELINA's near threescore?
 "At LUCIA's match I from my soul rejoice,
 "The world congratulates so wise a choice;
 "His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
 "But mortgages will sap the best estate.

" In SHERLEY's form might cherubims appear,
 " But then—she has a *freckle* on her ear."
 Without a *but*, HORTENSIA she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright:
 But how comes this to pass?—she dy'd last night.

THUS nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
 Indeed *that's* needless, if *such* praise prevail;
 And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
 On *others* fame, thro' fondness for our *own*.

OF rank, and riches proud, CLEORA frowns;
 For are not *coronets* akin to *crowns*?
 Her greedy eye, and her sublime address
 The height of *avarice* and *pride* confess.
 You seek perfections worthy of her rank;
 Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
 By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroul'd,
 For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
 As fond of five-pence, as the veriest *cit*,
 And quite as much detested, as a *wit*.

CAN gold calm *passion*, or make *reason* shine?
 Can we dig *peace*, or *wisdom* from the mine?
 Wisdom to gold prefer; for 'tis much less
 To make our *fortune*, than our *happiness*.
 That happiness which great ones often see,
 With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
 Themselves unblest: the poor are *only* poor;
 But what are they who *droop* amid their store?
 Nothing is meaner than a wretch of *state*,
 The *happy* only are the truly *great*.
 Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
 And those best satisfied with *cheapest* things.

Could

SAT. VI. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 187

Could *both* our *Indies* buy but *one* new *sense*,
 Our envy wou'd be due to large expence.
 Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
 Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
 See, how they beg an alms of flattery ?
 They languish ! oh support them with a *lie* !
 A *decent competence* we fully taste ;
 It strikes our *sense*, and gives a constant feast :
More, we perceive by dint of *thought* alone ;
 The rich must *labour* to possess *their own*,
 To feel their great abundance ; and request
 Their humble friends to *help* them to be blest ;
 To *see* their treasures, *hear* their glory told,
 And *aid* the wretched impotence of gold.

BUT some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth
 divine,

Give gold a *price*, and teach its *beams* to *shine*.
 All *boarded* treasures they repute a load,
 Nor think their wealth *their own*, till well bestow'd.
 Grand *reservoirs* of public happiness,
 Thro' *secret* streams diffusively they bless ;
 And while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our *wants*, and *spare* our *blushes* too.
 But satire is my task, and *these* destroy
 Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
 Help me, ye misers ! help me to complain,
 And blast our common enemy, G — N :
 But our *invectives* must despair success ;
 For next to *praise*, she values nothing less.

WHAT picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame ?
 Or is't ASTURIA, that affected dame ?

The

The brightest forms, thro' *affectation*, fade
 To strange *new* things, which *nature* never made.
 Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
 We hate those *arts* that take you from our eyes:
 In ALBUCINDA's native grace is seen
 What you, who *labour* at perfection, mean.
 Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,
Retain your gentle selves, and you *must* please.
 Here might I sing of MEMMIA's mincing mein,
 And all the movements of the soft machine:
 How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
 To cool the *bohea*, and inflame the *beau*:
 While one white *finger*, and a *thumb*, conspire
 To lift the *cup*, and make the *world* admire.
 TEA! how I tremble at thy fatal stream?
 As LETHE, dreadful to the *love of fame*.
 What devastations on thy banks are seen?
 What *shades* of mighty names which *once* have been?
 A *hecetomb* of characters supplies
 Thy painted altars daily sacrifice.
 H——, P——, B——, aspers'd by thee, decay,
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweetner of a *female* feast.
 But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting *Naiads* call for *wine*;
Spirits no longer shall serve *under* thee;
 But reign in thy own cup, *exploded tea*!
 CITRONIA's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
 And who dares give CITRONIA's nose the lie? *

* VIRGIL.

THE ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health, and virtue blam'd;
At length to rescue man, the generous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass.

As glorious as the *British* queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

NOR to the *glass* alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O JUVENAL! for thy feverer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there among the females of our isle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to *smile*?
There are. Vice, once by *modest nature* chain'd,
And *legal ties*, expatiates unrestrain'd,
Without thin *decency* held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er *law*, and *gospel* too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain, for *none*, but for their *wives*;
Who *marry* to be *free*, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions from a look most meek?
What thunders bursting from a dimpl'd cheek?
Their *passions* bear it with a lofty hand;
But then, their *reason* is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a *spouse* to them?

WHAT swarms of am'rous *grandmothers* I see?
And misses, *antient* in iniquity?

What

What blaspheming whispers, and what loud declaiming?
 What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing, gaming?
 Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
 Such griping av'rice, such profuse expence,
 Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
 Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
 Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
 Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws;
 Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
 'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

SINCE *sundays* have no balls, the well-dress'd *belle*
 Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of *hell*;
 And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
 Who listen less to C——ns, than St. *Paul*.
 Atheists have been but rare, since nature's birth;
 'Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character in tim'rous things?
 Who start at *feathers*, from an *insect* fly,
 A match for nothing—but the *deity*.

BUT, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own,
 In this pursuit they court not *fame* alone;
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 "From thinking free, to be free-agents too."

THEY strive with their own hearts, and keep them
 down,
 In complaisance to all the fools in town.
 O how they tremble at the name of *prude*?
 And die with shame at thought of being *good*?
 For what will ARTEMIS, the rich and gay,
 What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs, say?

They

SAT. VI. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 191

They heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave,
Thro' cowardice most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise;
They dread a satire who defy the skies.

ATHEISTS are few; most nymphs a godhead
own,

And nothing but his *attributes* dethrone.
From atheists far, they stedfastly believe
God is, and is almighty — to *forgive*.
His other excellence they'll not dispute;
But *mercy*, 'sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain?
Will the great author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a *sip* of transient joy?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood;
He's like themselves; or how could he be good?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose.—
Devoutly, thus, JEHOVAH they depose,
'The *pure!* the *just!* and set up in his stead
A deity that's perfectly *well-bred*.

"DEAR T—L—N! be sure the best of men;

"Nor thought he more, than thought great ORIGEN.

"Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd;

"Poor SATAN! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.

"Let priests do something for their one in ten;

"It is their *trade*; so far they're honest men.

"Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,

"And dress their notions, like themselves, in *black*;

"Fright

" Fright us with terrors of a world *unknown*,
 " From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
 " Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee;
 " But then they leave our *untith'd* virtue free.
 " *Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show:*
 " Did ever mortal write like ROCHEFOUCAUT?"

Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
 And pleading, safely enters on his list.

LET angel-forms angelic truths maintain;
 Nature disjoins the *beauteous* and *prophane*.
 For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's *face*?
 Virtue made *visible* in outward grace?
 She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
 The more she *charms*, the more she *shocks* mankind.

BUT charms decline; the fair long vigils keep:
 They sleep no more! * *Quadrille* has murder'd sleep.
 " Poor K---P! cries LIVIA; I have not been there
 " These two nights; the poor creature will despair.
 " I hate a crowd---but to do good, you know---
 " And people of condition shou'd bestow."
 Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K---P's grave matrons run,
 Now *set* a daughter, and now *stake* a son;
 Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly;
 And beggar half their race---thro' *charity*.

IMMORTAL were we, or else mortal *quite*,
 I less shou'd blame this criminal delight;
 But since the gay assembly's gayest room
 Is but an upper story to some tomb,
 Methinks we need not our *short* beings shun,
 And, *thought* to fly, *contend* to be undone.

* SHAKESPEARE.

SAT. VI. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 193

We need not buy our *ruin* with our *crime*,
And give *eternity* to murder *time*.

THE love of gaming is the worst of ills;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills;
Inveighs at heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r, and will of doing good;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

SEE yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The *scandal*, and the *ruin* of our isle!
And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From ÆOLUS's cave impetuous broke;
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies;
For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none;
She (guiltless creature!) swears to heav'n alone.

SEE her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles
swell!

Like the mad-maid in the *Cumean* cell.
Thus that divine-one her *soft* nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dear images her dreams are crown'd,
The *die* spins lovely, or the *cards* go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her still,
Her happy lord is cuckold'd by *Spadil*:

I

And

And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her *darling* son.

O SCENE of horror, and of wild despair!

Why is the rich ATRIDES' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his antient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat?

Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal cry?

Why pale distraction thro' the family?

See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.

Why that gay *son* to distant regions sent?

What fiends that *daughter's* destin'd match prevent?

Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid?

O nothing, but last night—my lady play'd.

BUT wanders not my satire from her theme?

Is *this* too owing to the love of *fame*?

Though, now, your hearts on *lucre* are bestow'd;

'Twas, first, a *vain devotion* to the *mode*.

Nor cease we *here*, since 'tis a vice so strong;

The torrent sweeps all womankind along.

This may be said in honour of our times,

That none now stand *distinguish'd* by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide,

Love has some soft excuse, to sooth your pride:

Ye fair apostates from love's antient pow'r!

Can nothing *ravish* but a *golden show'r*?

Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?

Must CUEID learn to *punt*, ere he can *please*?

When you're enamour'd of a *list* or *cast*,

What can the *preacher* more to make us *chaste*?

Can *fame*, like a *repique*, the soul entrance?

And what is *virtue* to the *lucky chance*?

Why

Why must strong youths *unmarry'd* pine away!

They find no woman *disengag'd* — *from play*.

Why pine the *marry'd*? — O severer fate!

They find from play no *disengag'd* — *estate*.

FLAVIA, at lovers false *untouch'd*, and *hard*,

Turns pale, and trembles at a *cruel* card.

Nor ARRIA's Bible can secure her age;

Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.

While *death* stands by, but till the game is done,

To sweep *that stake*, in justice, long *his own*;

Like old cards ting'd with sulphur, she takes fire;

Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.

Ye gods! with *new* delights inspire the fair;

Or give us *sons*, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, *tradesmen* close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in *prose*:

Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,

In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed.

Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,

Advice to *right* confirms us in the *wrong*.

I hear you cry, " This fellow's very odd."

When *you* chastise, who would not kiss the rod?

But I've a charm your anger shall controul,

And turn your eyes with coldness on the *vole*.

THE charm begins! to yonder flood of light

That bursts o'er gloomy *Britain*, turn your sight.

What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with awe?

Her deeds are precepts, her example law.

'Midst empire's charms, how CAROLINA's heart

Glow's with the love of *virtue*, and of *art*?

Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,

Excess of goodness! it has dawn'd on me:

When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
 Or godlike deeds were shown, or generous thoughts,
 She smil'd, *industrious* to be pleas'd, nor knew
 From whom my pen the *borrow'd* lustre drew.

* THUS the majestic mother of mankind,
 To her own charms most amiably blind,
 On the green margin innocently flood,
 And gaz'd indulgent on the chrystal flood;
 Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
 And smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

† *In more than civil war, while patriots storm;
 While genius is but cold, their passion warm;
 While public good aloft, in pomp, they wield;
 And private interest skulks behind the shield;
 While M—T and W——NS rise in weekly might,
 Make presses groan, lead senators to fight,
 Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
 The pamper'd mob with ministers of state;
 “ ‡ While ATE hot from hell makes heroes shrink,
 “ Cries havock, and lets loose the dogs of Ink;”
 Nor rank, nor sex escapes the general frown,
 But ladies are ripp'd up, and cits knock'd down;
 Tremendous farce! where ev'n the victor bleeds,
 And he deserves our pity, that succeeds;
 Immortal JUVENAL! and thou of France!
 In your sam'd field my satire dares advance;
 But cuts herself a track to you unknown,
 Nor crops your lawrel, but would raise her own;
 A bold adventure! but a safe one too!
 For, tho' surpass'd, I am surpass'd by You.*

* MILTON. † LUCAN. ‡ SHAKESPEARE.

SATIRE

S A T I R E VII.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus.

VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain
Smile, WALPOLE, or the *nine* inspire in vain.
To *thee* 'tis due; that verse how justly thine,
Where BRUNSWICK'S glory crowns the whole design?
That glory, which thy counsels make so bright;
That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To *give*, and *take* a lustre from the throne.

NOR think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The *fountain* is not foreign to the *stream*.
How all mankind will be surpriz'd, to see
This flood of *British* folly charg'd on thee!
Yet, *Britain*, whence this caprice of thy sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For caprice is the daughter of *success*,
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause!)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our *wealth* increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of *peace*.

WHILE I survey the blessings of our isle,
Her *arts* triumphant in the royal smile,
Her public *wounds* bound up, her *credit* high,
Her *commerce* spreading sails in every sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme again,
And shews the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
And burn to give mankind a single lord.

THE follies past are of a private kind,
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake, my muse,
And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy chuse;
Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The *world* their field, and *humankind* their prey.

THE *Grecian* chief, th' enthusiast of his pride,
With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, *Olympus*! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries, and pains.
What slaughter'd *hosts*! what *cities* in a blaze!
What wasted *countries*! and what crimson *seas*!
What orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose!

AND cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the *storm*,
Or *famine*, or *volcano*? they perform
Their mighty deeds; they hero-like can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With *dearth*, and *pestilence* to share the crown.

When

SAT. VII. THE UNIVERSAL PASSION. 199

When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

ONE to destroy is murder by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder *thousands* takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

WHEN after battle I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men;
A nation crush'd! a nation of the *brave*!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This *human chaos*, carry smiles away!
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, *fame* and *triumph*, made!

How guilty these? yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords;
Who stifle *nature*, and subsist on *art*;
Who coin the *face*, and petrify the *heart*;
All real kindness for the shew discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard:
Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace:"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine:"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such *courtiers* were, and such again may be,
WALPOLE, when men forget to copy thee.

HERE cease my muse ! the *catalogue* is writ,
Nor one more candidate for *fame* admit,
Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.
Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let CRISPINO, who was ne'er refus'd
The *justice* yet of being well-abus'd,
With patience wait; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

SOME future strain, in which the muse shall tell
How *science* dwindles, and how *volumes* swell.

How commentators each *dark* passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the *sun*.

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young, voluptuous peer,
His sins to LUCIFER not half so dear.

How VERRIS is less qualify'd to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes:
And all his joys and sorrows are *mistakes*.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelate, and points out their prey:
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for TONSON's at the gate,

THE

THE love of fame in its *effects* survey'd
 The muse has sung; be now the *cause* display'd:
 Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
 What is this power, whom all mankind obey?

SHORT from above, by heav'n's indulgence came
 This generous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
 To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
 Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
 By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
 Wise *laws* were fram'd, and sacred *arts* were found;
 Desire of praise first broke the *patriot's* rest,
 And made a bulwark of the *warrior's* breast;
 It bids ARGYLE in fields, and senates shine.
 What more can prove its origin divine?

BUT oh! this passion planted in the soul,
 On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
 The flaming minister of *virtue* meant,
 Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

AMBITION, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
 Of blots, and beauties an alternate source;
 Hence GILDON rails, that raven of the pit,
 Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
 And in art-loving SCARBOROUGH is seen
 How kind a patron POLLIO *might* have been.
 Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
 And into *coxcombs* burnishes our *fools*;
 Pursuit of fame, makes solid learning bright,
 And NEWTON lifts above a mortal height;
 That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
 Her long; long secrets of five thousand years.

WOULD you then fully comprehend the whole,
 Why, and in what *degrees*, pride sways the soul?

(For tho' in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

YE doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, "'Tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

To *glorious deeds* this passion fires the mind,
And closer draws the *ties* of humankind;
Confirms *society*; since what we prize
As *our* chief blessing, must from *others* rise.

AMBITION in the *truly noble mind*
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd LUCRECE, who with equal dread
From *guilt*, and *shame*, by her last conduct fled;
Her *virtue* long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her *love of fame* obey'd.

IN *meaner minds* ambition works alone;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mein,
* The god and mortal in the comic scene.
False JULIUS, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the *Roman* liberties his prize.

No mask in *basest minds* ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears;
All I have sung are instances of *this*,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

* AMPHITRYON.

YE *vain*! desist from your erroneous strife;
 Be wise, and quit the false *sublime* of life.
 The *true* ambition there alone resides,
 Where *justice* vindicates, and *wisdom* guides;
 Where *inward* dignity joins *outward* state,
 Our *purpose* good, as our *atchievement* great;
 Where public *blessings* public *praise* attend,
 Where glory is our *motive*, not our *end*.
 Would'st thou be *fam'd*? have those high deeds in
 view

Brave men would act, tho' *scandal* should ensue.

BEHOLD a prince! whom no swoln thoughts in-
 flame;

No pride of thrones, no fever after fame;
 But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
 And death in view to dear-bought glory fires;
 Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight;
 Then crowns, then triumphs sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and *noise* are dear, which with them bring
 His people's blessings to their ardent king:
 But, when those great heroic motives cease,
 His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
 From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
 A *sudden* foe to splendor, and applause;
 Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
 Till men, and angels jointly shout his name.
 O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
 O blest ambition! which can ne'er be *vain*.

FROM one fam'd *Alpine* hill, which props the sky,
 In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lye,
 Here burst the *Rhone* and sounding *Po*, there shine
 In infant rills the *Danube* and the *Rhine*;

From

From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

IN BRUNSWICK such a source the muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half *Europe* pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and GEORGE are rivals for the fame:
GEORGE, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

* NOR *human* rage alone his pow'r perceives:
But the mad *winds*, and the tumultuous *waves*.
Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, *nature's self*, supporting *man's* decree,
Stiles *Britain's* sovereign, sovereign of the *sea*.

WHILE *sea* and *air*, great BRUNSWICK, shook our
state,
And sported with a king's, and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and press'd with fear,
Of *ever* losing what she held most dear,
How did BRITANNIA, like † ACHILLES, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the *kindred deep*;
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm?

WHAT felt thy WALPOLE, pilot of the realm?
Our PALINURUS § slept not at the helm;
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And out-watch every star for BRUNSWICK's sake.

* The king in danger by sea.

† HOM. I. Lib. I.

§ *Ecce Deus ramam leikao rore madentem*, &c.

VIRG. Lib. V.

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By thwarting passions tofs'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictur'd in his breast.
But, *now*, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own, can tell;
His own, which *nature* and the *graces* form,
At will, to raise, or hush the *civil* storm.

A KEY

A
K E Y
TO THE
UNIVERSAL PASSION.

S A T I R E I.

—gives applause to B—e, or to me.
Blackmore, (Sir Richard.)

—Churchmen scripture, for the classics, quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace, to wit.

N. B. Virgil, Horace, Terence, Catullus, Tibullus,
Propertius, Manilius, Lucretius, Longinus, Cice-
ronis Opera, Cæsaris Comment. Homer, &c. were
published by Bishop Hare; Dr. Bentley, Dr. Da-
vis, Dr. Clarke, Dr. Pearce, &c.

S—e's humours Steele (Sir Richard.)

P—y's eloquence. Pulteney (William, Esq;)

If at his title T— had dropt his quill, &c.

Dr. Trapp, when professor of poetry in the University
of Oxford, wrote *Prælectiones Poeticæ*, Poetical
Lectures, which were deservedly esteemed; but up-
on his blank-verse version of VIRGIL, volume the
first, Doctor Evans of St. John's College, Oxon,
sent the following distich:

*Read the commandments, TRAPP, translate no further,
For there 'tis written, Thou shalt do No Murder.*

A. is depos'd, and B. with pomp restor'd.

This alludes to Mr. Theobald's publication of a book,
intituled, SHAKESPEARE restor'd, in opposition to
Mr. Pope's edition of that author.

C—ds,

K E Y to the Universal Passion.

C——dos *he'll out-do.* Chandos (duke of)

B—l—ton, *thy taste is not so true.* Burlington (earl of)

Not F---t---n's *self more Parian charms has known,*

Nor is good P---b---ke more in love with stone.

Sir Andrew Fountain, and the late earl of Pembroke,
both great admirers of antique statues.

Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.

The venerable grey-headed countess of Bristol.

Fewer grave lords to S—pe discreetly bend.

Mr. Seroope, a great money-lender.

S A T I R E II.

Paul Diack, who gave name to a tulip, was an honest,
toping, old citizen of London, and a great stock-
jobber.

---T——n turn'd upholsterer, &c.

Tonson (Jacob) fitted up many libraries of gilt books
for South-Sea coxcombs, 1720.

---Leaves to O—— Orrery, Charles (earl of)

D—— (Dorset, earl of) the poet's patron.

Miss D—— tottering. Miss Duncomb.

——the Stagyrite. Aristotle.

Hence, D——, *that openness of heart.* Doddington.

St——pe in wit, in breeding D---l---ne.

Stanhope, earl of Chesterfield. Deloraine (lord)

S A T I R E III.

—— H---y's eyes unmercifully keen. Lady Hervey.

Well, H——r, *dost thou thy master serve.*

Heiddegger, director of the masquerades.

S A T I R E IV.

While C—— mourns, &c.

Anthony Collins, Esq; founder of the sect of Free-
thinkers

C——,

KEY to the Universal Passion.

C——, *who makes so merry with the Creed.*

The same *A. Collins.*

Arb——t is a fool, and F---- a sage.

S——ey will fright you, E—— engage.

Dr. Arbuthnot, Daniel de Foe, Sir Charles Sedley.

S-----x is the worst of friends. *Sussex.*

Q——y is fair. *dutchess of Queensberry.*

S—— the foremost toyman of his time.

Sloan (Sir Hans) alluding to his Museum.

Unhappy J——y. *Lady Jersey.*

B---le shines in council, M——t in the fight:

P---l---m's magnificent, but J---- can write.

Boyle, Charles, earl of Orrery. Mordaunt, Charles,
earl of Peterborough. Pelham duke of Newcastle.
John Dennis.

Will H——t pardon, if I dare commend

H——t, with zeal, a patron, and a friend?

A----le true wit is studious to restore;

And D----t smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before.

P——ke, in years, the long-liv'd arts admires,

And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

Harcourt (lord chancellor.) Argyle (duke of) Dor-
set (duke of) Thomas Pembroke (late earl of)

Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley.

Character of Augustus, in the conclusion, applied to
his late majesty.

SATIRE V.

Foubert has the forming of the fair.

Major Foubert, a Riding Master.

Sir H---s *Sir Hans Sloan, M. D.*

The fair philosopher to Rowley * flies.

Lady D—— *Dashwood, or Dyart.*

* The late Mr. Rowley, an eminent mathematical instru-
ment-maker under St. Dunstan's church in Fleet-street.

K E Y to the Universal Passion.

S A T I R E VI.

Zinck, the greatest master in miniature, enamel painting,
in *Europe*.

H——y the first wit—— lord *Hervey*.

Cruel R——d. duke of *Richmond*.

G——n. lady *Betty Germain*.

H----, P----, B----, *Hervey, Pearce, Blount*, (ladies.)

C----ns. *Collins (Anthony, Esq;)*

T----l-----n, Archbishop *Tillotson's*, and Dr. *Burnet's*
doctrine of the *Non-Eternity of Hell Torments*.

K----p. Mrs. *Kemp*, keeper of an *assemblée*.

Caroline's heart, &c.

Acknowledgment of the late queen's favours to the
author.

M-----t and W-----ns.

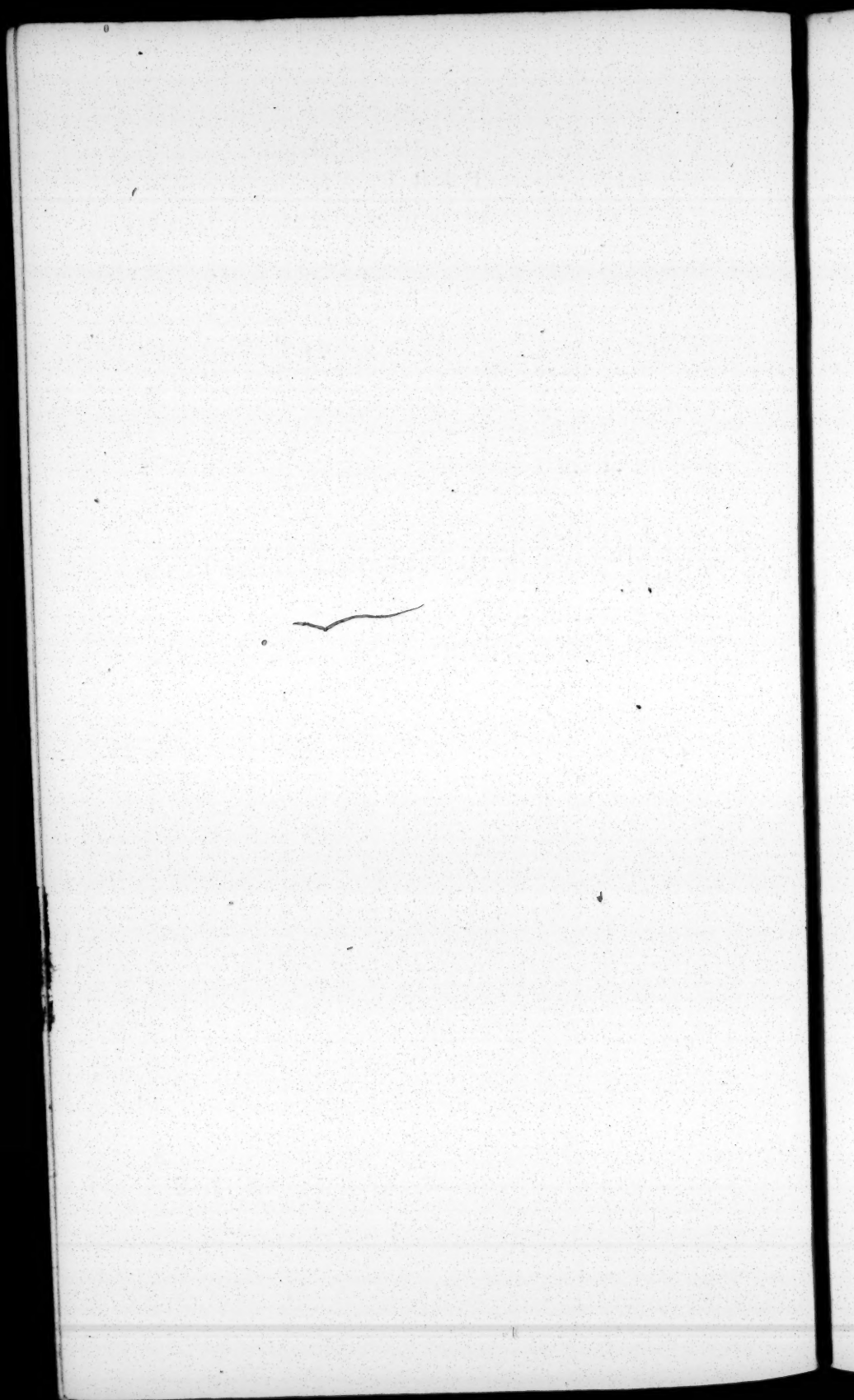
Mist and Wilkins, printers of two *Weekly Journals*.

Immortal Juvenal! and Thou † of France,

In the *LAST DAY*.

† *Boileau*.

T H E

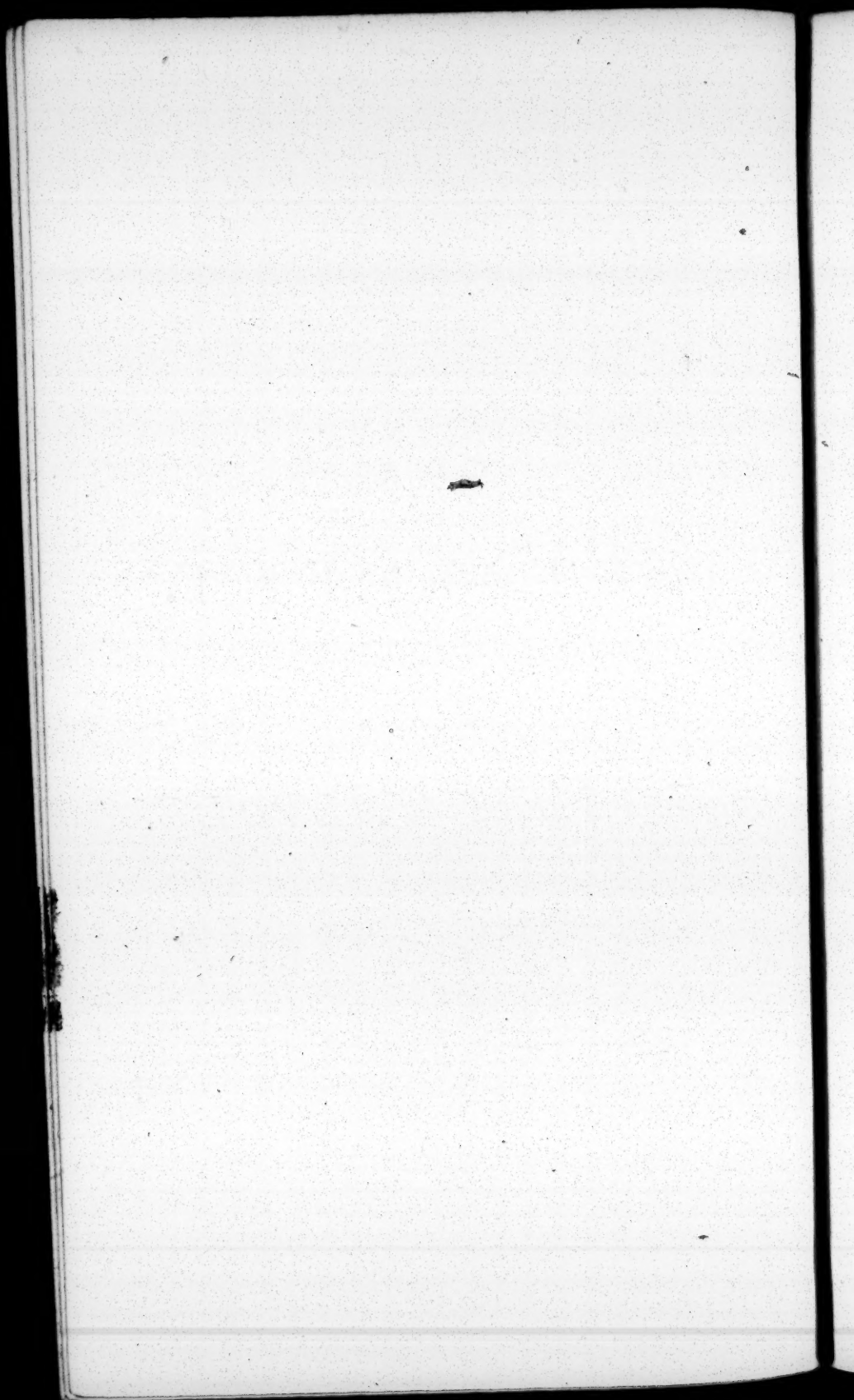


T H E
I N S T A L M E N T.

To the RIGHT HONOURABLE
Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quæsitam meritis.

HOR.



T H E

INSTALMENT, 1726.

WITH *invocations* some their breasts inflame;
I need no *muse*, a WALPOLE is my theme.

YE mighty dead! ye garter'd sons of *praise*!
Our *morning stars*! our boast in *former* days!
Which hov'ring o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop and attend: by *one*, the *knee* be bound;
One, throw the *mantle's* crimson folds around;
By *that*, the *sword* on his proud thigh be plac'd,
This, clasp the *di'mond girdle* round his waist;
His breast, with rays, let just GODOLPHIN spread;
Wife BURLEIGH plant the plumage on his head;
And EDWARD own, since first he fix'd the race,
None prefs'd fair glory with a swifter pace.

WHEN fate would call some mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some fav'rite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his *blood* with gen'rous ardour boil;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course!
That men *prepar'd* may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

SEE, *Britain*, see thy WALPOLE shine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant *star*;
A *star* that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe, thro' fortune's roughest tide.

IF *peace* still smiles, by *this* shall *commerce* steer
 A finish'd course, in triumph, round the sphere ;
 And gath'ring tribute from each distant shore,
 In *Britain's* lap the world's abundance pour.

IF *war's* ordain'd, *this* star shall dart its beams
 Thro' that black cloud, which rising from the *Thames*,
 With thunder, form'd of BRUNSWICK's wrath, is sent
 To *claim* the seas, and *awe* the continent :
This shall direct it, where the bolt to throw,
 A *star* for us, a *comet* to the *foe*.

AT this the muse shall *kindle*, and *aspire* :
 My breast, O WALPOLE, glows with grateful fire ;
 The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
 Refresh the dry domains of poe^sie.
 My fortune shews, when arts are WALPOLE's care,
 What slender worth forbids us to despair :
 Be this thy partial smile from censure free ;
 'Twas meant for *merit*, tho' it fell on *me*.

SINCE BRUNSWICK's smile has authoriz'd my muse,
 Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
 False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
 Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men.
 This profanation of celestial fire,
 Makes fools despise, what wisdom should admire.
 Let those I praise to distant times be known,
 Not by their *author's* merit, but their *own*.
 If others think the task is hard, to weed
 From verse, rank flattery's vivacious seed,
 And rooted deep ; one means *must* set them free ;
Patron! and *patriot!* let them sing of thee.

WHILE vulgar trees ignobler *honours* wear,
 Nor those retain, when winter chills the year ;

The

The gen'rous *orange*, fav'rite of the sun,
 With vig'rous charms can *thro'* the seasons run;
 Defies the storm with her *tenacious* green;
 And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen:
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring;
 And midst their sweets the *feather'd* poets sing.

ON WALPOLE, thus; may pleas'd BRITANNIA view
 At once her ornament, and profit too;
 The *fruit* of service, and the *bloom* of fame,
Matur'd, and gilded by the royal beam.
 He, when the nipping blasts of *envy* rise,
 Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise;
 Lets fall no *honours*, but securely great,
 Unfaded holds the *colour* of his fate:
 No winter knows, tho' ruffling *factions* press;
 By wisdom deeply rooted in success:
One glory shed, a *brighter* is display'd;*
 And the charm'd muses shelter in his *shade*.

O HOW I long, enkindled by the theme,
 In deep eternity to launch thy name!
 Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
 But what chaste *truth* indites, old *time* shall read.

“BEHOLD! a *man* of antient faith, and blood,
 “Which, soon, beat high for *arts*, and *public good*;
 “Whose glory *great*, but *natural* appears,
 “The genuine growth of *services* and *years*;
 “No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
 “And fondly gilt by partial majesty:
 “*One* bearing greatest toils, with greatest ease;
 “*One* born to *serve us*, and yet born to *please*;

* Knight of the BATH, and then of the GARTER.

“Whom,

" Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
 " The PRINCE may *trust*, and yet the PEOPLE *praise*;
 " His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
 " His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
 " His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle,
 " And smiling, gives *three* kingdoms cause to smile."

JOY then to *Britain*, blest with such a son;
 To WALPOLE joy, by whom the *prize* is won;
 Who nobly-conscious *meets* the smiles of fate;
 True greatness lyes in daring to be *great*.
 Let *daftard souls*, in *affectation*, run
 To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won;
 Such men prefer, misled by *false* applause,
 The *pride* of *modesty* to virtue's cause.
 Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
 'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear;
 'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
 Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new;
 Heightens the lustre of *our* age and clime,
 And sheds rich seeds of worth for *future* time.

PROUD chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter fam'd,
 Of old, this *azure bloom* of glory claim'd.
 As when stern AJAX pour'd a purple flood,
 The *violet* rose, fair daughter of his blood.
 Now rival *wisdom* dares the wreath divide,
 And *both* MINERVAS rise in equal pride;
 Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
 Who shines illustrious, not in wars alone.
 LET *fame* look lovely in BRITANNIA's eyes;
 They coldly court *desert*, who *fame* despise.
 For what's *ambition*, but fair virtue's *sail*?
 And what *applause*, but her propitious *gale*?

When

When swell'd with *that*, she fleets before the wind
 To glorious aims, as to the *port* design'd;
 When chain'd, without it, to the lab'ring *oar*,
 She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying *shore*
 From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
 By *blasts* of *envy*, or by *fortune's tide*:
 For *one* that has succeeded, *ten* are lost,
 Of *equal* talents, e'er they make the coast.

THEN let *renown* to worth divine incite
 With all her beams, but throw those *beams* *aright*.
 Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
 When godlike glory, like our land, *descends*.
Custom the *garter* long confin'd to few;
 And gave to *birth*, exalted *virtue's* due:
 WALPOLE has thrown the proud inclosure down;
 And high desert *embraces* fair *renown*.
 Tho' *rival'd*, let the PEERAGE *smiling* fee
 (*Smiling*, in justice to their *own* *degree*,)
 This proud reward of majesty bestow'd
 On worth like *that*, whence first the PEERAGE flow'd:
 From frowns of fate BRITANNIA'S blis to guard,
 Let subjects *merit*, and let kings reward.
 GODS are *most* GODS by *giving to excel*;
 And KINGS most like *them*, by *rewarding well*.

THO' strong the twanging nerve, and drawn *aright*,
 Short is the winged arrow's upward flight;
 But if an eagle it transfix on high,
 Lodg'd in the wound, it soars into the sky.

THUS while I sing THEE with unequal lays,
 And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise;
 Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
 Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more; for in this dread suspense of fate,
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh *peace* and *war*, now *Europe's* eyes are bent
On mighty BRUNSWICK, for the great event.
BRUNSWICK, of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain *thee* at a world's expence?

O D E S

O C C A S I O N E D

By His MAJESTY's Royal Encouragement
of the SEA-SERVICE.

W I T H A N

E S S A Y

O N

L Y R I C P O E T R Y.

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it: a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great, and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of *Greenwich-hospital*, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision, for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country.

KING'S SPEECH, *Jan. 27. 1727-8.*

TO THE
K I N G,
PATER PATRIÆ.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

I.

OLD OCEAN's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly *British* theme I sing;
A theme so great
I dare complete,
And join with OCEAN, *Ocean's* king.

II.

To gods, and kings,
The poet sings;
To kings, and gods the muse is dear;
The muse inspires
With all her fires;
Begin, my soul! thy bold career.

III.

From awful *state*,
From high *debate*,
From *morning-splendors* of a crown,
From *homage* paid,
From *empires* weigh'd,
From plans of *blessings*; and *renown*.

K 3

IV. Great

IV.

Great monarch ! bow
 Thy beaming brow ;
 To thee I strike the sounding lyre,
 With proud design
 In verse to shine ;
 To rival *Greek*, and *Roman* fire.

V.

The *Roman* ode
 Majestic flow'd ;
 Its *stream* divinely clear, and strong ;
 In sense, and sound,
Thebes roll'd profound ;
 The *torrent* roar'd, and foam'd along.

VI.

Let *Thebes*, nor *Rome*,
 So fam'd, perfume
 To triumph o'er a northern isle ;
 Late time shall know
 The *North* can glow,
 If dread AUGUSTUS deign to smile.

VII.

The work is done !
 The distant sun
 His smile supplies ! exalts my voice !
 Thro' earth's wide bound
 Shall GEORGE resound,
 My theme, by *duty*, and by *choice*.

VIII. The

VIII.

The naval crown
Is all his own !
Our fleet, if *war*, or *commerce* call,
His will performs
Thro' waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

IX.

Since then the *main*
Sublimes my strain,
To whom should I address my song ?
To whom but THEE ?
The boundless *sea*,
And *grateful* muse, to GEORGE belong.

X.

Hail mighty theme !
Rich mine of fame !
If gods invok'd extend their aid ;
Hail subject *new* !
As *Britain's* due,
Reserv'd by the *Pierian* maid.

XI.

Durst *Homer's* muse,
Or *Pindar's* chuse
To pour the billows on his string ?
No, both defraud
The tuneful god ;
Scarce more sublime, when Jove they sing.

XII.

No former race,
 With strong embrace,
 This theme to ravish durst aspire ;
 With virgin charms
 My soul it warms,
 And melts melodious on my lyre.

XIII.

Now low, now high,
 My fingers fly,
 Now pause, and now fresh music spring ;
 Now dance, now creep,
 Now dive, now sweep,
 And fetch the sound from every string.

XIV.

Now numbers rise,
 Like virgin's sighs,
 The soft *Favonians* melt away ;
 As from the *North*,
 Now rushes forth
 A blast, that thunders in my lay.

XV.

My lays I file
 With cautious toil ;
 Ye graces ! turn the growing lines ;
 On anvils neat
 Your strokes repeat ;
 At every stroke the work refines !

XVI. How

XVI.

How music charms?
 How metre warms?
 Parent of actions, good and brave!
 How vice it tames?
 And worth inflames?
 And holds proud empire o'er the grave?

XVII.

Jove mark'd for man
 A scanty span,
 But lent him wings to fly his doom;
Wit scorns the grave;
 To wit he gave
 The life of gods! immortal bloom!

XVIII.

Since *years* will fly,
 And *pleasures* die,
 Day after day, as years advance;
 Since while life lasts,
 Joy suffers blasts
 From frowning *fate*, and fickle *chance*;

XIX.

Nor life is long;
 But soon we throng,
 Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore;
 We make, at least,
 Of *bad* the *best*,
 If in life's phantom, *fame*, we soar.

XX.

Our strains divide
 The lawrel's pride ;
 With those we list to life, we live ;
 By fame enroll'd
 With heroes bold,
 And share the blessings which we give.

XXI.

What hero's praise
 Can fire my lays,
 Like his, with whom my lay begun ?
 " *Justice* sincere,
 " And *courage* clear,
 " Rise the two columns of his throne.

XXII.

" How form'd for sway ?
 " Who look, obey,
 " They read the monarch in his *port*.
 " Their love, and awe,
 " Supply the *law* ;
 " And his own lustre makes the court ;

XXIII.

" But shines *supreme*,
 " Where heroes flame ;
 " In *war*'s high-hearted pomp he prides
 " By god-like arts
 " Enthron'd in *hearts*,
 " Our bosom-lord o'er *wills* presides."

XXIV. Our

XXIV.

Our factions end!
 The nations bend!
 For when *Britannia's* sons combin'd,
 In fair array,
 All march one way;
 They march the terror of mankind.

XXV.

If *equal* all
 Who tread the ball,
 Our bounded prospect, *here*, would end;
 But heroes prove,
 As steps to Jove,
 By which our thoughts, with ease, ascend;

XXVI.

From what we view
 We take the clue,
 Which leads from great, to greater things;
 Men doubt no more,
 But gods adore,
 When such resemblance shines in kings.

XXVII.

On yonder height,
 What golden light
 Triumphant shines? and shines *alone*?
 Unrival'd blaze!
 The nations gaze!
 'Tis not the sun, 'tis *Britain's* throne.

XXVIII. Our

XXVIII.

Our monarch, there,
 Rear'd high in air,
 Shou'd tempests rise, disdains to bend;
 Like *British* oak,
 Derides the stroke;
 His blooming honours far extend!

XXIX.

Beneath them lyes,
 With lifted eyes,
 Fair *Albion*, like an am'rous maid;
 While *interest* wings
 Bold, foreign kings
 To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

XXX.

At his proud foot,
 The *sea* pour'd out,
 Immortal nourishment supplies;
 Thence *wealth* and *state*,
 And *power* and *fate*,
 Which *Europe* reads in GEORGE's eyes.

A N
E S S A Y
O N
L Y R I C P O E T R Y.

HOW imperfect soever my own composition may be, yet am I willing to speak a word or two of the nature of *Lyric Poetry*; to shew that I have, at least, some idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged; and that I do not think myself *poet* enough entirely to rely on *inspiration* for my success in it.

To our having, or not having, this *idea of perfection* in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as also the modesty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in speaking of it, I shall shew how it unavoidably comes to pass, that *bad* poets, that is poets *in general*, are esteemed, and really *are* the most *vain*, the most *irritable*, and most *ridiculous* set of men upon earth. But poetry in its own nature is certainly

— *Non hos quæsitum munus in usus.* VIRG.

He that has an *idea of perfection* in the work he undertakes *may* fail in it; he that has not, *must*: and yet he will be vain. For every little degree of beauty, how *short* or improper soever, will be looked on fondly by him; because it is all pure gains, and more than he promised to himself; and because he has no *test* or *standard* in his judgment, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now

Now this *idea of perfection* is in poetry more refined, than in other kinds of writing; and because more refined, therefore more difficult; and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attained;—and the non-attainment of it is (as I have said) the source of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more *obnoxious to vanity* than others. And from vanity consequentially flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that *quick resentment*, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the *genus irritabile* among mankind; and from this combustible temper, this serious anger for no very serious things, things looked on by most as foreign to the important points of life, as consequentially flows that inheritance of *ridicule*, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As soon as they become authors, they become like *Ben Johnf.n's* angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

— *Concordes animæ, dum nocte premuntur ;
 Heu! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
 Attigerint, quantas acies, stragemque ciebunt ?
 Qui juvenes! quantas ostentant, aspice, vires.
 Ne, pueri! ne tanta animis assuescite bella.
 Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 Sydereo flagrans clypeo, & caelestibus armis,
 Projice tela manu, sanguis meus!
 Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhœus
 Arduus, arma tenens; non te Messapus & Ufens,
 Contemptorque deûm Mezentius.* VIRG.

But to return. He that *has* this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be *modest*; because to rise up to that idea which he proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two observations account for what may seem as strange, as it is infallibly true; I mean, they shew us why good writers have the lowest, and bad writers the highest

highest opinion of their own performances. They who have only a *partial* idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance, or knowledge of it is greater or less, have proportionable degrees of modesty or conceit.

Nor, (tho' natural good understanding makes a tolerably just judgment in things of this nature) will the reader judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The *ode*, as it is the eldest kind of poetry, so it is more spirituous and more remote from prose than any other, in *sense, sound, expression, and conduct*. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral; its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious; its expression pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected; and of a *curious felicity* beyond other poems; its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order and connexion, which gives form and life to some compositions, takes away the very soul of *this*. Fire, elevation, and select thought, are indispensable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode is the most pitiful error a pen can commit.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum.

And as its *subjects* are sublime, its writers genius should be so too; otherways it becomes the meanest thing in writing, *viz.* an *involuntary burlesque*.

It is the genuine character and true merit of the *ode*, a little to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taste in their judgments; and, like persons of a tender sight, they look on bright objects, in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what is most delightful to a stronger eye is painful to them. Thus, *Pindar*, who has as much logic at the bottom as *Aristotle* or *Euclid*, to some critics has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all, who enjoy

no portion of his own divine spirit. Dwarf-understandings, measuring others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a monster when they see a man.

And, indeed, it seems to be the amends which nature makes to those whom she has not blessed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish.

Judgment, indeed, that masculine power of the mind, in *ode*, as in all compositions, should bear the supreme sway; and a beautiful *imagination*, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only can proceed the fairest offspring of the human mind.

But then in *ode*, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that, there, the *imagination*, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; tho' the *judgment*, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shews the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It must be very enterprising, it must (in *Shakespeare's* style) have hair-breadth 'scapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the *real* judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the *contrary*.

Such is *Casimire's* strain among the moderns, whose lively wit and happy fire is an honour to them. And *Buchanan* might justly be much admired, if any thing more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, was his own: his original, from which I have taken my motto, thro' all the disadvantages of a northern prose-translation, is still admirable; and *Cowley* says, as preferable in beauty to *Buchanan*, as *Judea* is to *Scotland*.

Pindar, *Anacreon*, *Sappho*, and *Horace*, are the great masters of *Lyric* poetry among heathen writers. *Pindar's*

dar's muse, like *Sacharissa*, is a stately, imperious, and accomplished beauty; equally disdaining the use of art, and the fear of any rival; so intoxicating, that it was the highest commendation that could be given an antient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms:

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit haustus.

A danger which *Horace* declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's muse is like *Amoret*, most sweet, natural and delicate, all over flowers, graces and charms; inspiring complacency, not awe; and she seems to have good-nature enough to admit a rival, which she cannot find.

Sappho's muse, like lady —, is passionately tender and glowing, like oil set on fire, she is soft and warm in excess. *Sappho* has left us a few fragments only; time has swallowed the rest; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of *Cleopatra*, after the other was dissolved at her banquet, may be esteemed (as was that jewel) a sufficient ornament for the goddess of beauty herself.

Horace's muse, (like one I shall not presume to name) is correct, solid and moral; she joins all the sweetness and majesty, all the sense and the fire of the former, in the justest proportions and degrees; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She moreover is distinguishable by this particularity, that she abounds in hidden graces, and secret charms, which none but the discerning can discover; nor are any capable of doing full justice in their opinion to her excellencies, without giving the world, at the same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country, I must add, that I think Mr. *Dryden's* ode on St. *Cecilia's* day inferior to no composition of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to
the

the variety of the occasion; those by which he has chosen to express majesty, viz.

*Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.*

are chosen in the following ode, because the subject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome, give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the pleasure of rhyme in general, (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome. That is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect *sense* and *expression*, as could be expected, if he was free from that shackle. Otherwise, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleasure to the reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the poet.

To sum the whole. *Ode* should be *peculiar*, but not *strained*; *moral*, but not *flat*; *natural*, but not *obvious*; *delicate*, but not *affected*; *noble*, but not *ambitious*; *full*, but not *obscure*; *fiery*, but not *mad*; *thick*, but not *loaded* in its numbers, which should be most *harmonious*, without the least sacrifice of *expression* or of *sense*. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, somewhat of an *original* spirit should be, at least, attempted; otherways the poet, whose character disclaims *mediocrity*, makes a *secondary* praise his ultimate ambition; which has something of a contradiction in it. *Originals* only have true life, and differ as much from the best *imitations*, as *men* from the most animated *pictures* of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due *deference* for the great standards of antiquity; nay, that very *deference* is an argument for it, for doubtless their example is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general motives and fundamental

al methods of their working, than in their works themselves. This is a distinction I think not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the *first* may make us their equals; the *second* must pronounce us their inferiors, even in our utmost success. But the *first* of these prizes is not so readily taken by the *moderns*, as valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the thief.

The antients had a particular regard to the choice of their *subjects*; which were generally national and great. My subject is in its own nature, noble, most proper for an *Englishman*; never more proper than on this occasion; and (what is strange) hitherto unsung.

If I stand not absolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the spirit of *ode* in general; if I cannot think with Mr. Cowley, that *music alone, sometimes, makes an excellent ode,*

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;

If there is any *thought, enthusiasm, and picture*, which are as the *body, soul, and robe* of poetry; in a word, if in any degree, I have provided rather *food for men*, than *air for wits*; I hope smaller faults will meet indulgence for the sake of the design, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And indeed, this may be said, in general, that great subjects are above being *nice*; that dignity and spirit ever suffer from scrupulous exactness; and that the *minuter* cares effeminate a composition. Great masters of poetry, painting and statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary. And justly; for a truly masculine air partakes more of the *negligent* than of the *neat*, both in writings and in life.

Grandis oratio haberet majestatis suæ pondus.

PETRON.

A poem,

A poem, like a criminal, under too severe correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire. We know it was *faber imus*, that was such an artist at a hair, or a nail; and we know the cause was,

*Quia ponere totum
Nescius.* —

HOR.

To close, if a piece of this nature wants an apology, I must own, that those who have strength of mind sufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the severer studies, I despair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and strengthened by variety; and he that *sometimes* is sporting with his pen, is only taking the most effectual means of giving a *general* importance to it. This truth is clear from the knowledge of *human nature* and of *history*; from which I could cite very celebrated instances, did I not fear, that by citing them I should condemn myself, who am so little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

O C E A N.

A N

O D E.

Concluding with a W I S H.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.

I.

SWEET rural scene!

Of flocks and green!

At careless ease my limbs are spread;

All nature still,

But yonder rill;

And list'ning pines nod o'er my head:

II.

In prospect wide,

The boundless tide!

Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar;

Without a breeze,

The curling seas

Dance on, in measure to the shore.

III. Who

III.

Who sings the *source*
 Of *wealth* and *force*?
 Vast field of *commerce*, and big *war*,
 Where *wonders* dwell!
 Where *terrors* swell!
 And *Neptune* thunders from his car!

IV.

Where? where are they,
 Whom *Pæan*'s ray
 Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?
 What, none aspire?
 I snatch the lyre,
 And plunge into the foaming wave.

V.

The wave *resounds*!
 The rock *rebounds*!
 The *Nereids* to my song reply!
 I lead the choir,
 And they conspire,
 With voice and shell, to lift it high.

VI.

They spread in air
 Their bosoms fair,
 Their verdant tresses pour behind,
 The billows beat
 With nimble feet,
 With notes triumphant swell the wind.

VII. Who

VII.

Who love the shore,
 Let those adore
 The god *Apollo*, and his *nine*,
Parnassus' hill,
 And *Orpheus'* skill;
 But let *Arion's* harp be mine.

VIII.

The main! the main!
 Is *Britain's* reign;
 Her strength, her glory is her *fleet*;
 The main! the main!
 Be *Britain's* strain;
 As *Tritons* strong, as *Syrens* sweet.

IX.

Thro' nature wide,
 Is nought descry'd
 So rich in pleasure or surprize;
 When all-serene,
 How sweet the scene?
 How dreadful when the billows rise!

X.

When storms deface
 The fluid glass,
 In which e'er while *Britannia* fair
 Look'd down with pride,
 Like *ocean's* bride,
 Adjusting her majestic air?

XI. When

XI.

When tempests cease,
 And hush'd in peace,
 The flatten'd surges, smoothly spread,
 Deep silence keep,
 And seem to sleep,
 Recumbent on their oozy bed;

XII.

With what a trance,
 The level glance
 Unbroken, shoots along the seas?
 Which tempt from shore
 The painted oar;
 And every canvas courts the breeze!

XIII.

When rushes forth
 The frowning *North*
 On black'ning billows, with what dread
 My shuddering soul
 Beholds them rowl,
 And hears their roaring o'er my head?

XIV.

With terror, mark,
 Yon flying *bark*!
 Now centre-deep descend the brave;
 Now tofs'd on high,
It takes the sky,
 A feather on the tow'ring wave!

XV. Now,

XV.

Now, spins around
 In whirls profound;
 Now whelm'd; now pendent near the clouds;
 Now stunn'd it reels
 'Midst thunders peals;
 And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

XVI.

All Æther burns!
 Chaos returns!
 And blends, once more, the seas and skies.
 No space between
 Thy bosom green,
 O deep! and the blue concave lyes.

XVII.

The northern blast,
 The shatter'd mast,
 The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
 The breaking spout,
 The stars gone out,
 The boiling strait, the monsters shock.

XVIII.

Let others fear;
 To *Britain* dear
 Whate'er promotes her daring claim;
 Those terrors charm,
 Which keep her warm
 In chace of honest gain or fame.

L

XIX. The

XIX.

The stars are bright
 To chear the night,
 And shed, thro' shadows, temper'd fire;
 And *Phæbus* flames
 With burnish'd beams,
 Which some *adore*, and all *admire*.

XX.

Are then the seas
 Outshone by *these*?
 Bright *Thetys*! thou art not outshone;
 With kinder beams,
 And softer gleams,
 Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

XXI.

There, set in *green*,
Gold stars are seen,
 A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
 And when the sun
 His race has run,
 He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

XXII.

Those *clouds* whose dyes
 Adorn the skies,
 That silver *snow*, that pearly *rain*,
 Has *Phæbus* stole
 To grace the pole,
 The plunder of th' invaded main!

XXIII. The

XXIII.

The gaudy *bow*,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To *Phæbus*' ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

XXIV.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor!
The *pearl* in rows
Pale lustre throws;
The *wealth* immense, which storms devour.

XXV.

From *Indian* mines,
With proud designs
The merchant swoln, digs golden ore:
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And tofs him breathless on the shore.

XXVI.

His son complains
In pious strains,
"Ah! cruel thirst of gold," he cries;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

XXVII.

Thou wat'ry vast !
 What mounds are cast
 To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er ?
 Thy proudest foam
 Must know its home ;
 But rage of gold disdains a shore.

XXVIII.

Gold *pleasure* buys,
 But pleasure dies,
 Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
 Tho' *raptures* court,
 The *sense* is short ;
 But virtue kindles living joys ;

XXIX.

Joys felt *alone* !
 Joys ask'd of none !
 Which time's and fortune's arrows miss ;
 Joys that subsist,
 Tho' fates resist,
 An unprecious, endless bliss !

XXX.

The soul *refin'd*
 Is most inclin'd
 To every *moral* excellence ;
 All vice is dull,
 A knave's a fool ;
 And *virtue* is the child of *sense*.

XXXI. The

XXXI.

The virtuous mind,
 Nor *wave*, nor *wind*,
 Nor civil rage, nor tyrant's frown,
 The shaken ball,
 Nor planets fall,
 From its firm basis can dethrone.

XXXII.

This *Britain* knows,
 And therefore glows
 With gen'rous passions, and expends
 Her *wealth* and *zeal*
 On public weal,
 And brightens both by god-like ends.

XXXIII.

What end so great,
 As that which late
 Awoke the genius of the *main*,
 Which tow'ring rose,
 With GEORGE to close,
 And point out great ELIZA's reign?

XXXIV.

A voice has flown
 From *Britain's* throne,
 To re-inflame a grand design;
 That voice shall rear
 Yon * *fabric fair*,
 As nature's rose at the *divine*.

* *Greenwich*.

XXXV. When

XXXV.

When nature sprung,
 Blest angels sung,
 And shouted o'er the rising ball;
 For strains as high,
 As man's can fly,
 These sea-devoted honours call.

XXXVI.

From boist'rous seas,
 The lap of ease
 Receives our *wounded*, and our *old*;
 High *domes* ascend!
 Stretch'd *arches* bend!
 Proud *columns* swell! wide *gates* unfold!

XXXVII.

So sleeps the grain,
 In fost'ring rain
 And vital beams till *Jove* descend;
 Then, bursts the root!
 The *verdures* shoot!
 And earth enrich, adorn, defend!

XXXVIII.

Here, soft-reclin'd,
 From wave, from wind,
 And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
 To cheat their care,
 Of former war
 They talk the pleasing *shadows* o'er.

XXXIX. In

XXXIX.

In lengthen'd tales,
 Our fleet prevails;
 In tales the lenitives of *age*!
 And o'er the bowl,
 They fire the soul
 Of list'ning *youth* to martial rage.

XL.

The story done,
 Their setting sun
 Serenely smiling down the *west*,
 In soft decay
 They drop away;
 And *honour* leads them to their rest.

XLI.

Unhappy they!
 And falsely gay!
 Who bask for ever in success;
 A constant feast
 Quite palls the taste,
 And long *enjoyment* is *distress*.

XLII.

What charms us most,
 Our joy, our boast,
 Familiar loses all its gloss:
 And gold refin'd
 The *fated* mind
 Fastidious turns to perfect dross.

XLIII.

When, after toil,
His native soil,
The panting *mariner* regains,
What *transport* flows
From bare *repose*?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

XLIV.

Ye warlike slain!
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a wat'ry winding-sheet;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

XLV.

What pow'rful charm
Can death difarm?
Your long, your iron slumbers break?
By *Jove*, by *fame*,
By GEORGE'S name,
Awake! awake! awake!

XLVI.

Our joy so proud,
Our shout so loud,
Without a charm the dead might hear?
And see they rouse!
Their awful brows,
Deep-scar'd, from oozy pillows rear!

XLVII. With

XLVII.

With spiral shell,
 Full-blasted tell,
 That all your wat'ry realms should ring;
 Your *pearl* alcoves,
 Your *coral* groves,
 Should eccho *theirs*, and *Britain's* king.

XLVIII.

As long as stars
 Guide mariners,
 As CAROLINA's virtues please,
 Or suns invite
 The ravish'd fight,
 The *British* flag shall sweep the seas.

XLIX.

Peculiar both!
 Our soil's *strong* growth,
 And our bold natives *hardy* mind;
 Sure heav'n bespoke
 Our *hearts* and *oak*,
 To give a master to mankind.

L.

That noblest birth
 Of teeming earth,
 Of forests fair that daughter proud,
 To foreign coasts
 Our grandeur boasts,
 And *Britain's* pleasure speaks aloud.

LI.

Now big with *war*,
 Sends fate from far,
 If rebel realms their fate demand;
 Now, sumptuous spoils
 Of foreign *soils*
 Pours in the bosom of our land.

LII.

Hence, *Britain* lays
 In scales, and weighs
 The fates of kingdoms, and of kings;
 And as she frowns
 Or smiles, on crowns
 A night, or day of *glory* springs.

LIII.

Thus *ocean* swells
 The streams and rills,
 And to their borders lifts them high;
 Or else withdraws
 The mighty cause,
 And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

LIV.

How mixt, how frail,
 How sure to fail,
 Is ev'ry pleasure of mankind;
 A damp destroys
 My blooming joys,
 While *Britain's* glory fires my mind.

LV. For

LV.

For who can gaze
 On restless *seas*,
 Unstruck with *life's* more restless state;
 Where *all* are tofs'd,
 And *most* are lost
 By tides of *passion*, blasts of *fate*?

LVI.

The world's the *main*,
 How vext? how vain?
 Ambition swells, and anger foams;
 May good men find,
 Beneath the wind,
 A noiseless shore, unruffled homes!

LVII.

The public scene
 Of harden'd men
 Teach me, O teach me to despise!
 The *world* few know,
 But to their woe;
 Our *crimes* with our *experience* rise.

LVIII.

All tender sense
 Is banish'd *thence*,
 All maiden nature's first alarms;
 What shock'd before
 Disgusts no more,
 And what disgusted has its charms.

LIX. In

LIX.

In landscapes green
 True *bliss* is seen,
 With *innocence*, in shades she sports;
 In wealthy towns
 Proud *labour* frowns,
 And painted *sorrow* smiles in courts.

LX.

These scenes untry'd
 Seduc'd my pride,
 To fortune's arrows bare'd my breast;
 'Till *wisdom* came,
 A hoary dame!
 And told me *pleasure* was in rest.

The AUTHOR'S W I S H.

LXI.

O may I steal
 Along the vale
 Of humble life, secure from foes!
 My *friend* sincere!
 My *judgment* clear!
 And *gentle business* my repose!

LXII.

My mind be *strong*
 To combat wrong!
Grateful, O king! for favours shown!
Soft to complain
 For others pain!
 And *bold* to triumph o'er my own!

LXIII. (When

LXIII.

(When fortune's kind)
Acute to find,
 And *warm* to relish every boon!
 And *wise* to still
Phantastic ill,
 Whose frightful *spectres* stalk at *noon*!

LIV.

No fruitless *toils*!
 No brainless *broils*!
 Each moment level'd at the *mark*!
 Our *day* so short
 Invites to sport:
 Be sad and solemn when 'tis *dark*.

LXV.

Yet, *prudence*, still
 Rein thou my will!
 What's most *important* make most *dear*!
 For 'tis in *this*
 Resides true blifs;
 True blifs, a deity severe!

LXVI.

When *temper* leans
 To gayer scenes,
 And serious life void moments spares,
 The *sylvan chace*,
 My sinews *brace*!
 Or *song* unbend my mind from cares!

LXVII. Nor

LXVII.

Nor shun, my soul!
 The genial bowl,
 Where *mirth, good-nature, spirit* flow!
Ingredients these,
 Above to please
 The laughing *gods*, the *wise* below.

LXVIII.

Tho' rich the vine,
 More *wit* than *wine*,
 More *sense* than *wit*, *good-will* than *art*,
 May I provide!
 Fair *truth* my pride!
 My joy the converse of the *heart*!

LXIX.

The *gloomy* brow,
 The *broken* vow,
 To distant climes, ye gods, remove!
 The nobly-soul'd
 Their commerce hold
 With words of *truth*, and looks of *love*!

LXX.

O glorious aim!
 O wealth supreme!
 Divine *benevolence* of *soul*!
 That greatly *glows*,
 And freely *flows*,
 And in *one* blessing grasps the whole!

LXXI. *Pro-*

LXXI.

Prophetic schemes,
And golden dreams,
 May I, unfanguin, cast away!
Have, what I have!
And live, not leave,
 Enamour'd of the *present* day!

LXXII.

My hours my *own!*
 My faults *unknown!*
 My chief revenue in *content!*
 Then, leave one beam
 Of *honest* fame!
 And scorn the labour'd monument!

LXXIII.

Unhurt my *urn!*
 Till that great *turn*
 When mighty *nature's self* shall die,
Time cease to glide,
 With *human* pride,
 Sunk in the OCEAN of ETERNITY.

I M P E.

END OF

7

7

IMPERIUM PELAGI.

A

NAVAL LYRIC:

Written in IMITATION of

PINDAR's SPIRIT.

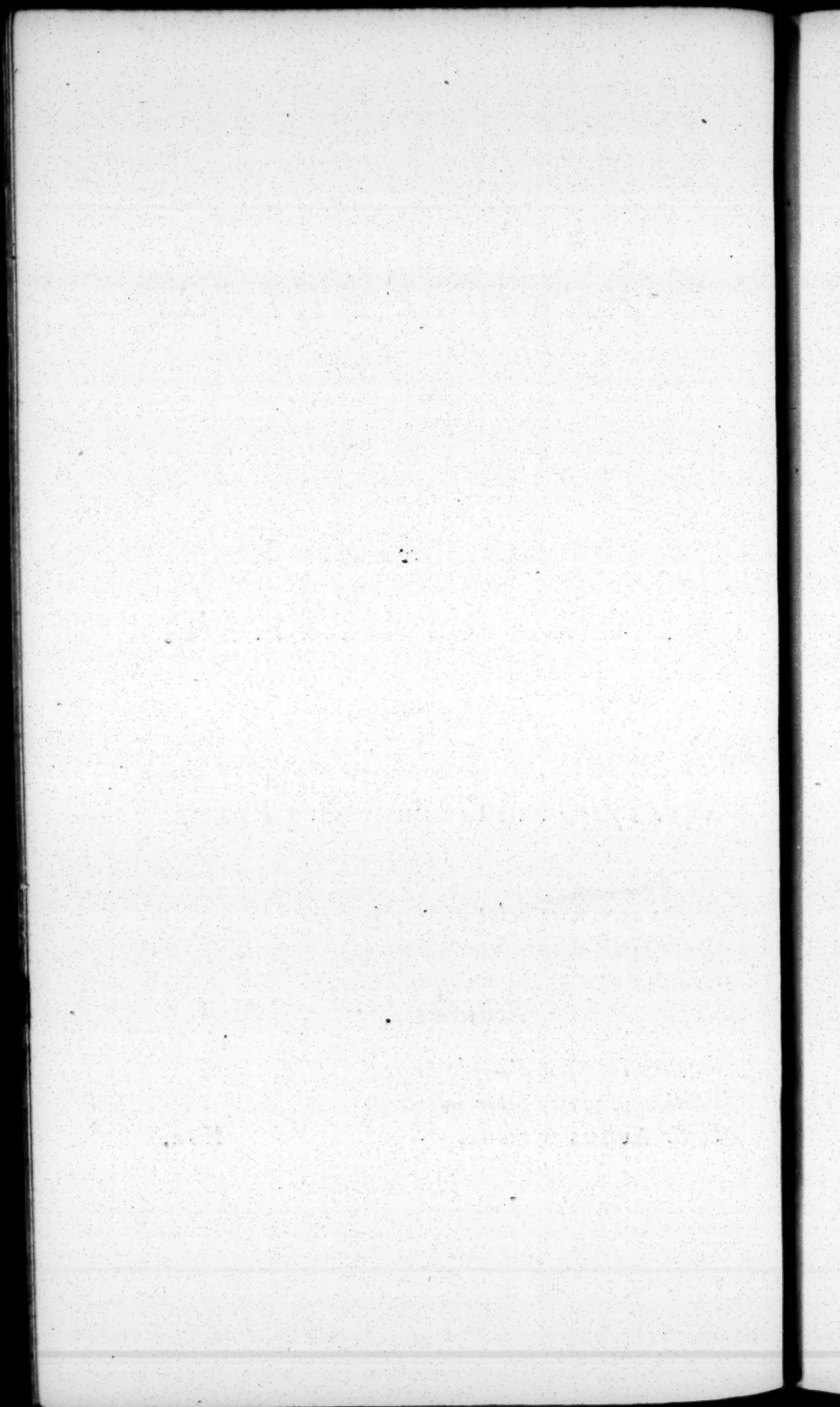
OCCASIONED

By his MAJESTY's Return from *Hanover*,
Sept. 1729. and the succeeding PEACE.

*Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas aluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.*

*Concines latosque dies, & urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis AUGUSTI reditu.*

HOR.



P R E F A C E.

A *Pindaric* carries a *formidable* sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it: Of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. *Pindar* is as natural as *Anacreon*, tho' not so familiar. As a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature, as a flower of the field, tho' less obvious and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of *Pindar*: I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself; more proper than any for an *Englishman*; and particularly *seasonable* at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the *sublime*; our two famous *epic poems* excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had fewest rivals.

If on reading this *ode*, any man has a fuller idea of the *real* interest, or *possible* glory of his country, than before; or a stronger *impression* from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the *critic* any further reputation.

We have many *copies* and *translations* that pass for *originals*. This *ode* I humbly conceive is an original, tho' it professes imitation. No man can be like *Pindar*, by imitating any of his *particular* works; any more than like *Raphael*, by copying the *Cartoons*. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in *subjects* and *designs* of our own. Nothing is so *unpindarical* as following *Pindar* on the foot. *Pindar's* an *original*, and he must be so too who would be like *Pindar* in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a *close copy* and a *noble original*.

As for length, *Pindar* has an *unbroken ode* of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but *relatively*

P R E F A C E.

lately to the demand of the subject and the manner of treating it. A *distich* may be *long*, and a folio *short*. However, I have broken this *ode* into strains, each of which may be considered as a separate *ode* if you please. And if the variety and fulness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this *ode*, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined, if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The *ode* is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the *Pindaric* is the most spirited kind of *ode*. This I speak at my own very great peril: but truth has an eternal title to our confession, tho' we are sure to suffer by it.

C O N-

C O N T E N T S.

The ODE consists of a *Prelude*; *five* Strains;
a *Moral*; a *Close*, and a *Chorus*.

P R E L U D E.

THE *proposition*. An address to the vessel that brought over the king. Who should sing on this occasion. A *Pindaric* boast.

STRAIN I: *How* the king attended. A *prospect* of happiness. *Industry*. A surprising instance of it in *Old Rome*. The mischief of *sloth*. What happiness is. *Sloth* its greatest enemy. *Trade* natural to *Britain*. *Trade* invoc'd. *Describ'd*. What the greatest human excellence. The *praise* of wealth. Its *use*, *abuse*, *end*. The *variety* of nature. The final *moral* cause of it. The benefit of man's *necessities*. *Britain's* naval stores. She makes *all* nature serviceable to her ends. Of *reason*. Its excellence. *How* we should form our *estimate* of things. *Reason's* difficult task. *Why* the first glory hers. Her *effects* in *Old Britain*.

STRAIN II. *Arts* from commerce. Why *Britons* should pursue it. What wealth *includes*. An *historical* digression, which kind is most frequent in *Pindar*. The wealth and wonderful glory of *Tyre*. The *approach* of her ruin. The *cause* of it. Her crimes thro' all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings just *reflexion* on it. An awful image of the divine power and vengeance. From *what Tyre* fell, and how deep her calamity.

STRAIN III. An *inference* from this history. *Advice* to *Britain*. More *proper* to her than *other* nations. How far the stroke of *tyranny* reaches. What supports our endeavours. The *unconsidered* benefits of *liberty*. *Britain's* obligation to pursue *trade*. *Why* above half the globe is *sea*. *Britain's* grandeur from her *situation*. The *winds*, the *seas*, the *constellations*, described. *Sir Isaac Newton's* praise. *Britain* compar'd with *other* states. The *Leviathan* described. *Britain's* site and antient title to the *seas*. Who *rivals* her. Of *Venice*. *Holland*.

P R E F A C E.

land. Some despise trade as mean. Censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

STRAIN IV. *Pindar* invok'd. His praise. *Britain* should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. *Britain's* condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. *Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the merchant. What false joy. What true. What religion is to the merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly and how long to be pursued by us. The Britains legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elisabeth. King GEORGE the second. His glory navally represented.*

STRAIN V. *What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The whale. The dolphin. Eridanus. The lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the emperor. The Spanish armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Britains voyage. Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.*

The M O R A L.

The most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What *Britain's* art should be. Whence slavery.

The C L O S E.

This subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to *Pindar's* subjects. How *Britain* should be sung by all.

C H O R U S.

T H E

T H E
M E R C H A N T.

A N
O D E

On the BRITISH Trade and Navigation.

To His GRACE the
DUKE of CHANDOS.

πλατῆαι πάντοθεν λογίοι-
σιν ἐντὶ πρόσοδοι,
νῆατον δ' ἡλέα ταν-
δε κοσμεῖν.

PIND. Nem. Ode VI.

P R E L U D E.

I.

FAST by the *furge* my limbs are spread;
The *naval oak* nods o'er my head;
The winds are loud; the waves tumultuous rowl:
Ye winds! indulge your rage no more;
Ye sounding billows! cease to roar:
The god descends; and transports warm my soul.

II. The

II.

The waves are hush'd; the winds are spent!—
 This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
 I celebrate in song. Fam'd isle! no less,
 By *nature's favour*, from mankind,
 Than by the foaming *sea* disjoin'd;
 Alone in bliss! an *isle* in happiness!

III.

Tho' *fate* and *time* have damp'd my strains,
 Tho' youth no longer fires my veins,
 Tho' slow their streams in this cold climate run;
 The royal eye dispels my cares,
 Recals the warmth of blooming years,
 Returning GEORGE supplies the distant sun.

IV.

Away my soul! salute the * *Pine*,
 That glads the heart of CAROLINE,
 Its grand deposit faithful to restore;
 Salute the *bark* that ne'er should hold
 So rich a freight in gems or gold,
 And loaded from both *Indies* would be poor.

V.

My soul! to thee, *she* spreads her sails;
 Their bosoms fill with sacred gales;
 With inspiration from the godhead warm;
 Now bound for an *eternal* clime,
 O send her down the tide of *time*,
 Snatch'd from *oblivion*, and secure from *storm*.

* The VESSEL in which the KING came over.

VI.

Or teach *this* flag, like *that* to soar,
 Which gods of old and heroes bore;
 Bid her a *British* constellation rise—
 The sea she scorns; and, *now*, shall bound
 On lofty billows of sweet sound;
 I am her pilot, and her port the *skies*!

VII.

Dare *you* to sink, ye tinkling train!
 Silence ye wretched! ye prophane!
 Who shackle *prose*, and boast of *absent* gods;
 Who murder thought, and numbers main,
 Who write *Pindarics* cold and lame,
 And labour stiff *Anacreontic* odes.

VIII.

Ye *lawful* fons of genius rise!
 Of *genuine* title to the skies;
 Ye *founts* of learning! and ye *mints* of fame!
 You, who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing thought, with *Attic* art,
 And drink pure song from *Cam's* or *Isis'* stream.‡

IX.

I glow, I burn! the numbers pure,
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast;
 As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
 The generous bursts of willing wine,
 Distil nectareous from the grape *unpress'd*.

M

STRAIN

S T R A I N I.

Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!
 What shining forms surround his throne,
 O sun! as planets thee! to my loud strain
 See *peace*, by *wisdom* led, advance;
 The *grace*, the *muse*, the *season* dance;
 And *plenty* spreads behind her flowing train!

II.

Our monarch comes! nor comes alone!
 New glories kindle round his throne;
 The visions rise! I triumph as I gaze.
 By *Pindar* led, I turn'd of late
 The volume dark, the folds of fate;
 And, now, am present to the *future* blaze.

III.

By *George* and *Jove* it is decreed,
 The mighty months in pomp proceed,
 Fair daughters of the sun!—O thou divine,
 Blest *industry*! a smiling earth
 From thee *alone* derives its birth:
 Thy thee the plough-share, and its master shine.

IV.

From thee, *mast*, *cable*, *anchor*, *oar*,
 From thee the *cannon*, and his *roar*;
 On *oaks* nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows:
 O golden fruit! *oak* well might prove
 The sacred tree, the tree of *Jove*;
 All *Jove* can give, the *naval* oak bestows.

V. What

V.

What can not *industry* complete?

* When *Punic* war first flam'd the great,
Bold, active, ardent *Roman* fathers meet :
“ Fell all your groves”, a *Flamen* cries;
As soon they fall ; as soon they rise ;
One moon ; a *forest*, and the next, a *fleet*.

VI.

Is *sloth* indulgence? 'Tis a toil ;
Enervates man, and damns the soil ;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being, all devours ;
A full exertion of our pow'rs !
Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

VII.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
The sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy nature feel her wonted force ;
'Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Yet taste of bliss, of which he choaks the source.

VIII.

Where, *industry* ! thy daughter fair ?
Recal her to her *native* air :
Here was *trade* born, here bred, here flourish'd long ;
And ever shall she flourish *here* :
What tho' she languish'd ? 'twas but *fear*,
She's sound of heart, her constitution strong.

* L, FLORUS.

M 2

IX. Wake,

IX.

Wake, fling her up. *Trade!* lean no more
 On thy fixt anchor, push from shore,
 Earth lyes before thee, every climate court.
 And see! she's rous'd, absolv'd from fears,
 Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
 Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

X.

See, cherish'd by her sister, *peace*,
 She levies gain on every place,
 Religion, habit, custom, tongue and name!
 Again, she travels with the sun,
 Again, she draws a golden zone
 Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and fame!

XI.

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
 In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
 The nations languid load defy the storms,
 The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
 The long-mor'd vessels wing to sea,
 Worlds worlds salute, and peopl'd ocean swarms.

XII.

His sons, *Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile*,
 Their sedgey foreheads lift and smile;
 Their urns inverted prodigally pour
 Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
 With climes paid down; what can the gods do more?

XIII. Cold

XIII.

Cold *Russia* costly furs, from far
 Hot *China* sends her painted jar,
France gen'rous wines to crown it, *Arab* sweet
 With gales of incense swells our sails,
 Nor distant *Ind* our merchant fails,
 Her richest ore the *ballast* of our fleet.

XIV.

Luxuriant isle! what tide that flows,
 Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
 Or genial sun that shines, or show'r that pours,
 But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for thee?
 How every heart dilates to see
 Each land's each season blending on thy shores?

XV.

All these one *British* harvest make!
 The servant *Ocean*, for thy sake,
 Both sinks and swells: his arms thy bosom wrap;
 And fondly give in boundless dow'r
 To mighty *GEORGE*'s growing pow'r,
 The wasted world into thy loaded lap.

XVI.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
 Fair *virtue* with the first renown:
 A large *revenue*, and a large *expence*,
 When hearts for others welfare glow,
 And *spend* as free as gods bestow,
 Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

XVII.

Glow then my breast! *abound* my store!
 This, and this boldly I implore,
 Their *want* and *apathy* let Stoics boast:
Passions and *riches*, good or ill,
 As us'd by man, demand our skill;
 All blessings wound us when discretion's lost.

XVIII.

Wealth, in the *virtuous* and the *wise*,
 'Tis vice and folly to despise:
 Let *those* in praise of poverty refine,
 Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
 The *narrow-soul'd* or the *profuse*,
 The *truly great* find *morals* in the mine.

XIX.

Happy the man! who, large of heart,
 Has learnt the rare, illustrious *art*
 Of being rich: stores *starve* us, or they *cloy*,
 From *gold*, if more than *chymic* skill,
 Extract not what is *brighter* still:
 'Tis hard to *gain*, much harder to *enjoy*.

XX.

Plenty's a *means*, and joy her *end*:
Exalted minds their joys extend.
 A *Chandos* shines, when others joys are done:
 As *lofty* turrets by their height,
 When humble scenes resign their light,
 Retain the rays of the declining sun.

XXI. Pre-

XXI.

Pregnant with blessings, *Britain!* swear
 No *fordid* son of thine shall dare
 Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace;
 Who *now*, his whole creation drains
 To pour into thy tumid veins
 That blood of nations! commerce and increase.

XXII.

How *various nature!* turgid grain,
Here nodding floats the golden plain;
There worms weave silken webs, *here* glowing vines
 Lay forth their purple to the sun,
Beneath the soil, *there* harvests run,
 And kings revenues ripen in the *mines*.

XXIII.

What's *various nature?* art divine,
 Man's soul to soften and refine;
 Heav'n different growths to different lands imparts,
 That all may stand in need of all,
 And *interest* draw around the ball,
 A net to *catch*, and *join* all human hearts.

XXIV.

Thus has the great Creator's pen,
 His law *supreme* to mortal men,
 In their *necessities* distinctly writ:
 Even *appetite* supplies the place
 Of absent virtue, absent grace,
 And human want *performs* for human wit.

XXV.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,
 The wond'ring *foreigner* confound;
 How stands the deep-aw'd *continent* aghast,
 As her proud *scepter'd* sons survey,
 At every port, on every key,
 Huge mountains rise, of cable, anchor, mast?

XXVI.

Th' unwildy tun! the ponderous bale!--
 Each prince his own clime set to sale
 Sees *here*, by subjects of a *British* king:
 How *earth's* abridg'd? all nations range
 A narrow spot! our throng'd *Exchange*,
 And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

XXVII.

Nor *earth* alone, all *nature* bends
 In aid to *Britain's* glorious ends:
 Toils she in *trade*? or bleeds in honest *wars*?
 Her keel each yielding *sea* enthrals,
 Each willing *wind* her canvas calls,
 Her pilot into service lifts the stars.

XXVIII.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
 What tho' we creep beneath the shade,
 And seem as emmets on this point the ball?
 Heaven lighted up the human soul,
 Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
 And giving godlike *reason*, gave us *all*.

XXIX. Thou

XXIX.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
 Blest *reason* ! guide my life and pen ;
 All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.
 Who thee obeys, reigns over all ;
 Smiles, tho' the stars around him fall ;
 A God is nought but reason infinite.

XXX.

The man of reason is a god,
 Who scorns to stoop to fortune's nod ;
 Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
 Others are *passive*, are impell'd,
 Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk or swell'd,
 As *accident* is pleas'd to *domineer*.

XXXI.

Our *hopes* and *fears* are much to blame ;
 Shall monarchs *arise* ? or crowns *inflame* ?
 From gross mistake our idle tumult springs :
 Those men the silly world disarm,
 Elude the *dart*, dissolve the *charm*,
 Who know the *slender* worth of *men* and *things*.

XXXII.

The *present* object, *present* day,
 Are idle *phantoms*, and away ;
 What's *lasting* only does *exist*. Know *this*,
 Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, call ;
 Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall
 To launch us on the flood of *endless* bliss.

XXXIII.

How *foreign* these, tho' *most* in view.
 Go, look your *whole* existence through;
Thence form your rule; *thence* fix your estimate.
 For so the gods. But as the *gains*,
 How great the *toil*? 'twill cost more pains,
 To vanquish *folly* than reduce a *state*.

XXXIV.

Hence, *reason*! the *first* palm is thine:
Old Britain learnt from thee to shine;
 By thee, *trades* swarming throng, gay *freedoms* smile,
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
 Of peace the pride, *arts* flowing gown,
Enrich, *exalt*, *defend*, *instruct* our isle.

S T R A I N II.

I.

COMMERCE gives *arts*, as well as *gain*;
 By commerce waisted o'er the main,
They barbarous climes enlighten as they run;
Arts, the rich traffic of the soul!
 May travel *thus* from pole to pole,
 And gild the world with learning's *brighter* sun.

II.

Commerce gives *learning*, *virtue*, *gold*!
 Ply *commerce*, then, ye *Britons* bold,
 Inur'd to winds and seas! lest gods repent:
 The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
 And, as the *trident's* emblem, gave
 A triple-realm that awes the continent:

III. And

III.

And awes with wealth; for wealth is pow'r:
 When *Jove* descends a golden show'r,
 'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.-----
 View, emulate, outshine *Old Tyre*;
 In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
 Her merchants, *princes!* every deck, a throne!

IV.

She sat an empress! aw'd the flood!
 Her *stable* column *Ocean* trod;
 She call'd the *nations*, and she call'd the *seas*,
 By both obey'd: the *Syrian* sings;
 The *Cyprian's* art her viol strings;
Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs.

V.

The fir of *Senir* makes her floor,
 And *Bashan's* oak transform'd her oar;
 High *Lebanon* her mast: far *Dedan* warms
 Her mantl'd host; *Arabia* feeds;
 Her sail of purple *Egypt* spreads;
Arvad sends mariners; the *Persian*, arms.

VI.

The world's last limit bounds her fame;
 The *Golden City* was her name!
 Those stars on *earth*, the *topaz*, *onyx* blaze
 Beneath her foot: *extent* of coast,
 And rich as *Nile's*, let *others* boast;
 Hers the far nobler *harvest* of the seas.

VII.

O merchant land! as *Eden* fair!
Antient of empires! *nature's* care!
 The strength of *ocean*! head of plenty's springs!
 The pride of *isles*! in wars rever'd!
 Mother of *crafts*! lov'd! courted! fear'd!
 Pilot of kingdoms! and support of kings!

VIII.

Great mart of nations!----But she fell:
 Her pamper'd sons revolt! rebel!
 Against his favourite isle loud roars the *main*!
 The tempest howls! her sculptur'd dome
Soon, the *wolf's* refuge, *dragon's* home!
 The land, one *altar*! a whole people, *slain*!

IX.

The destin'd *day* puts on her frown;
 The fable *hour* is coming down;
 She's on her march from yon almighty throne:
 The *sword* and *storm* are in her hand;
 She trumpets shrill her dread command:
Dark be the light of earth, the boast, *unknown*!

X.

For, oh! her fins as red as blood,
 As crimson deep, outcry the flood;
 The queen of trade is *bought*, once wise and just,
Now, venal is her council's tongue:
 How riot, violence and wrong,
 Turn gold to *drift*, her blossom into *dust*?

IX. To

IX.

To things inglorious, far beneath
 Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
 Her sordid *noble* sinks! her *mighty* bow!
 Is it for *this* the groves around
 Return the *tabret's* sprightly sound?
 Is it for *this* her great ones toss the brow?

XII.

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign?
 To *nuptials* cold, how *glows* the vein,
 Confounding kindred and misleading right?
 The *spurious* lord it o'er the land!
 Bold *blasphemy* dares make a stand,
 Assault the sky, and brandish *all* her might!

XIII.

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
 Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
 Her judge, her prophet, nay her hoary heads,
 Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
 Her very priests in guilt abound:
 Hence, the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

XIV.

What death of *truth*? what thirst of *gold*?
 Chiefs warm in *peace*, in *battle* cold?
 What youth unletter'd? *base* ones lifted high?
 What *public* boasts? what *private* views?
 What *desart* temples? *crouded* stews?
 What *women*? ----practis'd but to rowl an eye!

XV. O!

XV.

O! foul of heart, her fairest dames
 Decline the sun's intruding beams,
 To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts:
 Alas! there is, who sees them there;
 There is, who flatters not the fair,
 When *cymbals* tinkle, and the *virgin* chaunts.

XVI.

HE sees and thunders!----*Now*, in vain!
 The courser paws and foams the rein;
 And chariots stream along the printed soil:
 In vain, her high, presumptuous air
 In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,
 O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

XVII.

In robes or gems, her costly *stain*
 Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain!
 In vain! their golden heads her turrets rear;
 In vain! high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and *Lydian* lutes,
 Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

XVIII.

In vain! wine flows in various streams,
 With helm and spear each pillar gleams;
Damascus, vain! unfolds the glossy store,
 The golden wedge from *Ophir's* coasts,
 From *Arab* incense, vain, she boasts;
 Vain are her *gods*, and vainly *men* adore.

XIX. *Bell*

XIX.

Bell falls! the mighty *Nebo* bends!
 The nations hiss! her glory ends!
 To *ships*, her confidence! she flies from foes;
 Foes meet her *there*: the wind, the wave,
 That once aid, strength and grandeur gave,
 Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

XX.

Her *ivory* deck, *embroider'd* sail,
 And mast of *cedar* nought avail,
 Or pilot *learn'd*! she sinks, nor sinks *alone*,
 Her gods sink with her! to the sky,
 Which never more shall meet her eye,
 She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

XXI.

What tho' so vast her naval might,
 In her first dawn'd the *British* right?
 † All *flags* *abas'd* her sea-dominion greet:
 What tho' she longer warr'd than *Troy*?
 At length her foes that *isle* destroy
 Whose conquest fail'd as far as fail'd her fleet.

XXII.

The kings *she* cloth'd in purple, shake
 Their awful brows: "O foul mistake!
 "O fatal pride! (they cry) this, this is *she*,
 "Who said----With my *own* art and arm,
 "In the world's wealth I wrap me warm."---
 And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea!

† Q. CURTIUS.

XXIII. "This,

XXIII.

- " This, this is she, who *meanly* soar'd:
" Alas! how *low* to be *ador'd*,
" And stile herself a god?---Thro' stormy wars
" This *eagle-isle* her thunder bore,
" High-fed her young with *human* gore;
" And *would* have built her nest among the stars.

XXIV.

- " But, ah, frail man! how impotent
" To stand heav'n's vengeance, or prevent?
" To turn aside the great Creator's aim?
" Shall *island* kings with him contend,
" Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
" And shall drink up the sea herself with flame!

XXV.

- " *Earth, Æther, Empyream* bow,
" When from the brazen mountain's brow
" The God of battles takes his mighty bow:
" Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
" Puts on his vesture dipt in blood,
" And marches out to scourge the world below.

XXVI.

- " Ah, wretched *isle*, once call'd the *great*!
" Ah, wretched *isle*, and wise too late!
" The vengeance of *Jehovah* is gone out:
" Thy *luxury, corruption, pride*,
" And *freedom* lost, the realms deride,
" Ador'd thee *standing*, o'er thy *ruins* shout:

XXVII. " To

XXVII.

" To scourge with *war*, or peace *bestow*,
 " *Was* thine, O fallen ! fallen low !
 " 'Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates :
 " How art thou fallen, down, down, down ?
 " Wide *waste*, and *night*, and *horror* frown,
 " Where *empire* flam'd in gold, and balanc'd states."

S T R A I N III.

I.

Hence learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
 Our fortunes wither or endure :
 Nations may *thrive* or *perish* by the wave.
 What storms from *Jove's* unwilling frown,
 A people's crimes *fellicit* down !
Ocean's the *womb* of riches and the grave.

II.

This truth, O *Britain!* ponder well ;
Virtues should rise, as *fortunes* swell ;
 What is large property ?----the *sign* of good,
 Of worth *superior* · if 'tis *less*,
Another's treasure we possess,
 And charge the gods with favours *misbestow'd*.

III.

This counsel suits *Britannia's* isle,
 High-flusht with *wealth* and *freedom's* smile :
 To vassals prison'd in the *continent*,
 Who starve, at *home*, on meagre toil,
 And suck to death their mother-soil,
 'Twere useless caution, and a truth mis-spent.

IV. Fell

IV.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
 And wound the soul; bow *genius* down,
 Lay *virtue* waste! for worth or arts who strain,
 To throw them at a *monster's* foot!
 'Tis *property* supports *pursuit*:
Freedom gives eloquence; and *freedom*, gain.

V.

She pours the thought, and forms the style,
 She makes the blood and spirits boil;
 I feel her *now!* and rouse, and rise, and rave
 In *Theban* song: O *muse!* not *thine*,
 Verse is gay *freedom's* gift divine:
 The man that can think greatly is no slave.

VI.

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
 Is born for *trade*, to plough her field the wave;
 And reap the growth of every coast:
 A speck of land, but let her boast,
 Gods gave the *world*, when they the *waters* gave.

VII.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
 Not cover'd half with *solid* space,
 Three parts are *fluid*; empire of the sea!
 And why? for commerce. *Ocean* streams
 For *that*, thro' all his various *names*:
 And if for *commerce*, *Ocean* flows for thee.

VIII. *Bri-*

VIII.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of *Eastern* clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations ! would a prince draw nigh ?
He passes her strong *guards* the waves,
Of *servant* winds admission craves,
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

IX;

There are her friends ; soft *Zephyr* there,
Keen *Eurus*, *Notus* never fair,
Rough *Boreas* bursting from the pole : all urge,
And urge for her their various toil,
The *Caspian*, the broad *Baltic* boil,
And into life the dead *Pacific* scourge.

X.

There are her friends, a marshal'd train,
A golden host ! and azure plain !
By turns *do duty*, and by turns retreat :
They may retreat, but not from her ;
The star that quits *this* hemisphere
Must quit the skies to want a *British* fleet.

XI.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn ;
For her, *Orion's* glories burn,
The *Pleiads* gleam. For *Britons* set and rise
The fair-fac'd sons of *Mazaroath*,
Near the deep chambers of the *south*,
The raging *dog* that fires the *midnight* skies.

XII. These

XII.

These nations *Newton* made his own ;
 All *intimate* with him alone.
 His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
 To the last volume's *clesing* star ;
 Decypher'd every character :
 His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

XIII.

Let the proud brothers of the land,
 Smile at our rock and *barren* strand,
 Not *such* the sea : let *Fohe's* antient line
 Vast *tracts*, and ample *beings* vaunt ;
 The camel *low*, *small* elephant ;
 O *Britain!* the *Leviathan* is thine.

XIV.

Leviathan! whom *nature's* strife
 Brought forth her largest piece of life ;
 He *sleeps* an isle ! his sports the billow warm !
 Dreadful *Leviathan!* thy spout
 Invades the skies ; the stars are out :
 He drinks a *river*, and ejects a *storm*.

XV.

Th' *Atlantic* surge around our shore,
German and *Caledonian* roar,
 Their mighty *genii* hold us in their lap.----
 Hear *Egbert*, *Edgar*, *Ethelred* ;
 " The seas are ours."----The monarchs said----
 The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

XVI. Whence

XVI.

Whence is a rival then to rise?
 Can he be found beneath the skies?
 Not *there* they dwell that can give *Britain* fear;
 The powers of earth, by rival aim,
 Her grandeur but the more proclaim;
 And prove their distance most as they draw near.

XVII.

Proud *Venice* sits amid the waves;
 Her foot ambitious *Ocean* laves:
Arts noblest boast! but O what wond'rous odds,
 'Twixt *Venice* and *Britannia's* isle?
 'Twixt mortal and immortal toil?
Britannia is a *Venice* built by gods.

XVIII.

Let *Holland* triumph o'er her foes,
 But not o'er friends by whom she rose;
 The child of *Britain!* and shall she contend?
 It were no less than parricide!—
 What wonders rise from out the tide?
 Her *high and mighty* to the rudder bend.

XIX.

And are there then of lofty brow,
 Who think *trade* mean, and scorn to bow
 So far beneath the state of *noble* birth?
 Alas! these chiefs but little know,
Commerce how high, *themselves* how low;
 The sons of *nobles* are the sons of *earth*.

XX. And

XX.

And what have earth's mean sons to do'
 But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
 The world's *chief* good, not *glut* on others toil?
 High *commerce* from the gods came down,
 With *compass*, *chart*, and *starry crown*,
 Their *delegate* to make the nations *smile*.

XXI.

Blush, and behold the *Russian* bow,
 From forty crowds, his mighty *brow*
 To *trade*—to *toil* he turns his glorious *hand*;
 That arm which swept the bloody field,
 See! the huge *ax* or *hammer*, wield;
 While *sceptres* wait, and *thrones* impatient stand.

XXII.

O shame to *subjects*! first renown,
 Matchless example to the *crown*!
Old time is *poor*: what age boasts such a fight?
 Ye *drones*! adore the man divine—
 No; virtue still, as *mean*, decline,
 Call *Russians* barbarous; and yourselves polite.

XXIII.

He too of *Judah*, great as wise,
 With *Hiram* strove in merchandize;
 Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an *car*!
 That *merchant* sinking to his grave,
 A flood of treasure swells the cave;
 * The king *left much*, the merchant *bury'd* more.

* Vast treasure taken from *Solomon's* tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time; and an immense sum the next.

XXIV. Is

XXIV.

Is *merchant* an inglorious name?
No; fit for *Pindar* such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as *Ocean's* were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Out-number'd *sands*, I could not reach its height.

XXV.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in *blessing*, these in *pain*,
At slaughter swell, and shout, while nations groan:
With purple *monarchs*, merchants vie;
If great to *spend*, what to *supply*?
Priests pray for blessings, *merchants* pour 'em down.

XXVI.

Kings merchants are in league, and love;
Earth's odours pay soft *airs* above,
That o'er the teeming field *prolific* range;
Planets are merchants, take, return
Lustre and heat; by *traffic* burn;
The whole *creation* is one vast *exchange*.

XXVII.

Is *merchant* an inglorious name?
What say the sons of *letter'd* fame,
Proud of their *volumes*, swelling in their *cells*?
In *open* life, in *change* of scene,
'Mid *various* manners, *throngs* of men,
Experience, *arts*, and *solid* wisdom dwells.

XXVIII. *Trade*

XXVIII.

Trade, art's mechanic, nature's stores
 Well weighs; to *starry science* soars;
 Reads warm in *life*, (dead-colour'd by the *pen*)
 The *sites*, *tongues*, *interests* of the ball:
 Who studies *trade*, he studies all;
 Accomplish'd *merchants* are accomplish'd *men*.

S T R A I N IV.

I.

How shall I farther rouse the soul?
 How *sloth's* lascivious reign controul
 By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought?
 How every breast inflame with mine?
 How bid my theme still brighter shine,
 With wealth of words, and unexhausted thought?

II.

O thou *Dircean* swan on high,
 Round whom familiar thunders fly!
 While *Jove* attends a language like his own:
 Thy *spirit* pour, like vernal show'rs,
 My *verse* shall burst out with the flow'rs,
 While *Britain's* trade advances with her sun.

III.

Tho' *Britain* was not born to fear,
 Grasp not at bloody fame from war;
 Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade:
Jove gathers tempest black as night;
Jove pours the golden flood of light;
 Let *Britain* thunder, or let *Britain* trade.

IV. *Britain*,

IV.

Britain, a comet or a star,
In commerce this or that in war,
 Let Britons shout ! earth, seas and skies resound !
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through ev'ry nerve,
 * Hear from the *throne* a voice thro' time renown'd.

V.

So fall from heaven the vernal show'rs,
 To chear the glebe and wake the flow'rs;
 The bloom call'd forth see azure skies display'd;
 The *bird* of voice is proud to sing,
 Industrious *bees* ply every wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden *trade*.

VI.

Trade once extinguish'd, *Britain's* sun
 Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
 He shines in vain ! her isle's an isle *indeed*,
 A *spot* too small to be o'ercome ;
 Ah dreadful safety ! wretched doom !
 No foe will *conquer*, what no foe can *feed*.

VII.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all ;
Trade's All herself ; hers, hers, the ball ;
 Where most unseen, the goddess still is there ;
Trade leads the dance, *trade* lights the blaze,
 The courtier's pomp ! the student's ease !
 'Twas *trade* at *Blenheim* fought and clos'd the war.

* The king's speech.

N

VIII. What,

VIII.

What, *Rome*, and all her gods defies?
 The *Punic* oar. Behold it rise
 And battel for the world! *trade* gave the call;
 Rich cordials from his *naval* art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an *Afric* merchant grasp the ball.

IX.

Where is, on earth, *Jehovah's* home?
Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
 In which his Majesty *first* deign'd to dwell;
 The walls with *silver* sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich as the sun, through gold *unweigh'd*,
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

X.

* Grandeur unknown to *Solomon*!
 Methinks the labouring earth should groan,
 Beneath yon load: *created* sure, not *made*!
Servant, and *rival* of the skies!
 Heav'n's arch alone can higher rise:
 What hand immortal rais'd thee?—*Humble* trade.

XI.

Where had'st thou been, if left at large,
 Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
 Had caught at *pleasure* on the flow'ry green?
 If they that watch'd the midnight star,
 Had swung behind the rowling car,
 Or fill'd it with disgrace, where had'st thou been?

* *St. Paul's*, built by the coal tax.

XII. As

XII.

As by *repletion* men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom.
 Expend it *nobly*; he that lets it *rust*,
 Which, passing numerous hands, would *shine*,
 Is not a *man*, but living *mine*,
 Foe to the *gods*, and rival to the *dust*.

XIII.

Trade barbarous lands can polish fair;
 Make *earth* well worth the *wise* man's care;
 Call forth her forests, *charm* them into fleets;
 Can make *one house* of human race;
 Can bid the distant poles embrace;
 Hers, every sun; and *India*, *India* meets.

XIV.

Trade monarchs crowns, and *arts* imports,
 What bounty feeds with laurel courts;
Trade gives fair *virtue* fairer still to shine;
 Enacts those guards of gain, the *laws*;
Exalts even *freedom's* glorious cause:—
Trade, warn'd by *Tyre*, O make *religion* thine.

XV.

You lend each other mutual aid:
 Why is heav'n's smile in *wealth* convey'd?
 Not to place *vice*, but *virtues* in our pow'r:
 Pleasure *declin'd* is *luxury*!
 Boundless in *time* and in *degree*:
 Pleasure *enjoy'd*, the *tumult* of an *hour*.

XVI.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
 That jars on nature's trembling string,
 Tempests the *spirits*, and untunes the *frame* :
 True joy the sunshine of the soul,
 A bright *serene* that calms the whole ;
 Which *they* ne'er knew, *whom* other joys inflame.

XVII.

Merchant! *religion* is the care
 To grow as *rich*----as angels are ;
 To know *false* coin from *true* ; to sweep the *main*.
 The *mighty stake* secure, beyond
 The strongest *tie* of *field* or *fund* :
Commerce gives gold, *religion* makes it gain.

XVIII.

Join then religion to thy store,
 Or *India's* mines will make thee *poor* :
 Greater than *Tyre* ! O bear a nobler mind,
 Sea-sovereign *isle* ! proud *war* decline,
 Trade patronize ! what glory thine,
 Ardent to *bless*, who could'st subdue mankind?

XIX.

Rich *commerce* ply with warmth divine
 By day, by night ; the *stars* are thine :
 Wear out the *stars* in *trade* ! eternal run
 From age to age, the noble glow,
 A *rage* to gain, and to *bestow*,
 While ages last ! in *trade* burn out the sun.

XX. Trade,

XX.

Trade, Britain's all, our fires sent down
 With toil, blood, treasure, ages won;
This, Edgar great bequeath'd; this, Edward bold:
 Let *Forbishers*, let *Raleighs* fire!
 * O let *Columbus'* shade inspire!
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old.

XXI.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
 For thee to *find*, than heaven to *frame*
 † That womb of gold and gem: her wide domain,
 An *universe!* her rivers, *seas!*
 Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
 Heav'n's fairest birth! and but for thee *in vain*.

XXII.

Worlds *still unknown* deep shadows wrap;
 Call wonders forth from *nature's* lap;
New glory pour on her eternal fire:
 O noble search! O glorious care!
 Are you not *Britons?* why despair?
 New worlds are *due* to such a godlike fire.

XXIII.

Swear by the great ELIZA's soul,
 That *trade* as long as waters roll;
 Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree:
 By great ELIZA do not swear;
 For thee, O GEORGE! the gods declare,
 And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

* Born in *England*.† *Vid*, descriptions of *America*.

XXIV.

Truth, bright as *stars*, with thee prevails;
 Full be thy *fame*, as swelling *sails*;
 Constant, as tides, thy *mind*; as *masts*, elate;
 Thy *justice* an unerring *helm*,
 To steer *Britannia's* fickle realm;
 Thy *numerous race*, sure *anchor* of her state.

S T R A I N V.

I.

Britannia's state what bounds confine?
 (Of rising thought O golden mine!)
Mountains, *Alps*, *streams*, *gulphs*, *oceans* set no bound;
 She sallies, 'till she strikes the *star*;
 Expanding wide, and launching far
 As *wind* can fly, or rolling *wave* resound.

II.

Small isle! for *Cæsars*, for the son
 Of *Jove*, who burst from *Macedon*,
 For gorgeous *Easterns* blazing o'er mankind,
 Then, when they call'd the world their own,
 Not equal fame from *fable* shone:
 They rose to *gods*, in *half* thy sphere confin'd,

III.

Here, no demand for *fancy's* wing;
 Plain *truth's* illustrious: as I sing,
 O hear yon *spangled harp* repeat my lay!
 Yon *starry lyre* has caught the sound,
 And spreads it to the *planets* round,
 Who best can tell where ends *Britannia's* sway.

IV. The

IV.

The skies, (fair printed page) unfold
 The *naval* fame of heroes old;
 As in a mirror shew th' adventurous throng:
 The deeds of *Grecian* mariners
 Are read by gods, are writ in *stars*,
 And noble *verse* that shall endure as long.

V.

The *skies* are *records* of the *main*,
 Thence, *Argo* listens to my strain;
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
 For *naval* fame, and song renews,
 As *Britain's* fame he *bears* and views;
Chiron, the *Shovel* of a former age.

VI.

The *whale* (for late I sung his praise)
 Pours *grateful* lustre on my lays;
 How smiles * *Arion's* friend with *partial* beams?
Eridanus would flatter too,
 But jealousies his smiles subdue;
 He fears a *British* rival in the *Thames*.

VII.

In pride the *lion* lifts his mane,
 To see his *British* brothers reign
 As stars below: the *balance*, *George!* from thine,
 Which weighs the *nations*, learns to weigh
 More accurate the *night* and *day*;
 From thy fair daughters *Virgo* learns to shine.

* The dolphin.

VIII.

Of *Britain's* court, ye *lesser* lights !
 How could the wiseman gaze whole nights
 On *Richmond's* eye or *Berenice's* hair ?
 But, oh ! you practise *shameful* arts ;
 Your own retain, seize others hearts,
Pirates, not *merchants*, are the *British* fair.

IX.

This truth I swear by *Cynthia's* beam.
Pale queen ! be flush'd at *Britain's* fame ;
 And rolling, tell the nations,----o'er the main
 " To share her empire is thy pride."
 He, mighty power ! who curbs the tide,
 Uncurbs, extends, throws wide *Britannia's* reign.

X.

What is the *main*, ye kings renown'd ?
Britannia's centre, and your bound :
Austrian ! where'er *Leviathan* can roll,
 Is *Britain's* home ! and *Britain's* mine,
 Where'er the ripening sun can shine !
Parts are for *emperors* ; for *her* the whole.

XI.

Why, *Austrian* ! wilt thou hover still
 On doubtful wing, and want the skill
 To see thy welfare in the *world's* ? too late
 Another *Churchill* thou may'st find,
 Another *Churchill* not so kind,
 And other *Blenheims* big with other fate.

XII.

Ill thou remember'st, ill do'st own,
 Who rescu'd an ungrateful throne;
 Ill thou consider'st, that the *kind* are *brave*;
 Ill do'st thou weigh, that in *time's* womb
 A day may sleep, a day of doom,
 As great to *ruin* as was that to *save*.

XIII.

How would'st thou smile to hear my strain,
 Whose boasted *inspiration's* vain?
 Yet what if my *prediction* should prove *true*?
 Know'st thou the *fatal pair*, who shine
 O'er *Britain's* trading *empire*? *thine*
 As one *rejected*, what, if one *subdue*?

XIV.

* What *naval* scene adorns the seat
 Of awful *Britain's* high debate,
 Inspires her *councils*, and records her *pow'r*?
 The nations know, in glowing balls
 On sinking thrones the tempest falls^c
 When her august, assembled senates lour.

XV.

O language fit for thoughts so *bold*!
 Would *Britain* have her anger told?
 Ah! never let a *meaner* language sound,
 Than *that* which prostrates human souls,
 Thro' heav'n's dark vault impetuous rolls,
 And *nature* rocks when angry *Jove* has frown'd.

* The *Spanish* armada in the house of lords.

XVI.

Not realms *unbounded*, not a *flood*
 Of natives, not *expense* of blood,
 Or *reach* of counsel gives the world a *lord*:
Trade calls *him* forth, and sets him high,
 As mortal man o'er men can fly:
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest *sword*.

XVII.

Nay, *hers* the sword! for *fleets* have wings,
 Like light'ning fly to *distant* kings;
 Like gods descend at *once* on trembling states:
 Is war proclaim'd? *our* wars are hurl'd
 To farthest confines of the world,
Surprize your ports, and *thunder* at your gates.

XVIII.

The king of tempests, *Æolus*,
 Sends forth his *pinion'd* people thus,
 On rapid errands: as they fly they *roar*,
 And carry *fable* clouds, and *sweep*
 The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud *cities* fall! and *thrones* adore!

XIX.

The fools of nature ever strike
 On bare *outsides*; and lothe or like
 As *glitter* bids; in endless error vie;
 Admire the *purple* and the *crown*:
 Of human *welfare* and *renown*,
Trade's the big heart; bright *empire*, but their eye.

XX.. Whence

XX.

Whence *Tartar* grand ! or *Mogul* great ?----
Trade gilt their *titles*, power'd their *state* ;
 While *Afric*'s black, lascivious, slothful breed,
 To clasp their *ruin*, fly from *toil* ;
 That meanest product on their soil,
 Their *people*, sell ; one half on t'other feed.

XXI.

Of *nature*'s wealth from *commerce* rent,
Afric's a glaring monument,
 Mid *citron* forests and *pomegranate* groves,
 (Curs'd in a paradise !) the pines ;
 O'er generous glebe, o'er golden mines
 Her *beggar*'d, *famish*'d, *tradeless* native roves :

XXII.

Not so thine, *China*, blooming wide !
 Thy numerous fleet might bridge the *tide* ;
 Thy *products* would exhaust both *Indias* mines :
 Shut be that gate of trade ! or woe
 To *Britain*'s ! *Europe* 'twill o'erflow.----
 Ungrateful song ! * her growth *inspires* thy lines.

XXIII.

Britain ! to these, and such as these,
 The *river* broad, and foaming *seas*
 Which *sever* lands to mortals *less* renown'd,
 Devoid of *naval* skill or might ;
 Those *sever*'d parts of earth *unite* :
Trade's the full *pulse* that sends their vigour round.

* Coffee.

XXIV.

Could, O could one *engrossing* hand
 The various streams of *trade* command !
That, like the sun, would gazing nations awe ;
 That awful pow'r the world would brave,
 Bold *war*, and *empire* proud, his slave ;
Mankind his subjects, and his *will* their law.

XXV.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth ?
 From *commerce*, *grandeur's* humble birth :
 To GEORGE from *Noah*, empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
Time's whole *plain chronicle*, is all
 One *bright engemium*, undesign'd, on *trade*.

XXVI.

Trade springs from *peace*, and *wealth* from *trade*,
 And *pow'r* from *wealth* ; of *pow'r* is made
 The *god* on earth : hail then the dove of *peace* !
 Whose *olive* speaks the raging *flood*
 Of *war* repress'd : what's loss of *blood* ?
War is the *death* of *commerce* and *increase*.

XXVII.

Then perish war----detested *war* !
 Shalt thou make gods ? light *Cæsar's* star ?
 What calls man fool so loud as *this* has done,
 From *Nimrod's* down to *Bourbon's* line ?
 Why not adore too as divine,
 Wide-wasting *storms* before the genial *sun* ?

XXVIII. *Peace*

XXVIII.

Peace is the merchant's *summer* clear!
 His *harvest*! harvest round the year!
 For peace with laurel every *mast* be bound;
 Each *deck* carouse, each *flag* stream out,
 Each *cannon* found, each *sailor* shout!
 For *peace* let every *sacred ship* be crown'd!

XXIX.

Sacred are *ships*, of birth divine!
 An *angel* drew the first design;
 With which the * patriarch *nature's* ruins brav'd:
 Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew:
 The *gods* made human race, a *pilot* sav'd.

XXX.

How sacred too the merchant's name ?---
 † When *Britain* blaz'd meridian fame,
 Bright shone the *sword*, but brighter *trade* gave law,
Merchants in *distant* courts rever'd,
 Where prouder *statesmen* ne'er appear'd,
Merchants ambassadors! and *thrones* in awe!

XXXI.

'Tis *theirs* to know the *tides*, the *times*;
 The *march* of stars, the *births* of *climes*;
Summer and *winter* theirs, theirs *land* and *sea*;
 Theirs are the *seasons*, *months* and *years*;
 And each a different *garland* wears:---
 O that my song could add *eternity*!

* *Noah*.† In queen *Elizabeth's* reign.

XXXII.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of god-like deeds;
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares:
 Whither, ye *Britons*! are you bound?
 O noble *voyage*! glorious round!
 Launch from the *Thames*, and end among the *stars*.

XXXIII.

If to my *subject* rose my *soul*,
 Your fame should last while *oceans* roll:
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
 As we the *Greeks* of mighty name,
 May *they Britannia's* fleet proclaim,
 * Look up, and read her story in the skies.

XXXIV.

Ye Syrens sing! ye *Tritons* blow!
Ye Nereids dance! ye *billows* flow!
 Roll to my *measures*, O ye *starry* throng!
Ye winds, in concert breathe around!
Ye navies, to the concert bound!
 From pole to pole! to *Britain* all belong.

M O R A L.

I.

Britain! thus blest'd, thy blessing know;
 Or *bliss*, in vain, the gods bestow;
 Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore:

* It is Sir *Isaac Newton's* opinion, that the principal constellations took their names from the *Argonauts*, to perpetuate that great action.

Vain *swellings* of thy soul repress;
They most may *lose* who most *possess*;
Then let bliss *awe*, and *tremble* at thy store.

II.

Nor be too fond of life *at best*,
Her *chearful*, not *enamour'd* guest:
Let thought fly *forward*; 'twill gay prospects give,
Prospects immortal! that deride
A *Tyrian* wealth, a *Persian* pride,
And make it perfect *fortitude* to live.

III.

O for *eternity!* a scene
To fair *adventurers* serene!
O, on that *sea* to *deal* in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless *import* to the soul!
The poor man's *empire!* and the subject's *crown!*

IV.

Adore the *gods*, and plough the *seas*:
These be thy *arts*, O *Britain!* these.
Let *others* pant for an immense *command*;
Let *others* breathe war's fiery god:
The proudest *victor* fears thy nod,
Long as the *trident* fills thy glorious hand.

V.

Glorious, while heaven-born *freedom* lasts;
Which *trade's* soft *spurious* daughter blasts;
For what is *tyranny?* a monstrous birth

From

304 THE MERCHANT.

From luxury, by *briber* carels'd,
By glowing power in shades compress'd;
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

C L O S E.

I.

*Thee, trade! I first, who boast no store,
Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
The shore of prose where thou hast slumber'd long;
And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time to sure renown;
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.*

II.

*Thou art the Britons noblest theme;
Why, then, unsung? My simple aim
To dress plain sense, and fire the generous blood,
Not sport imaginations vain;
But list with yon * etherial train,
The shining muse to serve the public good.*

III.

*† Of antient art, and antient praise,
The springs are open'd in my lays:
Olympic heroes ghosts around me throng,
And think their glory sung anew;
'Till chiefs of equal fame they view;
Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.*

* The stars.

† ---Tibi res antiquæ laudis, & artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes;
Astræumque cano Romana per oppida carmen,

VIRG.

IV. *Not*

IV.

*Not Pindar's theme with mine compares,
 As far surpass as useful cares
 Transcend diversion light, and glory vain :
 The wreath phantastic, shouting throng,
 And panting steed to him belong,
 The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.*

V.

*Nor Chandos! thou the muse despise
 That would to glowing Ætna rise,
 (Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time!
 Seldom to man the gods impart
 A Pindar's head or Theron's heart.
 In life or song, how rare the true sublime?*

VI.

*None, British-born, will sure disdain
 This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
 Tho' not with genius, with some virtue crown'd;
 (How vain the muse?) the lay may last,
 Thus twin'd around the British mast,
 The British mast with nobler laurels bound!*

VII.

*Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
 And smiles at wind and storm unbroke;
 By strength not hers sublime: thus, proud to soar,
 To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain;
 And lives and ecchoes thro' the plain,
 While o'er the billow Britain's thunders roar.*

VIII. Be

VIII.

*Be dumb ye groveling sons of verse,
 Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
 And fool the muse with impotent desire;
 Ye sacrilegious! who presume,
 To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
 Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.*

C H O R U S.

*Ye Syrens sing! ye Tritons blow!
 Ye Nereids dance! ye billows flow!
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
 Ye winds in concert breathe around!
 Ye navies to the concert bound
 From pole to pole! to Britain all belong;
 Britain to heaven; from heaven descends my song.*

EPISTLES

TO

Mr. *P O P E*,

CONCERNING THE

AUTHORS of the AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

W. P. I. S. T. E. T.

MR. P. O. R. D.

W. P. I. S. T. E. T.

M. D. C. C. C.

EPISTLE I.

T O

Mr. P O P E.

WHILST you at *Twick'nam* plan the future
wood,

Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets; at parties, parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall,
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight:
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And *Codrus*' prose works up, and *Lico*'s strains.
Lo! what from *cellars* rise, what rush from high,
Where speculation roosted near the sky;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satyr, song,
And all the *garret* thunders on the throng!

O POPE! I burst, nor can, nor will refrain,
I'll write, let others in their turn complain:
Truce, truce, ye *Vandals*! my tormented ear
Lest dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer;
I've heard myself to death: and, plagu'd each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r?
For who can write the true Absurd like me? —
Thy pardon *Codrus*! who I mean but thee?

POPE! if like mine or *Codrus* were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;

Merit

Merit less solid, less despite had bred,
 They had not *bit*, and then they had not *bled*.
Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
 But more or less his rival's peace destroys.
 With *fame* in just proportion *envy* grows;
 The man that makes a character, makes foes:
 Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To shew they live) they flutter and they sting:
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

SHALL we not censure all the motly train,
 Whether with ale irriguous, or Champagne?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark,
 The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk,
 The quiet *Quidnunc*, or demanding prig,
 The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay or sad,
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
 Men that read well, or men that only write:
 Whether peers, porters, taylor, tune their reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
 For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And wanting sense for tradesmen serve for wits.
 By thriving men subsists each other trade,
 Of every *broken* craft a *writer's* made:

Thus

Thus his material, paper, takes its birth,
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail fruitful *isle!* to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame:
Thy sons by print may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence.
Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires,
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires;
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on,
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To shew (in vain!) he still retains his wits.
Another marries, and his dear proves keen,
He writes as an *Hypnotic* for the spleen.
Some write confin'd by physic, some by debt,
Some for 'tis *Sunday*, some because 'tis wet;
Thro' private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spight.
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has *Lico* learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound.
His belly, not his brains this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live.
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made but of his theme;

Perhaps a *title* has his fancy smit,
 Or a quaint *motto*, which he thinks has wit.
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
 Tho' wrong his thoughts, the *gods* will make them just :
 Genius directly from the *gods* descends,
 And who by labour would distrust his *friends* ?
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
 In immortality he dips his quill ;
 And since blank paper is deny'd the press,
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess.
 In various sets which various words compose,
 Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the *Sybil* broke,
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke ;
 The priests found out the meaning if they could,
 And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
 And great concern of an immortal soul !)
 Oft have I said, " Awake ! exist ! and strive
 " For birth ! nor think to loiter is to live !"
 As oft I overheard the *daemon* say,
 Who daily met the loit'rer in his way,
I'll meet the youth, at White's : the youth replies,
I'll meet thee there, and falls his sacrifice ;
 His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
 To ev'ry bribe, and blind to ev'ry snare :
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
 Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
 Such heroes have we ! all, but life, they stake ;
 How must *Spain* tremble and the *German* shake ?
 Such writers have we ! all, but sense, they print ;
 Ev'n *GEORGE's* praise is dated from the *mint*.

Reform

In arms contemptible, in arts prophane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before ye thus aspire,
And steal (for you *can steal*) celestial fire.

O the just contrast! O the beauteous strife!
'Twixt their cool writings and *Pindaric* life;
They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire;
They cheat the lender, and their *works* the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride,
I pity poverty, but laugh at pride:
For who so sad, but must some mirth confess
At gay *Castruchio's* miscellaneous dress?
Tho' there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

Tho' *Lico's* shoulders shrink in tatter'd freeze,
The man, at least, is happy to the knees:
He stands erect on filken, scarlet legs,
His figure bullies, tho' his fortune begs.
But let from envy this the world secure,
They wou'd not be so rich, but that they're poor.
Such serious men, whose business 'tis to write,
Methinks should only deal in black and white.

These, nature's commoners, who want a home,
Claim the wide world for their majestic dome:
They make a private study of the street,
And looking full on every man they meet,
Run fouse against his chops; who stands amaz'd
To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
How must these bards be rapt into the skies?
You need not *read*, you *feel* their extasies.

Will they persist? 'tis madness; *Lintot* run,
See them confin'd—"O that's already done."

Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
Have took, for life, possession of the *mint*.
If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
O frail conclusion! the reverse is true,
If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you.
Treat them, ye judges, with an honest scorn,
And weed the cockle from the generous corn:
There's true good nature in your disrespect,
In justice to the good, the bad neglect.
For immortality, if hardships plead,
It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O! what wisdom can convince a fool,
But that 'tis dullness to conceive him dull?
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin-author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and glory in his head,
'Tis joy too great, a fever of delight!
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night;
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream:
So sparks (they say) take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain *advertisements* the town o'erspread
Their epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who *press* for fame, but small recruits will raise,
'Tis *volunteers* alone can give the bays.

A famous

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, "Sir, I'm your friend; all fear dismiss;
"Your glory, and my own, shall live by this;
"Your pow'r is fixt, your fame thro' time convey'd,
"And *Britain Europe's* queen—if I am pay'd."
A statesman has his answer in a trice;
"Sir, such a genius is beyond all price,
"What man can pay for this?"—Away he turns.
His work is folded, and his bosom burns.
His patron he will patronize no more;
But rushes, like a tempest, out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name!
Out comes the piece, another, and the same;
For *A*, his magic pen evokes an *O*,
And turns the tide of *Europe* on the foe.
He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more:
Thus distant bugbears fright, but nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can these oblige, whose heads and hearts are such?
No, every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace.
To the foul fiend their every passion's sold.
They love, and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? if you are pleas'd to buy,
To swell your sails, like *Lapland* winds, they fly:

Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags,
 A *State-Ulysses* tames 'em with his bags;
 Let him be what he will, *Turk, Pagan, Jew*:
 For *Christian* ministers of state are few.
 Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
 That pours his politics thro' pipes of lead,
 Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
 O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout.
 But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
 The statesman throws his filthy squirts away.

With *golden* forceps, these, another takes,
 And state-elixirs of the vipers makes.

The *richest* statesman wants wherewith to pay
 A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
 How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
 Nor can the *greatest* pow'rs enough disgrace,
 Enough *chastise*, such prostitute applause,
 If well they weigh, how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong!
 Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
 Yes; if well brib'd, for virtue's self they fight;
 Still in the wrong, tho' champions for the right:
 Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy *Britannia* meets,
 And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
 From the same hand how various is the page?
 What civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
 Traicts battle traicts, self-contradictions glare;
 Say is this lunacy?----I wish it were.
 If such our writers startled at the sight,
 Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How

How justly *Proteus*' transmigrations fit
 The monstrous changes of a modern wit?
 Now, such a gentle *stream* of eloquence
 As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
 Now, by mad rage transform'd into a *flame*;
 Which yet fit engines well apply'd can tame;
 Now, on immodest trash the *swine obscene*,
 Invites the town to sup at *Drury-lane*;
 A dreadful *lion*, now he roars at pow'r,
 Which sends him to his brothers at the *tower*;
 He's now a *serpent*, and his double tongue
 Salutes, nay licks the feet of those he stung.
 What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion and the snake,
 Those fivefold monsters modern authors make.
 The *snake* reigns most; snakes, *Pliny* says, are bred,
 When the *brain's* perish'd in a human head.
 Ye groveling, trodden, whipt, stript, turncoat things,
 Made up of venom, volumes, stains and stings!
 Thrown from the *tree of knowledge*, like you, curst
 To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.
 Crooked your ways, entangl'd is your pen,
 Ye sport of school-boys! and ye dread of men!
 But tho' men start, some silly nymphs you please,
 Who think all wits who play the fool with ease;
 And now their tea, their toilet now you deck,
 Glide in the bosom, or curl round the neck;
 A dragon thus the fair *Olympia* prest,
 Charm'd with his spotted pride and brazen crest.

What if the *figure* shou'd in *fact* prove true?
 It did in *Elkenah*, why not in you?

Poor *Elkenah*, all other changes past,
 For bread, in *Smithfield dragons* hift at last,
 Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
 And found his manners suited to his shape :
 Such is the fate of talents misapply'd,
 So liv'd your *prototype*, and so he dy'd.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train,
 May tempt mankind to think religion vain ;
 But in their fate, their habit and their mein,
 That gods there are is eminently seen.
 Heav'n stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
 And marks the murderers of fame from men.

Thro' meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
 As ghastly as their brothers in *Macbeth*.
 Their feet thro' faithless leather meet the dirt,
 And oftner chang'd their principles than shirt,
 The transient vestments of these frugal men,
 Hasten to paper for our mirth again.
 Too soon, (O merry-melancholy fate !)
 They beg in rhyme, and warble thro' a grate :
 The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight ;
 The friend thro' pity gives, the foe thro' spight ;
 And tho' full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor *Curll* can wish them worse.
 So fare the men, who writers dare commence
 Without their patent, probity and sense.

From *these* their politics our *quidnuncs* seek,
 And *Saturday's* the learning of the week.
These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways,
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays.
 Ram their coarse nonsense down, tho' ne'er so dull,
 And hem at every thump upon your skull.

These

These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lye.

O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity* ;
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer :

It tickles thro' my soul to hear the *cook's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights* !
While graceless *Reynard* listens---till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate* ;
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field ;
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen*.

Nought can restrain such ruffians from a knife,
And a dark ally, but regard for life ;
Nought but rank *cowardice* secures our throats
From bravoës at their pens, and in their *votes*.

Such are our teachers, *Britain!* go to school,
To balance *Europe*, learn from knave and fool.

E P I S T L E II.

From O X F O R D.

ALL write at *London*; shall the rage abate
Here where it most should shine, the *musés* seat?
Where, mortal or immortal as they please,
The learn'd may chuse eternity or ease?
Has not a * ROYAL PATRON wisely strove
To woo the muse in her *Athenian* grove?
Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?
Let *these* instruct, with truth's illustrious ray
Awake the world, and scare our owls away:
From *Rome* and *Greece*, ye genuine sons of fame,
Draw light, and pour on us the noble flame.

Mean while, O friend! indulge me if I give
Some needful precepts how to *write* and *live*;
Serious should be an author's final views;
Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An *author*! 'tis a venerable name!
How few deserve it, and what numbers claim?
Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
Who shall stand up, *dictators* to mankind?
Nay, who dare *shine* if not in *virtue's* cause,
That sole proprietor of just applause?

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,
With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—

* His late majesty's benefaction for modern languages.

With

With those great authors whose fam'd works you read?
 'Tis well: go then, consult the laurel'd shade.
 What answer will the laurel'd shade return?
 Hear it and tremble! he commands you burn
 The noblest works his envy'd genius writ,
 That boast of nought more excellent than *wit*.
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page that has not that to plead!
Fontaine and *Chaucer*, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
Sidney and *Waller*, brightest sons of fame,
 Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame:
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
 To think that *early* we must think *at last*.

Immortal wits, ev'n *dead*, break nature's laws,
 Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause,
 And their guilt growing as their bodies rot,
 (Revers'd ambition!) pant to be *forgot*.

Thus ends your courted *fame*: does lucre then,
 The sacred *thirst* of *gold*, betray your pen?
 In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
 Provokes the muse, extorts *Apollo's* curse;
 His sacred influence never shou'd be sold,
 'Tis arrant *Simony* to sing for gold:
 'Tis immortality shou'd fire your mind;
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe!
 Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe;
 All's on the party of the virtuous man,
 The good will surely serve him if they can;
 The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
 And 'tis at once their *interest* and their *pride*:

But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.

Renounce corruption then, take virtue's part,
'Twill fire the head and f r tify the heart,
'Twill doubly warn you to espouse the right,
And doubly warn'd, men put forth double might.

Yet more, believe a truth to you severe,
No mortal can write well, but who's *sincere* :
In all that charms or strongly moves, the heart
Must aid the head, and bear the greater part.
Can they, tho' tongu'd as angels sweet, persuade
The soul to-day, who yesterday *betray'd*?
Wit in a *knave*, my brethren! is no more
Than beauty, in a rank, abandon'd *whore*.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
And what is virtue but superior sense?
In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and *atheists* in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
Each shallow pate that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those, that o'er a page of *Milton* sleep:
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools, but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.

Yet

Yet proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool because they're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their *genius* brought?
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely thro' want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shewn by making it so rare,
That *wit*'s a jewel which we need not wear;
Of plain sound *sense* life's current coin is made,
With that we drive the most substantial trade:
Outlaw'd of choice, all fortune's paths you quit;
Our courts know no such creature as a wit.
Substance you slight, and shadows you adore;
Wits you may be, but fools cou'd do no more.

Prudence protects and guides us, *wit* betrays,
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways;
A certain snare to miseries immense;
A gay prerogative from common sense;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast;
Yet still forbear: your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to shew, but greater to conceal;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is; how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press :
 Who write, an awful character profess ;
 The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
 And for their stipend an immortal fame :
 Nothing but what is solid or refin'd,
 Shou'd dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit ;
 Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ :
 No writer fam'd in your own way pass o'er ;
 Must trust example, but reflexion more :
 More had the antients writ, they more had taught,
 Which shews some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd ; perfection know, and known adore,
 Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more :
 Above, beneath it, the just limits fix ;
 And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write and re-write, blot out and write again,
 And for its *swiftness* ne'er applaud your pen.
 Leave to the jockeys that *Newmarket* praise,
 Slow runs the *Pegasus* that wins the bays.

Much time for immortality to pay,
 Is just and wise : for *less* is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain ;
Time is the father, and the midwife *pain* :
 The same good sense that makes a man excel,
 Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
 Downright impossibilities they seek ;
 What man can be immortal in a week ?

Excuse no *fault*, tho' beautiful, 'twill harm ;
 One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
 Our age demands correctness ; *Addison*
 And *you*, this commendable hurt have done.

Now

Now writers find, as once *Achilles* found,
The *whole* is mortal, if a *part's* unsound.

He that *strikes out*, and strikes not out the *best*,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest:
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you *burn*, and what you *spare*:
The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor *frequent* write, tho' you can do it well,
Men may too *oft*, tho' not too *much* excel.
A few good works gain fame; more sink their price;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice:
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er?
Pant you for praise? 'twas theirs who now write ill,
Had they but took the pains of lying still.

Do *boldly* what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly *Lucius* censures and commends,
That *Lucius* has no foes except his friends.

Let *satire* less engage you than *applause*;
It shews a generous mind to wink at flaws:
Is genius yours? be yours a glorious end,
Be your *king's*, *country's*, *truth's*, *religion's* friend;
The public glory by your own beget;
Run nations, run posterity in debt.
But since the fam'd alone make others live,
First *have* that glory you presume to *give*.

If *satire* charms, strike faults, but spare the man;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high,
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.

As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the *structure* scan,
Genius and *morals* be with you the *man* :
Defaults in those alone shou'd give offence ;
Who strikes the *person*, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To *Codrus*' form, I'm not so much his friend.
Himself shou'd publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd *humour*? it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit or sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a *Swift*,
Beware of *humour*, the dull rogue's *last shift*.

Nor steal your subjects from old *Greece* or *Rome* ;
Copy their *art*, but find your *faults* at home.
It is gross flattery to seek them there ;
Each age, all climates a fresh harvest bear.
Lash reigning follies where all follies rage,
And with sound morals consecrate your page.

Can others write like you? your talk give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar thro' your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Mens manners o'er, and half your volumes burn :
Dare be yourselves ; originals are all ;
Great such attempts, nay glorious is their fall.
To nurse with quick reflection, be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects warm from life :

When

When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise:
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream;
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Our *easy writers* from this fault proceed,
A smooth, emasculate, tun'd, eunuch-breed:
Britains are grave and solid; and a *dance*
Far better may import than *thoughts* from *France*.

O'erdo not *Naïveté*; 'tis apt to lull;
You know 'tis very natural to be dull.
Write not like *gentlemen*, with ease exceeding;
Such easy writing is not easy reading.
To say things *rare* and *excellent* with ease,
Not *trite* and *tasteless* is the way to please.
In *fluent* stile to pour *uncommon* sense,
Is the short whole of *sacred eloquence*.
Think with the few, the many are your own;
Think with the many, and be heard by none.

Nor be to *present time* your view confin'd,
Nor for one nation write, but for mankind;
On late posterity your thought let fall,
And with a just ambition grasp the ball;
Thro' scenes of future being let it stray,
For truth shall shine when planets shall decay.

Letters admit not of a half renown,
They give you *nothing*, or they give a *crown*.
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty

Weighty the *subject*, cogent the *discourse*,
 Clear be the *style*, the very *sound* of force,
 Easy the *conduct*, simple the *design*,
 Striking the *moral*, and the *soul* divine:
 Let nature, art; and judgment, wit exceed;
 O'er learning reason reign; o'er that, your *creed*:
 Thus *virtue's seeds* at once, and *laurels*, grow;
 Do thus, and rise a *Pope*, or a *Despreau*.
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines:
 Parts but expose those men who virtue quit,
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit;
 And they plead *Lucifer's* detested cause,
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
 Would you restore just honours to the pen?
 From able writers *rise* to worthy men.

"Who's this with nonsense, nonsense would restrain?
 "Who's this, (they cry) so vainly schools the vain?
 "Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete?
 "As three ells round, huge *Cheyne* rails out at meat?"

Shall I, with *Bavius* then, my voice exalt,
 And challenge all mankind to find one fault?
 With huge *examens* overwhelm my page,
 And darken reason with dogmatic rage?
 As if one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
 In prose a duller cou'd excuse the crime?
 Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
 At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
 Which nothing can intimidate or bribe;
 Time is the judge; Time has nor friend nor foe;
 False fame *must* wither, and the true *will* grow.

Arm'd

Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy;
For if I fall, by my *own* pen I die;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To wound *immortals*, or to slay the slain.

Sore prest with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets level'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain
Of recent form to serve me this campaign;
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire *Codrus* * rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me — for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and on the green,
Poke out their foolish necks in aukward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to *hiss*, not *bite*;
So war the quills, when *sons* of dulness write.

* Mr. Dennis, who several times attacked Mr. Pope.

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T H E
FOREIGN ADDRESS.

Occasioned by the
BRITISH FLEET,
A N D T H E
P O S T U R E o f A F F A I R S,
M.DCC.XXXIV.

Written in the Character of a SAILOR.

Musa dedit FIDIBUS divos puerosque Deorum. HOR.

FOREIGN ADDRESS

LETTER

TO THE

EDITOR

OF THE

NEW YORK TIMES

T H E
FOREIGN ADDRESS.
O N T H E
POSTURE of AFFAIRS,

M.DCC.XXXIV.

I.

YE guardian gods ! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought ; solicit, I beseech,
For a poor *stranger*, come from far ;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the *soft hour* of speech.

- II.

'Tis gain'd : hail *monarchs* great and wise !
From distant climes, and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim :
Yours is the sun, and purple vine ;
Deep in the frozen *North* I pine ;
Nor vine, nor sun could warm me like my theme.

III.

A theme, how great ! on yonder tide
A leafless forest spreading wide
The *labour* of the deep, my muse surveys :
A FLEET, whose empire o'er the wave
You grant, TIME strengthens, NATURE gave ;
Now big with death, the terror of the seas !

IV. Ye

IV.

Ye great by sea! ye shades ador'd!
 Who fir'd the bomb, and bath'd the sword,
 Arise! arise! arise! 'tis BRITAIN charms:
 Arise, ye boast of former wars!
 And pointing to your glorious scars,
 Rouse me to *verse*, your martial sons to *arms*.

V.

'Tis done: and see, sweet CLIO brings
 From heav'n her deep-resounding strings:
 CLIO! the * god, which gave thy charming *shell*,
 Demands its most exalted strain,
 To sing the sov'reign of the main:
 Of *Ocean's* queen what *wonders* wilt thou tell?

VI.

Such wonders as may pass for sport,
 Or vision in a *southern* court:
 But, *mighty thrones*! those truths which make me glow,
 Your fathers saw, your sons shall see,
 Then quit your infidelity;
 Some truths 'tis better to *believe* than *know*.

VII.

Believe me, *kings*! at BRITAIN's nod,
 From each enchanted grove and wood,
 Huge *oaks* stalk down th' unshaded mountain's side;
 The lofty *pin*es assume new forms,
 Fly round the globe, and live in storms;
 And tread and triumph on the wond'ring tide.

* *Neptune*.

VIII.

She nods again : the lab'ring *earth*
Discloses a stupend'ous birth :
In smoaking rivers runs her molten *ore* ;
THENCE, monsters of enormous size,
And hideous nature, frowning rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

IX.

These ministers of wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an *island's* will :
Ye nations ! know ; know, all ye scepter'd pow'rs !
In sulph'rous night, and massy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When stern *Britannia's* awful senate lours.

X.

Bold is the stile, when hearts are bold ;
Would BRITAIN have her anger told ?
O ! never let a meaner language sound,
Than that, which thro' black *Æther* rous,
Than that, which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd,

XI.

In peace *she* sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine ;
Her *cannon* slumber at the world's desire :
But, give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

XII. Then

XII.

Then, *Furies* rise! the battle raves!
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of nature, spite of Jove,
While all-serene, and hush'd above,
The boist'rous winds in azure chambers sleep.

XIII.

This, this, my *monarchs*! is the scene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men;
Here war's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent!
You sport in arms; how pale, how tame,
How lambent is *BELLONA*'s flame,
How her storms languish on the continent?

XIV.

A swarm of deaths, the mighty bomb,
Now, scatters from her glowing womb;
Now the chain'd bolts in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a singe'd and naked hull behind.

XV.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair?
My *patrons*! what a burst was there?
The strong ribb'd barques at once dislodging fly!
Insatiate death! compendious fate!
Deep wound to some brave bleeding state!
One moment's *guilt* a thousand heroes die.

XVI. The

XVI.

The great, gay, graceful, young and brave,
(Short obsequies!) the fable wave
Involves in endless night: ye graveless dead!
Where are your conquests? now you rove
Pale, penfive, thro' the coral grove,
Or shrink from BRITAIN in your oozy bed.

XVII.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
Low lye the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
In *sea-weed* wrapt: alas! how vain
The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain,
The love, and god-like valour of mankind?

XVIII.

Of brags his heart who durst *explore*,
Shut up in triple brags, and more,
Who when explor'd the secret durst *explain*?
How, in one instant, at one blow,
The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

XIX.

See! yon cowl'd *friar* in his cell,
With sulphur, flame, and crucible;
And can the charms of gold that saint inspire!
O cursed cause! O curs'd event!
O wond'rous pow'r of *accident*!
He rivals *gods*, and sets the globe on fire.

P

XX. But

XX.

But the rank growth of modern ill,
Too well deserv'd *that* fatal skill,
The skill by which *destruction* swiftly runs;
And seas, and lands, and worlds lays waste;
With far more terror, far more haste,
Than antient NIMROD, and his haughty sons.

XXI.

In frown and force *old war* must yield;
The *chariot-scyth'd*, which *mow'd* the field,
The *ram*, the castled *elephant* were tame,
Tame to rang'd *ordnance*, which denies
Superior terror to the skies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.

XXII.

The *flame*, the *thunder*, and the *cloud*,
The *night by day*, the *sea of blood*,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the *yell*, the *sinking throng*,
The *graveless dead*, an *ocean warm'd*,
A *firmament by mortals storm'd*,
To wrong'd BRITANNIA's angry brow belong.

XXIII.

Or do I dream, or do I rave?
Or do I see the gloomy cave,
Where JOVE's red bolts the giant brothers frame?
The *swarthy gods of toil and heat*
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

XXIV. Ye

XXIV.

Ye sons of *ÆTNA*! hear my call;
Let your unfinish'd labours fall,
That shield of *MARS*, *MINERVA*'s helmet blue;
Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the *feign'd thunder*, and attempt the *truth*.

XXV.

Begin; and first take winged *flight*,
Fierce *flames*, and clouds of thickest *night*,
And trembling *terror*, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the *North* his *roar*,
Mix *groans* and *death*; one viol pour
Of dread *BRITANNIA*'s *wrath*, and it is made.

XXVI.

Yet, *peace* celestial! may thy charms,
Still fire our breasts, tho' clad in arms:
If scenes of blood avenging fate's decree,
For thee the sword brave *BRITONS* wield;
For thee, charge o'er th' embattl'd field;
Or plunge thro' seas, thro' crimson seas for thee.

XXVII.

E'en *now* for peace the gods are press'd;
We woo the nations to be blest'd;
For peace, *victorious kings*! we call to you:
For peace, on pinions of the *dove*,
Soft emblem of eternal love!
Thro' trackless air, and desert skies I flew.

XXVIII.

My † former lays of rough contents,
Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
Your height of dignity to clear,
Your deaf, your late-obstructed ear,
And wake attention to more *mild address*.

XXIX.

Have I not heard *you both* declare,
Your hearts detest the purple war,
And melt in anguish for the world's repose!
Hail then! all hail! your wish is crown'd,
Your godlike zeal thro' time renown'd,
Thro' EUROPE blest'd; with joy her heart o'erflows.

XXX.

Your friend, your brother of the *North*,
To meet your arms, comes smiling forth,
And leads soft handed *peace*: how pow'ful he?
His num'rous race, the blossoms bright
Of golden empire, radiant light!
Endless beam on into eternity.

XXXI.

What *long* allies?—the virgin train
Your most obdurate foes may gain:
See, how their charms in *lineal* lustre shine?
Thro' ev'ry *genuine* branch, the fire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire;
The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine.

† The foregoing stanzas,

XXXII.

How fair the field? ye † *Aonian* bees!
The flow'rs ambrosial fondly seize,
Luxurious draw the sweet *Hyblean* strain;
That gods may lean from heav'n to hear,
And my *thron'd patron's* ravish'd ear
The souls rich *nectar* drink, and thirst again.

XXXIII.

E'en mine, they *taste*; and with success:
Ambition's fumes my strains repress;
The *fever* flies; no noxious thoughts ferment;
No *frenzy*, taking friends for foes;
The pulse subsides; they seek repose:
Nor I my winged embassy repent.

XXXIV.

No: by the blood of *Blenheim's* plain,
I swear, the rumour'd war is vain;
Shall *Gallic* faith and friendship ever cease?
I swear, by *EUROPE's* lov'ly dread,
I swear, by great *ELIZA's* shade,
The *wise IBERIAN* is the friend of peace.

XXXV.

Yet, lest I fail, (for prophets old,
Not all *infallibly* foretold)
We set our naval terrors in array.
Know *BRITONS!* an *AUGUSTUS* reigns;
If foes compel, send forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncensur'd, might obey.

† Ye poets.

XXXVI.

O could I sing as you have fought !
 I'd raise a monument of thought,
 Bright as the sun!—how you burn at my heart ?
 How the *drums* all around,
 Soul-rousing refound ?
 Swift drawn from the thigh,
 How the *swords* flame on high ?
 How the *cannon*, deep knell !
 Fates of kingdoms foretel ?
 How to battle, to battle, our fathers brave part,
 How to battle, to conquest, to triumph we dart ?

XXXVII.

But who gives conquest ? He, whose *ray*
 To darkness turns the blaze of day ;
 Whose boundless *favour* far out-flows the main ;
 Whose *pow'r* the raging waves can still,
 And curb *more*, rebel human will,—
 With peace, O ! bless us, or in war sustain.

XXXVIII.

Do'st thou sustain ?—Ye twinkling fry !
 That swim the seas, glide gently by ;
 Tho' your scales glitter, tho' your numbers swarm,
 Ah ! gently glide, for life's dear sake ;
 Nor dare *Leviathan* awake,
 Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

XXXIX.

And now, who censures *this address* ?
 Thus, crowns, states, common men make peace :
 They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy :
 And

On the POSTURE of AFFAIRS, 1734. 343

And when rank *int'rest* has prevail'd,
And *artifice* the treaty seal'd,
Stark *love* and *conscience* own the bastard tie.

XL.

Ambassadors, ye *mouths* of *KINGS*!
Ye *missive* monarchs! empire's *wings*!
What tho' the muse your province proudly chose?
'Tis a reprisal fairly made,
Her province you long since invade,
Ye perfect *poets*! in the vale of *prose*.

XLI.

More safe, O muse! that humble vale,
'Than the proud surge and stormy gale:
'Thy dang'rous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er:
Dulness and *frenzy* curse thy streams,
Rocks, infamous for murder'd names!
O! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

XLII.

While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
Or tented fields, or dusty plains,
The bleeding horse, and horsemen hurl to ground;
'Tis mine to sing, and sing the *first*,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows thro' the seas profound.

XLIII.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame;
When *such* the patrons, *such* the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine?

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Truth, simple truth, I proudly drest,
In *fancy's* robe; her flow'ry vest
Dipt in the curious colours of the *nine*.

XLIV.

But, ah! 'tis past; I sink; I faint;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint;
The reſluent raptures from my boſom rowl;
To heav'n returns the *sacred maid*,
And all her golden viſions fade,
Ne'er to reſiſit my tumultuous ſoul.

XLV.

My vocal *ſhell*! which *THE TIS* form'd
Beneath the waves, which *VENUS* warm'd
With all her charms, (if antient tales be true)
And in thy pearly boſom glow'd,
E'er *PÆAN* ſilver chords beſtow'd;
My *ſhell*! which *CLIO* gave, which *kings* applaud,
Which *Europe's* bleeding genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, pacific lyre! my *laurel'd thrones*! adieu.
Hear, *Atticus*! your *sailor's* ſong, I ſing, I live for you.

1

A

P A R A P H R A S E

On P A R T of the

B O O K of *J O B*.

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P A R A P H R A S E

On P A R T of the

B O O K of J O B *.

THREE happy Job † long-liv'd in regal state,
 Nor saw the sumptuous East a prince so great;
 Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
 Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd:

At

* It is disputed among the critics who was the author of the Book of *Job*; some give it to *Moses*, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me, which favour the former of these opinions; and because I do not find them mentioned by any one else, I have flung them into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

† The Almighty's speech, Chapter xxxviii. &c. which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest, and most antient poem in the world. Bishop *Patrick* says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of epitome of the whole book of *Job*.

I use the word *Paraphrase*, because I want another which might better answer the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The verses upon the *Mountain*, the *Comet*, the *Sun*, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the *Peacock*, the *Lion*, &c. are much enlarged: and I have thrown the whole into a method more suitable to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shews that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is
 made

At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
 And ills on ills succeed, a dreadful train!
 What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
 The sword wide-walting, the reproachful tongue,
 And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
 A change to sad what mortal heart cou'd bear?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear,
 But gave him all to grief: low earth he prest,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
 Then Job contain'd no more, but curs'd his fate:
 His day of birth, its inauspicious light
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death, impatient for the grave;
 That seat of peace, that mansion of repose,
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings,
 O happy turn! no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeas'd his friends;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments oppos'd with equal heat;

made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself, does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

Fix'd

Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field.
 So high at length their arguments were wrought,
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
 A pause ensu'd. When lo! heav'n interpos'd,
 And awfully the long contention clos'd.
 Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies;
 (They saw, and trembled!) * from the darkness broke
 A dreadful voice, and thus th' Almighty spoke;
 Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?
 Lifts up his thought against me from the dust,
 And tells the world's creator what is just?
 Of late so brave, now list a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply.
 Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth?
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone? what hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it in air?
 When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
 When heav'n's high arch with loud Hosannas rung,

* The book of *Job* is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old *Greece*, is by some supposed to be a fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the *Greek* stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but it is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which *Job* lived, than to any since. Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, *Exod.* chap. xix. Hence is he said to dwell in thick darkness: and have his way in the whirlwind.

When

When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound.
 Earth's num'rous *kingdoms*, hast thou view'd them all?
 And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball?
 Who heav'd the *mountain*, which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands?

WHO, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the *deep*,
 Can that wild world in due subjection keep?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
 And did a basin for the floods provide;
 I chain them with my word; the boiling sea
 Work'd up in tempests hears my great decree;
 " * Thus far, not farther, be thy tide convey'd;
 " And here, O sea, shall thy proud waves be stay'd."

HAST thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
 Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep;
 Where down a thousand fathoms from the day,
 Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold feet e'er tread,
 Whole worlds of waters rowling o'er thy head?

HATH the cleft *centre* open'd wide to thee?
 Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see?
 E'er knock at his tremend'ous gate, and wade
 To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?

* There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of *Let there be light*, &c. so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that *Moses* is author of the book of *Job*.

Deep

Deep are those shades, but deeper they that hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

WHERE dwells the *light*, in what refulgent dome?
And where has *darkness* made her dismal home?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom through long ages brought,
Since nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye.

ARE *mists* forgotten? who their father knew?
From whom descend the pearly drops of *dew*?
To bind the stream by night what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary *frost*?
Whose pow'rful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone;
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defac'd,
And lays one half of the creation waste?

THOU know'st me not, thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in *whirlwinds* mount aloft? Canst thou
In clouds, and darkness wrap thy awful brow?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night?

WHO launch'd the *clouds* in air, and bid them rowl
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain?
Who in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Make rocks bring forth, and desolation smile?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the show'r who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of th' exhausted sky,

When

When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
 Her naked mountains, and her russet plains,
 But new in life a chearful prospect yields
 Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields;
 When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
 And earth and heav'n are fill'd with rich perfume?

HAST thou e'er scal'd my wint'ry skies, and seen
 Of *bails*, and *snows* my northern magazine?
 These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
 My fund of vengeance for the day of war,
 When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
 Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

WHO taught the rapid *winds* to fly so fast,
 Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
 Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
 Who strikes thro' nature with the solemn roar
 Of dreadful *thunder*? 'points it where to fall,
 And in fierce *light'ning* wraps the flying ball?—
 Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
 Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

WHO drew the *comet* out to such a size,
 And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
 Did thy resentment hang him out? does he
 Glare on the nations, and denounce from thee?

WHO on low earth can moderate the rein
 That guides the stars along th' ethereal plain;
 Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
 Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
 Canst thou the skies benevolence restrain,
 And cause the *Pleiades* to shine in vain?
 Or, when *Orion* sparkles from his sphere,
 Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?

Bid

Bid *Mazaroth* his destin'd station know,
And teach the bright *Arcturus* where to glow?
Mine is the *night*, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and Myriads I reserve in store.

Do'st thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the curtain of the purple morn?
Awake the *sun*, and bid him come away,
And glad the world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou, enthron'd in flaming glory, driv'n
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heav'n?
That pomp of light what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lyes basking in the blaze?

Who did the *soul* with her rich pow'rs invest,
And light up reason in the human breast,
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply.
Th' Almighty spoke, and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, *Chaldean* fire, was thy surprize?
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and down-cast eyes,
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
"My tongue has err'd, but shall presume no more:
"My voice is in eternal silence bound,
"And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceas'd: when lo! again th' Almighty spoke;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

CAN that arm measure with an arm divine?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When mad with tempests all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies?

COME

COME forth in beauty's excellence array'd,
 And be the grandeur of thy pow'r display'd;
 Put on omnipotence, and frowning make
 The spacious round of the creation shake;
 Dispatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
 Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
 And crumble them to dust: when this is done,
 I grant thy safety lodg'd in thee alone;
 Of thee thou art, and may'st undaunted stand
 Behind the buckler of thy own right hand.

FOND man! the vision of a moment made!
 Dream of a dream! and shadow of a shade!
 What worlds hast thou produc'd, what creatures fram'd,
 What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blam'd?
 When * pain'd with hunger the wild raven's brood
 Calls upon God importunate for food,
 Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
 And stills the clamour of the craving nest?

WHO in the stupid † *ostrich* has subdu'd
 A parent's care, and fond inquietude?

While

* Another argument that *Moses* was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are *Egyptian*. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *νοεῖσα δὲ νόεαί*, *Ælian*. l. 2. c. 48. is to ask earnestly. And since there were ravens on the banks of the *Nile* remarkably clamorous, those probably are meant in this place.

† There are many instances of this bird's stupidity; let two suffice. First, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

-----Stat lumine clauso
 Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
 Quæ non ipsa videt-----

CLAUD.

Secondly,

While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
 Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
 Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lye,
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky;
 Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
 They ripen under his prolific ray;
 Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
 May crush her young in their neglected bed;
 * What time she skims along the field with speed,
 † She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.

How rich the † *peacock*? what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun?

He

Secondly, They that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that *Heliogabalus* had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here you may observe that our judicious as well as sublime author just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you can neither add any thing but what is common to another subject, nor withdraw any thing but what is peculiar to the subject described. A likeness is often lost in too much description, as a meaning in too much illustration.

* Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

*Vasta velut Lybiæ venantium vocibus ales
 Cum premitur calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
 Inque modum veli sinuatis flamine pennis
 Pulverulenta volat-----*

CLAUD. in Eutr.

† *Xenophon* says, *Cyrus* had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

‡ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful
 plumes

He proudly spreads them to the golden ray,
Gives all his colours, and adorns the day,
With conscious state the spacious round displays,
And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.

Who taught the *hawk* to find, in seasons wise,
Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
The sun returning, she returns again,
Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.

Tho' strong the * hawk, tho' practis'd well to fly,
An eagle drops her in a lower sky;
An eagle when deserting human sight,
She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight:
Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
So high in air, and seat her on the clift,
Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own;
† Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,
And with a glance predestinates her prey?

plumes (which are there shut up) into half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun, is true in fact, and thought worthy a remark by *Pliny*. — *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* *Plin.* l. x. c. 20.

* *Thuanus* (*de re accip.*) mentions a hawk that flew from *Paris* to *London* in a night.

And the *Egyptians*, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above-mentioned, to have been a bird of note in *Egypt*.

† The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in the air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and is no less a naturalist than a poet, which the next note will confirm.

She

She feasts her young with blood, and hov'ring o'er
Th' unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promis'd gore.

* KNOW'ST thou how many moons, by me assign'd,
Rowl o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,
While pregnant they a mother's load sustain?
They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
Hale are their young, from human frailties freed,
Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed;
They live at once, forsake the dam's warm side,
Take the wide world, with nature for their guide;
Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade,
And find a home in each delightful shade.

WILL the tall *reem*, which knows no Lord but me,
Lowe at the crib, and ask an alms of thee?
Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke?
Since great his strength, go trust him void of care,
Lay on his neck the toil of all the year,
Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
And cast his load among the gather'd stores.

DIDST thou from service the *wild ass* discharge,
And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
And lose himself in his unbounded home?

* The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the *time and circumstances* of their bringing forth? For to know the *time only* was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it; but the *circumstances* had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. *Pliny* observes, that the *hind* with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of providence) has the same effect. *Pf.* xxix.

By

By nature's hand magnificently fed,
 His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
 As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
 He sees in distant smoke the city throng,
 Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
 The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

* Survey the warlike *horse*! didst thou invest
 With thunder his robust distended chest?
 No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze:
 To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
 And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
 High-rai'd he snuffs the battle from afar,
 And burns to plunge amid the raging war,
 And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
 And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
 How does his firm his rising heart advance
 Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance,
 While his fix'd eye-balls meet the dazzling shield,
 Gaze, and return the light'ning of the field?
 He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
 Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side,
 But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
 Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

BUT fiercer still the lordly lion stalks,
 Grimly majestic in his lonely walks:

* The description of the horse is the most celebrated of any in the poem. There is an excellent criticism on it in the *Guardians*. I shall therefore only need to observe that in this description, as in other parts of this speech, our *vulgar translation* has much more spirit than the Septuagint; it always takes the original in the most poetical and exalted sense, so that most commentators, even on the *Hebrew* itself, fall beneath it.

When

When round he glares, all living creatures fly,
 He clears the desert with his rowling eye.
 Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
 And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
 Where bent on death lye hid his tawny brood,
 And couch'd in dreadful ambush pant for blood;
 Or stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 * By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground:
 Now shrieks and dying groans the desert fill;
 They rage, they rend, their ravenous jaws distil
 With crimson foam; and when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore:
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

MILD is my *Behemoth*, tho' large his frame,
 Smooth is his temper, and repress his flame,
 While unprovok'd: this native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts a-shore for food:
 Earth sinks beneath him as he moves along
 To seek the herds, and mingle with the throng.
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof, and shut against a wound;
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail,
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail:

† Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion, *Pf. civ. 20.* The *Arabians* have one among their 500 names for the lion, which signifies *The Hunter by Moon-shine.*

Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel, his ribs are ribs of brass;
 His port majestic, and his armed jaw,
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain law:
 The mountains feed him; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire;
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
 His noon-tide shelter from the burning heat;
 Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade:
 His eye drinks *Jordan* up, when fir'd with drought,
 He thirsts to turn its current down his throat;
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain,
 * He sinks a river, and he thirsts again.

† Go to the *Nile*, and, from its fruitful side,
 Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide;
 With slender hair *Leviathan* command;
 And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand:

* *Cepheſi glaciale caput quo ſuētas anbelam
 Ferre ſitim Pythōn, annemque avertere ponto.*

Stat. Theb. v. 349.

*Qui ſpiris tegetet montes, bauriret biatu
 Flumina, &c,*

Claud. pref. in Ruf.

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, tho' some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

† The taking the crocodile is a difficult task. *Diodorus* says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When *Augustus* conquered *Egypt*, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *NEMO ANTEA RELIGAVIT.*

Will

Will he become thy servant, will he own
Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown,
Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
And bound in silk with thy soft maidens play?

SHALL pompous banquets swell with such a prize,
And the bowl journey round his ample size?
Or the debating merchants share the prey,
And various limbs to various marts convey?
Through his firm skull what steel its way can win?
What forceful engine can subdue his skin?
Fly far, and live; tempt not his matchless might;
The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight,
* The rashest dare not rouse him up; who then
Shall turn on me, among the sons of men?

AM I a debtor? hast thou ever heard
Whence come the gifts which are on me conferr'd?
My lavish fruit a thousand vallies fills,
And mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills;
Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own,
And stars, and sun, are dust beneath my throne;
And dar'st thou with the world's great father vie,
Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye?
At full my huge Leviathan shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous size.

WHO, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?

* This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when
fated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

Whose heart sustains him to draw near? * behold
 Destruction yawns, his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
 Teeth edg'd with death, and crowding rows on rows:
 What hideous fangs on either side arise,
 And what a deep abyfs between them lyes?
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet found,
 The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
 Thick clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils rowl
 As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
 † Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire:
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
 Thy terror, this thy great superior please;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state,
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete,
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part,
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

* The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes,
 says *Pliny*, *Fit totum os*. *Martial* says to his old woman,

*Cum comparata risibus tuis ora
 Nilivus habet crocodilus angusta.*

† This is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The
 crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being
 there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long
 repress'd is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire
 and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so
 long, neither is he so fierce or animated; yet the most correct of
 poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him.

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false
 opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill under-
 stood.

WHEN

WHEN late awak'd he rears him from his floods,
And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

† BROAD is his front; and when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

IN vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
His naked breast their impotence defies,
The dart rebounds, the brittle faulchion flies:
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;

† *His eyes are like the eye-lids of the morning.* I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the *Egyptians* stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, tho' no commentator I have seen mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the *Egyptians* should be both readers, and admirers of the writings of *Moses*, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are *Egyptian*; the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the *Nile*; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than *Moses*, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, *viz.* the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an exposition, that some commentators have rendered *Behemoth* and *Leviathan*, the elephant and whale, tho' the descriptions in our author will not admit of it; but *Moses* living among the *Egyptians*, who were (as we may well suppose) under an immediate terror of the *Hippopotamus* and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very unaccountable why he should permit them to take place.

The cumber'd strand their wasted vollies strow,
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a caldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud ;
The billows feel him as he works his way ;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea ;
The foam high-wrought with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face,
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd :
In wrath he rowls his baleful eye around,
Makes every swoln disdainful heart subside ;
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

THEN the *Chaldæan* eas'd his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

“ THOU can'st accomplish all things, Lord of might !
“ And every thought is naked to thy sight :
“ But oh ! thy ways are wonderful, and lye
“ Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
“ Oft' have I heard of thine Almighty pow'r,
“ But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
“ O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
“ Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee :
“ Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more :
“ Man was not made to question, but adore.



BUSIRIS,

B U S I R I S,
K I N G O F E G Y P T.

A
T R A G E D Y.

Acted at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Drury-Lane*, 1719.

*O triste planè acerbumque funus! O morte ipsâ mortis
tempus indignius! jam destinata erat egregio juveni,
jam electus nuptiarum dies; quod gaudium, quo mæ-
rore mutatum est?*

PLIN. epist.



TO HIS GRACE

T H E

DUKE of *NEWCASTLE*.

MY LORD,

IF a dedication carries in its nature, a mark of our acknowledgment and esteem, and is there most due where we are most obliged, the late instances I received of your Grace's undeserved and uncommon favour in an affair of some consequence, (foreign to the theatre) has taken from me the privilege of chusing a patron; especially for a performance which, not only by its kind, falls immediately under your Grace's authority, but which likewise by its good fortune in a season of some danger to it, received from your Grace's free indulgence, its life and success on the stage. Thus my ambition concurs with my duty, and it is my happiness not to be able to gratify the impulse of the one, without obeying at the same time the dictates of the other.

Addressees of this nature, through a gross abuse of praise, have justly fallen under ridicule. How pleasant it is, to hear one of yesterday complimented on his illustrious ancestors? a sordid person, on his magnificence? an illiterate pretender, on his skill in arts and sciences? or a wretch, contracted with self-love, on his diffusive benevolence to mankind? yet from the frequency of such a shameful prostitution of the pen as this, one advantage results; it gives the grace of novelty and peculiarity to a dedication, that shall reclaim panegyric from its guilt, and rescue the late mentioned sublime distinctions of character from absurdity and injustice, by applying them to a Duke of *Newcastle*. It is a kind of compliment paid to panegyric itself, to use it on so just an occasion.

It is letters, my lord, which distinguish one age from another; each period of time shines or is cast in shades,

D E D I C A T I O N.

as they flourish or decline; and who knows not that the fate of letters is determined by the kind or cold aspect of the great? how happy then is the present time? how fair an assurance has it of being exempted from the death of common ages, when we see the politer arts triumphing in the care and encouragement of one who has made an early and regular acquaintance with them at their *own home*, joining to the amplest fortune the qualifications requisite, (had it been wanting) to acquire and deserve it? one, who in the flower of youth, when the imagination is warmest and fit for such a province, pre-fides over the labours of genius and fine taste, and has it in his power to rival those he is pleased to patronize. One, in a word, who, covetous of learning, reaches beyond his own nation for new supplies of it; who, zealous for merit, pays honours to its very ashes; and whose being an excellent master in polite letters himself, is one of the smallest proofs he has given of his ardent love towards them.

But I cannot turn my thought that way, without being put in mind of the imperfection of the following scenes. I own they have many faults, as many as I can allow, without reflecting on the town, for the countenance they have received: but I hope they have merit enough to intitle them to some share of your Grace's approbation, as well as errors enough to make them stand in need of all your protection. The continuance of which is humbly hoped by,

My LORD,

Your GRACE's

much obliged,

most obedient, and

most humble servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

P R O.

P R O L O G U E.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mr. BOOTH.

LONG have you seen the Greek and Roman name,
Assisted by the muse, renew their fame:
While yet unsung those heroes sleep, from whom
Greece form'd her Platos, and her Cæsars Rome.

Such, Egypt, were thy sons! divinely great
In arts, and arms, in wisdom; and in state.
Her early monarchs gave those glorious birth,
Whose ruins are the wonders of the earth.
Structures so vast by those great kings design'd,
Are but faint sketches of their boundless mind:
Yet ne'er has Albion's scene, tho' long renown'd,
With the stern tyrants of the Nile been crown'd.

The tragic muse in grandeur shou'd excell,
Her figure blazes, and her numbers swell.
The proudest monarch of the proudest age,
From Egypt comes to tread the British stage:
Old Homer's heroes, moderns are, to those
Whom this night's venerable scenes disclose.

Here pomp and splendor serve but to prepare;
To touch the soul is our peculiar care;
By just distress soft pity to impart,
And mend your nature, while we move your heart;
Nor wou'd these scenes in empty words abound,
Or overlay the sentiment with sound.
Words (when the poet wou'd your souls engage)
Are the meer garnish of an idle stage.
When passion rages, eloquence is mean;
Gestures and looks best speak the moving scene.

P R O L O G U E.

*Ye shining fair! when tender woes invite
To pleasing anguish and severe delight,
By your affliction you compute your gain,
And rise in pleasure as you rise in pain.
If then just objects of concern are shown,
And your hearts heave with sorrows not your own,
Let not the gen'rous impulse be withstood,
Strive not with nature, blush not to be good:
Sighs only from a noble temper rise,
And 'tis your virtue swells into your eyes.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

<i>Busiris</i> , King of Egypt.	Mr. Elrington.
<i>Myron</i> , the Prince.	Mr. Booth.
<i>Nicanor</i> , Father of <i>Mandane</i> .	Mr. Mills.
<i>Memnon</i> ,	Mr. Wilks.
<i>Rameses</i> ,	Mr. Walker.
<i>Syphoces</i> ,	Mr. Thurmond.
<i>Pheron</i> ,	Mr. Williams.
<i>Auletes</i> , a Courtier.	Mr. W. Mills.

W O M E N.

<i>Myris</i> , Queen of Egypt.	Mrs. Thurmond.
<i>Mandane</i> .	Mrs. Oldfield.

S C E N E, a Temple at MEMPHHIS in Old Egypt.

BUSIRIS,

B U S I R I S,

KING OF EGYPT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Pheron and Syphoces.

SYPHOCES.

IF glorious structures, and immortal deeds,
Enlarge the thought, and set our souls on fire,
My tongue has been too cold in *Egypt's* praise,
The queen of nations, and the boast of times,
Mother of science, and the house of gods!
Scarce can I open wide my lab'ring mind
To comprehend the vast idea, big
With arts and arms so boundless in their fame.

Pher. Thrice happy land! did not her dreadful king,
Far-fam'd *Bufris*, whom the world reveres,
Lay all his shining wonders in disgrace,
By cruelty and pride.

Syph. By pride indeed;
He call himself the *Proud*, and glories in it.
Nor would exchange for *Jupiter's* *Almighty*.
Have we not seen him shake his silver reins
O'er harness'd monarchs to his chariot yok'd?
In fullen majesty they stalk along,
With eyes of indignation and despair,
While he aloft displays his impious state,
With half their rised kingdoms o'er his brow,
Blazing to heav'n in diamond, and gold.

Pher. Nor less the tyrant's cruelty than pride;
His horrid altars stream with human blood,
And piety is murder in his hands. [*A great shout.*
Syph.

Syph. There rose the voice of twice two hundred thousand,

And broke the clouds, and clear'd the face of day;
The king, who from his temple's airy height,
With heart dilated that great work surveys,
Which shall proclaim what can be done by man,
Has struck his purple streamer, and descends.

Pher. Twice ten long years have seen that haughty pile,

Which nations with united toil advance,
Gain on the skies, and labour up to heaven.

Syph. The king — or prostrate fall, or disappear.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Busriris attended.

Bus. This antient city, *Memphis* the renown'd,
Almost coæval with the sun himself,
And boasting strength scarce sooner to decay,
How wanton fits she amid nature's smiles,
Nor from her highest turret has to view,
But golden landscapes and luxuriant scenes.
A waste of wealth, the storehouse of the world!
Here, fruitful vales far stretching fly the sight,
There, sails unnumber'd whiten all the stream;
While from the banks full twenty thousand cities
Survey their pride, and see their gilded towers
Float on the waves, and break against the shore:
To crown the whole, this rising pyramid

[*Shews the plan.*]

Lengthens in air, and ends among the stars,
While every other object shrinks beneath
Its mighty shade, and lessens to the view,
As kings compar'd with me.

Enter Auletes, he falls prostrate.

Aul. O live for ever,

Busriris, first of men!

Bus. *Auletes*, rise.

Aul. Ambassadors from various climes arrive,

To

To view your wonders, and to greet your fame;
 Each laden with the gifts his country yields,
 Of which the meanest rise to gold and pearl:
 The rich *Arabian* fills his ample vase
 With sacred incense; *Ethiopia* sends
 A thousand courfers fleetier than the wind;
 And their black riders darken all the plain:
 Camels and elephants from other realms,
 Bending beneath a weight of luxury,
 Bring the best seasons of their various years,
 And leave their monarchs poor.

Buf. What from the *Persian*?

Aul. He bends before your throne, and far outweighs
 The rest in tribute, and outshines in state.

Buf. Away, he sees me not, I know his purpose,
 A spy upon my greatness, and no friend:
 Take his ambassador, and shew him *Egypt*,
 In *Memphis* shew him various nations met,
 As in a sea, yet not confin'd in space,
 But streaming freely thro' the spacious streets,
 Which send forth millions at each brazen gate,
 Whene'er the trumpet calls; high overhead
 On the broad walls the chariots bound along,
 And leave in air a thunder of my own:
Jove too has pour'd the *Nile* into my hand,
 The prince of rivers, ocean's eldest son:
 Rich of myself, I make the fruitful year,
 Nor ask precarious plenty from the sky—
 Throw all my glories open to his view,
 Then tell him, in return for trifles offer'd,
 I give him *this*; and when a *Persian* arm

[*Gives him a bow.*]

Can thus with vigour its reluctance bend,
 And to the nerve its stubborn force subdue,
 Then let his master think of arms—but bring
 More men than yet e'er pour'd into the field;
 Mean time, thank heav'n, our tide of conquest drives
 A different way, and leaves him still a king:

This

This to the *Persian*.—I receive the rest,
And give the world an answer.

[*Exit Busiris.*]

Mandane, attended by priests and her virgins, is seen sacrificing at a distance.

An hymn to Isis is sung, the priests go out.

Mandane, attended by her maids, advances.

Mand. My morning duty to the gods is over,
Yet still this terror hangs upon my soul,
And saddens every thought—I still behold
The dreadful image, still the threatening sword
Points at my breast, and glitters in mine eye.—
But 'twas a dream, no more. My virgins, leave me.
And thou great ruler of the world be present!
O kindly shine on this important hour!
This hour determines all my future life,
And gives it up to misery or joy. [*She advances.*]
These lonely walks, this deep and solemn gloom,
Where noon-day suns but glimmer to the view,
This house of tears, and mansion of the dead,
For ever hides him from the hated light,
And gives him leave to groan.

Back scene draws, and shews Memnon leaning on his father's tomb.

Was ever scene
So mournful! if, my lord, the dead alone
Be all your care, life is no more a blessing.
How cou'd you shun me for this dismal shade,
And seek from love a refuge in despair?

Mem. Why hast thou brought those eyes to this sad
place,
Where darkness dwells, and grief would sigh secure,
In welcome horrors, and beloved night?
Thy beauties drive the friendly shades before them,
And light up day e'en here. Retire, my love;
Each joyful moment I wou'd share with thee,
My virtuous maid, but I wou'd mourn alone.

Mand,

Mand. What have you found in me so mean, to hope
That while you sigh, my soul can be at peace?
Your sorrows flow from your *Mandane's* eyes.

Mem. O my *Mandane*!

Mand. Wherefore turn you from me?
Have I offended, or are you unkind?
Ah me! a sight as strange, as pitiful!
From this big heart, o'ercharg'd with gen'rous sorrow,
See the tide working upward to his eye,
And stealing from him in large silent drops,
Without his leave!—can those tears flow in vain?

Mem. Why will you double my distress, and make
My grief my crime, by discomposing you?—
And yet I can't forbear! alas! my father!
That name excuses all; what is not due
To that great name, which life or death can pay?

Mand. Speak on, and ease your lab'ring breast, it
swells,

And sinks again, and then it swells so high,
It looks as it wou'd break.. I know 'tis big
With something you wou'd utter. Oft in vain
I have presum'd to ask your mournful story;
But ever have been answer'd with a frown.

Mem. O my *Mandane*, did my tale concern
Myself alone, it wou'd not lye conceal'd;
But 'tis wrapt up in guilt, in royal guilt,
And therefore 'tis unsafe to touch upon't.
To tell my tale, is to blow off the ashes
From sleeping embers which will rise in flames
At the least breath, and spread destruction round.
But thou art faithful, and my other self;
And O! my heart this moment is so full,
It bursts with its complaint; and I must speak.

Myris, the present queen, was only sister
Of great *Artaxes*, our late royal lord:
Busris, who now reigns, was first of males
In lineal blood, to which this crown descends.
(Not with long circumstance to load my story)
Ambitious Myris fir'd his daring soul,

And

And turn'd his sword against her brother's life:
Then mounting to the tyrant's bed and throne,
Enjoy'd her shame, and triumph'd in her guilt.

Mand. So black a story well might shun the day.

Mem. *Artaxes'* friends (a virtuous multitude)
Were swept away by banishment or death,
In throngs, and fated the devouring grave.
My father—Think, *Mandane*, on your own,
And pardon me! — [Weeps.]
The tyrant took me, then of tender years,
And rear'd me with his son, (a son since dead.)
He vainly hop'd, by shews of guilty kindness,
To wear away the blackness of his crime,
And reconcile me to my father's fate;
Hence have I long been forc'd to stay my vengeance,
To smooth my brow with smiles, and curb my tongue,
While the big woe lays throbbing at my heart.—

Enter Pheron at a distance.

Pher. So close! so loving! here I stand unseen,
And watch my rival's fate. [Aside.]

Mem. But thou, my fair,
Thou art my peace in tumult, life in death,
Thou yet can'st make me blest'd.

Mand. As how, my lord?

Mem. Ah, why wilt thou insult me?

Mand. *Memnon.* —

Mem. Speak.

Mand. Nature forbids, and when I wou'd begin,
She stifles all my spirits, and I faint:
My heart is breaking, but I cannot speak.
O let me fly. —

Mem. You pierce me to the soul. [Holding her.]

Mand. O! spare me for a moment, till my heart
Regains its wonted force, and I will speak. —

Pheron, you know, is daily urgent with me,
Breaks thro' restraints, and will not be refus'd.

[Pheron shews a great concern.]
Yet more the prince, the young impetuous prince,
Before

Before his father sent him forth to war,
 And gave the *Mede* to his destructive sword,
 Has often taught his tongue a filken tale,
 Descended from himself, and talk'd of love.
 Since last I saw thee, his licentious passion
 Has haunted all my dreams. —
 This day the court shines forth in all its lustre,
 To welcome her returning warrior home.
 Alas, the malice of our stars!

Mem. To place it
 Beyond the power of fate to part our loves;
 Be this our bridal night, my life!—my soul!

[*Embrace.*

Pher. Perdition seize them both! and have I lov'd
 So long to catch her in another's arms! —
 Another's arms for ever! O the pang! —
 Heart-piercing sight!—but rage shall take its turn —
 It shall be so—and let the crime be his
 Who drives me to the black extremity;
 I fear no farther hell than that I feel.

[*Exit.*

Mem. Trembling I grasp thee, and my anxious heart
 Is still in doubt if I may call thee mine.
 O blifs too great! O painful extasy!
 I know not what to utter.

Mand. Ah, my lord!
 What means this damp that comes athwart my joy,
 Chastising thus the lightness of my heart? —
 I have a father, and a father too,
 Tender as nature ever fram'd — His will
 Should be consulted. — Should I touch his peace,
 I should be wretched in my *Memnon's* arms.

Mem. Talk not of wretchedness.

Mand. Alas! this day
 First gave me birth, and (which is strange to tell)
 The fates e'er since, as watching its return,
 Have caught it as it flew, and mark'd it deep
 With something great, extremes of good or ill.

Mem. Why should we bode misfortune to our loves?
 No, I receive thee from the gods, in lieu

Of

Of all that happiness they ravish'd from me;
 Fame, freedom, father, all return in thee.
 Had not the gods *Mandane* to bestow,
 They never would have pour'd such vengeance on me;
 They meant me thee, and could not be severe.
 Soon as night's favourable shades descend,
 The holy priest shall join our hands for ever,
 And life shall prove but one long brid'al-day.
 Till then, in scenes of pleasure lose thy grief,
 Or strike the lute, or smile among the flowers,
 They'll sweeter smell, and fairer bloom for thee.—
 Alas! I'm torn from this dear tender side,
 By weighty reasons and important calls,
 Nay, e'en by love itself—I quit thee now,
 But to deserve thee more. [*They embrace.*

Mand. Your friends are here. [*Exit Mand.*

Mem. Excellent creature! how my soul pants for
 thee! —

But other passions now begin their claim,
 Doubt, and disdain, and sorrow, and revenge,
 With mingling tumult tear up all my breast:
 O how unlike the softnesses of love!

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. Hail, worthy *Memnon*.

Mem. Welcome, my *Syphoces*.

And much I hope thou bring'st a bleeding heart,
 A heart that bleeds for others miseries,
 Bravely regardless of its own, tho' great,
 That first of characters.

Syph. And there's a second,
 Not far behind, to rescue the distress'd,
 Or die.

Mem. Yes, die; and visit those brave men,
 Who, from the first of time, have bath'd their hands
 In tyrants blood, and grasp'd their honest swords
 As part of their own being, when the cause,
 The public cause demanded. O! my friend,
 How long shall *Egypt* groan in chains? how long

Shall

Shall her sons fall in heaps without a foe?
 No war, plague, famine, nothing but *Busiris*,
 His people's father! and the state's defence!
 Yet but a remnant of the land survives.

Syph. What havock have I seen? Have we not
 known

A multitude become a morning's prey,
 When troubled rest, or a debauch has sour'd
 The monster's temper? then 'tis instant death;
 Then fall the brave and good, like ripen'd corn
 Before the sweeping scythe, not the poor mercy
 To starve and pine at leisure in their chains. —
 But what fresh hope, that we receive your summons,
 To meet you here this morning?

Mem. Know, *Syphoces*,
 'Twas on this day my warlike father's blood,
 So often lavish'd in his country's cause,
 And greatly sold for conquest and renown,
 'Twas on this execrable day it flow'd
 On his own pavement, in a peaceful hour,
 Smok'd in the dust, and wash'd a ruffian's feet.
 This guilty day returning rouses all
 My smother'd rage, and blows it to a flame.
 Where are our friends?

Syph. At hand. *Rameses*,
 Last night, when gentle rest o'er nature spread
 Her still command, and care alone was waking,
 Like a dumb, lonely, discontented ghost,
 Enter'd my chamber, and approach'd my bed;
 With bursts of passion, and a peal of groans
 He recollects his god-like brother's fate,
 The drunken banquet, and the midnight murder,
 And urges vengeance on the guilty prince.
 Such was the fellness of his boiling rage,
 Methought the night grew darker as he frown'd.

Mem. I know he bears the prince most deadly hate;
 But this will enter deeper in his soul, [*Shows a letter.*]
 And rouse up passions, which till now have slept:
 Murder will look like innocence to this.

Syph.

Syph. How, *Memnon*?

Mem. This reminds me of thy fate:
The queen has courted thee with proffer'd realms,
And sought by threats to bend thee to her will;
She languishes, she burns, she wastes away
In fruitless hopes, and dies upon thy name.

Syph. O fatal love! which, stung by jealousy,
Expell'd a life far dearer than mine own,
By cursed poison—Ah divine *Apame*!
And cou'd the murd'refs hope she shou'd inherit
This heart, and fill thy place within these arms?——
But grief shall yield —Revenge, I'm wholly thine.

Mem. The tyrant too is wanton in his age,
He shews that all his thoughts are not in blood;
Love claims its share; he envies poor *Rameses*
The softness of his bed; and thinks *Amelia*
A mistress worthy of a monarch's arms.

Syph. But see, *Rameses* comes, a sullen gloom
Scowls on his brow, and marks him thro' the dusk.

Enter Rameses, Pheron, and other conspirators.

Mem. To what, my friends, shall *Memnon* bid you
welcome?

To tombs, and melancholy scenes of death?
I have no costly banquets, such as spread
Prince *Myron*'s table, when your brother fell.

[To *Rameses*.

I have no gilded roof, no gay apartment,
Such as the queen prepar'd for thee, *Syphoces*.
Yet be not discontent, my valiant friends,
Busiris reigns, and 'tis not out of season
To look on aught may mind us of our fate:
His sword is ever drawn, and furious *Myris*
Thinks the day lost that is not mark'd with blood.

Ram. And have we felt a tyrant twenty years,
Felt him as the raw wound the burning steel,
And are we murmuring out our midnight curses,
Drying our tears in corners, and complaining?
Our hands are forfeited. Gods! strike them off.

No hands we need to fasten our own chains,
Our masters will do that; and we want souls
To raise them to an use more worthy men.

Mem. Ruffles your temper at offences past?
Here then, to sting thee into madness.

[*Gives the letter. Rameses reads.*]

Ram. Oh!

Syph. See how the struggling passions shake his frame!

Ram. My bosom joy, that crowns my happy bed
With tender pledges of our mutual love,
Far dearer than my soul! and shall my wife,
The mother of my little innocents,
Be taken from us! torn from me! from mine!
Who live but on her sight! and shall I hear
Her cries for succour, and not rush upon him?
My infant hanging at the neck upbraids me,
And struggles with his little arms to save her. —
These veins have still some gen'rous blood in store,
The dregs of those rich streams his wars have drain'd;
I'll giv't in dowry with her.

Pher. Well resolv'd:

A tardy vengeance shares the tyrant's guilt.

Ram. Let me embrace thee, *Pheron*, thou art brave,
And dost disdain the coldness of delay.
Curse on the man that calls *Rameses* friend,
And keeps his temper at a tale like this;
When rage and rancour are the proper virtues,
And loss of reason is the mark of men.

Mem. Thus I've determin'd; when the midnight
hour

Lulls this proud city, and her monarch dreams
Of humbled foes, or his new mistress' love,
Then we will rush at once, let loose the terrors
Of rage pent in, and struggling twenty years
To find a vent, and at one dreadful blow,
Begin and end the war.

A more auspicious juncture cou'd not happen.
The *Persian*, who for years has join'd our counsels,
Stirr'd up the love of freedom, and in private

Long

Long nurs'd the glorious appetite with gold,
 This morn with transport snatch'd the wish'd occasion
 Of throwing his resentment wide, and now
 He frowns in arms, and gives th' event to fate.

Ram. This hand shall drag the tyrant from the
 throne,
 And stab the royal victim on this altar.

[*Pointing to the tomb.*]

Mem. O justly thought! friends cast your eyes a-
 round,
 All that most awful is, or great in nature,
 This solemn scene presents; the gods are here,
 And here our fam'd forefathers sacred tombs;
 Who never brook'd a tyrant in this land.
 Let us not act beneath the grand assembly!
 The slighted altars tremble, and these tombs
 Send forth a peal of groans to urge us on.
 Come then, surround my father's monument,
 And call his shade to witness to your vows.

Ram. Nor his alone. O all ye mighty dead!
 Illustrious shades! who nightly stalk around
 The tyrant's couch, and shake his guilty soul:
 Whether already you converse with gods,
 Or stray below in melancholy glooms,
 From earth, from air, from heaven, and from hell,
 Come, I conjure you, by the pris'ner's chain,
 The widow's sighing, and the orphan's tears,
 The virgin's shrieks, the hero's spouting veins,
 By gods blasphem'd, and free-born men enslav'd.

Mem. Hear, *Jove*, and you most injur'd heroes, hear,
 While we o'er this thrice hallow'd monument
 Thus join our hands, and kneeling to the gods,
 Fast bind our souls to great revenge!

All. We swear —

Mem. This night the tyrant and his minions bleed,
 And flames shall lay those palaces in dust,
 Whose gilded domes now glitter in the sun.

Pher. So now my foe is taken in the toil,
 And I've a second cast for this proud maid——

It is an oath well spent, a perjury
Of good account in vengeance and in love. [Aside.]

Men. We wrong the mighty dead, if we permit
Our eyes alone to count this grand assembly:
A thousand unseen heroes walk among us;
My father rises from his tomb, his wounds
Bleed all afresh, and consecrate the day;
He waves his arm, and chides our tardy vengeance;
More than this world shall thank us. O my friends!
Such our condition, we have nought to lose,

And great may be our gain, if this be great,
To crush a tyrant, and preserve a state;
To still the clamours of our father's blood,
To fix the basis of the public good,
To leave a fame eternal, then to soar,
Mix with the gods, and bid the world adore.

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The palace.*

*A magnificent throne discover'd, and several courtiers
walking to and fro.*

Enter Syphoces and Rameses. Shouts at a distance.

Ram. **W**HAT means this dust and tumult in the
court,

These streamers fooling in the wind, these shouts,
The tyrant blazing in full insolence,
And all his gaudy courtiers basking round him,
Like pois'nous vermin in a dog-day sun?

Syph. Your father and prince *Myron* are arriv'd,
And with one peal of j y the nation rings.

Ram. Long has my father serv'd this tyrant king,
With zeal well worthy of a better cause;
Tho' with his helm he hides a hoary brow,
Long vers'd in death, the father of the field;
At the shrill trumpet he throws off the weight
Of fourscore years, and springs upon the foe.

The

The transport, danger gives him, conquers nature,
And a short youth boils up within his veins.

Syph. Behold this way they pass to meet the king.

Myron and Nicanor pass the stage with attendants.

Ram. What pity 'tis that one, so lost in guilt,
Should thus engage the fight with manly charms,
And make vice lovely? [*Looking on Myron.*]

Syph. Pardon me, *Ramefes*:

Tho' to my foe, I must be ever just.
He's gen'rous, grateful; affable, and brave:
But then he knows no limit to his passion;
The tempest-beaten bark is not so toss'd
As is his reason, when those winds arise:
And tho' he draws a fatal sword in battle,
And kindles in the warm pursuit of fame,
Pleasure subdues him quite, the sparkling eye
And gen'rous bowl bear down his graver mind,
While fiery spirits dance along his veins,
And keep a constant revel in his heart.

Ram. But here the tyrant comes!--with what excess
Of idle pride will he receive his son?
How with big words will he swell out his conquest,
And into grandeur puff his little tales?

*Enter King, and ascends the throne; on the other side,
Enter Myron and Nicanor.*

King. Welcome my son, great partner of my fame,
I thank thee for th' increase of my dominions,
That now more mountains rise, more rivers flow,
And more stars shine in my still growing empire.
The sun himself surveys it not at once,
But travels for the view, whilst far disjoin'd
My subjects live unheard of by each other;
These wrapp'd in shades, while those enjoy the light;
Their day is various, but their king the same.

Myr. Here, Sir, your thanks are due; to this old
arm,
Whose nerves not threescore winter camps unbend,
You

You owe your victory, and I my life.
 When my fierce courser, with a javelin stung,
 First rear'd in air, then tearing with a bound
 The trembling earth, plung'd deep amidst the foe;
 And now a thousand deaths from ev'ry side
 Had but one mark, and on my buckler rung;
 Through the throng'd legions like a tempest rush'd
 This friend, o'er gasping heroes, rolling steeds,
 And snatch'd me from my fate.

Buf. I thank thee, general,
 Thou hast a heart that swells with loyalty,
 And throws off the infection of these times;
 But thy degenerate boy——

Nic. No more my son,
 I cut him off, my guilt, my punishment.
 Look not, dread sir, on me through his offence;
 O let not that discolour all my service,
 And ruin those who blame him for his crime!

Buf. Old man, I will not wear the crown in vain;
 Subjects shall work my will, or feel my pow'r,
 Their disobedience shall not be my guilt;
 Who is their welfare, glory, and defence?
 The land that yields them food, and ev'ry stream
 That flakes their thirst, the air they breathe is mine.
 And is concurrence to their own enjoyment,
 By due submission, a too great return?
 Death and destruction are within my call——
 But thou shalt flourish in thy master's smile.
 A faithful minister adorns my crown,
 And throws a brighter glory round my brow.

Nic. Take but one more, one small one to your favour,
 And then my soul's at peace——I have a daughter,
 An only daughter, now an only child,
 Since her lost brother's folly; she deserves
 The most a father can for so much goodness:
 Her mother's dead, and we are left alone,
 We two are the whole house, nor are we two,
 In her I live, the comfort of my age;

R

And

And if the king extend his grace so far,
 And take that tender blossom into shelter,
 Then have I all my monarch can bestow,
 Or heav'n itself, but this, that I may wear
 My life's poor remnant out in your command,
 Stretch forth my being to the last in duty,
 And, when the fates shall summon, die for you.

Buf. Nicanor, know, thy daughter is our care.

Myr. O, sir, be greatly kind, exert your pow'r,
 And with the monarch furnish out the friend! —
 Art thou not he, that gallant-minded chief, [*To Nic.*
 Who wou'd not stoop to give me less than life?
 And shall I prove ungrateful? shocking thought!
 He that's ungrateful has no guilt but one,
 All other crimes may pass for virtues in him.

Nic. What joy my daughter's promis'd welfare gives
 me,

My lips I need not open to discover —
 Thus humbly let me thank you.

Buf. Dry thy tears,
 And follow us; thy daughter's near our queen,
 And longs, no doubt, to see thee; blest the maid,
 And then attend us on affairs of state. —
 I hear there's treason near us; though the slaves
 Fall off from their obedience, and deny
 That I'm their monarch, I'm *Busiris* still.
 Collected in myself I'll stand alone,
 And hurl my thunder, tho' I shake my throne:
 Like death, a solitary king I'll reign
 O'r silent subjects, and a desert plain;
 'Ere brook their pride, I'll spread a gen'ral doom,
 And ev'ry step shall be from tomb to tomb. [*Exit.*

[*Myr. and Aul. who talk'd aside, advance.*

Myr. Her absent beauties glow'd upon my mind,
 And sparkled in each thought. She never left me —
 Wou'dst thou believe it? in the field of battle,
 In the mid terror, and the flame of fight,
Mandane thou hast stoln away my soul,
 And left my fame in danger. — My rais'd arm

Has

Has hung in air, forgetful to descend,
 And for a moment spar'd the prostrate foe——
 O that her birth rose equal to my own!
 Then I might wed with honour, and enjoy
 A lawful bliss——and why not now? methinks
 Absence has plac'd her in a fairer light,
 Enrich'd the maid, and heighten'd every charm.

Aul. She comes.

Myr. That modest grace subdu'd my soul,
 That chastity of look, which seems to hang
 A vail of purest light o'er all her beauties,
 And by forbidding most inflames desire.

Enter Mandane.

What tender force! what dignity divine!
 What virtue consecrating ev'ry feature!
 Around that neck what dross are gold and pearl!
Mandane! powerful being, whose first sight
 Gives me a transport not to be express'd;
 And with one moment over-pays a year
 Of danger, toil, and death, and absence from thee.

Mand. My lord, I fought my father.

Myr. Leave me not,
 I've much to say, much more than you conceive;
 Yes, by the gods, much more than I can utter.
 My breath is snatch'd, I tremble, I expire. [*Aside.*
 Nay, here I'll offer tender violence——

[*Takes her hand.*

May I not breathe my soul upon this hand?
 When your eyes triumph, and insult my pain,
 Permit me here to take a small revenge.

Mand. My lord, I am not conscious of my fault.

Myr. 'Tis false——I know the language of those
 eyes,

They use me ill——see my heart beat, *Mandane*;
 Believe not me, but tell yourself my passion——
 Is it in art to counterfeit within?
 To drive the spirits and inflame the blood?

Each nerve is pierc'd with light'ning from your eye,
And every pulse is in the throbs of love.

Mand. My lord, my duty calls, I must not stay.

Myr. Give me a moment: I have that to speak
Will burst me if suppress'd—O heavenly maid!
Thy charms are doubled, so is thy disdain——
Who is it? tell me who enjoys thy smile:
There is a happy man, I swear there is;
I know it by your coldness to your friend——
That thought has fix'd a scorpion on my heart;
That stings to death—and is it possible
You ever spoke of *Myron* in his absence,
Or cast at leisure a light thought that way?

Mand. I thought of you, my lord, and of my father,
And pray'd for your success; nor must I now
Neglect to give him joy.

Myr. Yet stay, you shall not go---ungrateful woman!
I wou'd not wrong your father; but by heav'n
His love is hatred if compar'd with mine.
I understand whence this unkindness flows;
Your heart resents some license of my youth,
When love had touch'd my brain. You may forgive
me,

Because I never shall forgive myself;
But that you live, I'd rush upon my sword.
If you forgive me, I shall now approach,
Not as a lover only, but a wretch
Redeem'd from baseness to the ways of honour,
And to my passion join my gratitude:
Each time I kneel before you, I shall rise
As well a better as a happier man,
Indebted to your virtue and your love.

Mand. I must not hear you.

Myr. O torment me not!

Hear me you must, and more---Your father's valour,
In the late battle, rescu'd me from death:
And how shall I be grateful! thou'rt a princess. ——
Think not, *Mandane*, this a sudden start,
A flash of love, that kindles and expires:

Long

Long have I weigh'd it, since I parted hence,
No night has pass'd, but this has broke my rest,
And mix'd with ev'ry dream. My fair, I wed thee
In the maturest counsel of my soul.

Mand. O gods! I tremble at the rising storm;
Where can this end? [*Aside.*]

Myr. And do you then despise me?

Mand. My lord, I want the courage to accept
What far transcends my merit, and for ever
Must silently upbraid my little worth.

Myr. Have I forsook myself, forgone my temper
Headlong to all the gay delights of youth,
And fall'n in love with virtue most severe?
Turn'd superstitious to make thee my friend?
Gods! have I struggl'd thro' the pow'rfu reasons
That strongly combated my fond resolves?
Was wealth o'erlook'd, and glory of no weight,
My parent's crown forgot, and my own conquests,
And all to be refus'd? to sooth your pride,
And make my rival sport?

Mand. With patience hear me—— [*Kneels.*]
Nor let my trust in *Myron* prove my ruin.

Myr. Distraction! art thou marry'd?

Mand. Oh!

Myr. My heart foretold it.---Ah my soul! *Auletes.*
[*Swoons.*]

Aul. Madam, 'tis prudent in you to withdraw.——
[*Exit. Mand.*]

Myr. I do not live.---I cannot bear the light!
Where is *Mandane*? but I wou'd not know.
She is not mine.---Yet tho' not mine in love,
Revenge, my just revenge may overtake her.
O how I hate her! let me know her faults:
Did the proud maid insult me in distress?
And smile to see me gasping? Speak, *Auletes*,
Did she not sigh? sure she might pity me,
Though all her love is now another's right.

Aul. She sigh'd and wept; but I remov'd her from
you.

Myr. It was well done.--- Yet I could gaze for ever.
 And did she sigh? and did she drop a tear?
 The tears she shed for me are surely mine;
 And shall another dry them on those cheeks,
 And make them an excuse for greater fondness?
 Shall I assist the villain in his joys?
 No, I will tear her from him.---

I'd grudge her beauties to the gods that gave them.

Aul. My lord, have temper.

Myr. And another's passion
 Warm on that lip! another's burning arms
 Strain'd round the lovely waste for which I die,
 And she consenting, wooing, growing to him!
 What golden scenes, when absent, did I feign?
 What lovely pictures did I draw in air?
 What luxury of thought! and see my fate!
 Shall then my slave enjoy her? and I languish
 In my triumphal car, my foot on purple,
 And o'er my head a canopy of gold,
 Fate in my nod, and monarchs in my train!
 What if I stab him? No.---She will not wed
 His murderer.---I never form'd a wish,
 But full fruition taught me to forget it.
 And am I lessen'd by my late success?
 And have I lost my conquest? Fly, *Auletes*,
 And tell her ---

Aul. What, my lord?

Myr. No, bid her ---

Aul. Speak.

Myr. I know not what---My heart is torn asunder.

Aul. Retire, my lord, and recompose yourself,
 The queen approaches.---Ha! her bosom swells,
 [Exit Myron.

Her pale lip trembles, a disorder'd haste
 Is in her steps; her eyes shoot gloomy fires.---
 When *Myris* is in anger, happy they
 She calls her friends.

Enter

Enter Queen.

Queen. *Auletes*, where's the king?

Aul. At council, madam,

Queen. Let him know I want him. [*Exit Aul.*]

Base! to forget to whom he owes a crown!

Fool! to provoke her rage whose hand is red

In her own brother's blood!

Enter King and Pheron.

King. Horrid conspiracy!

Pher. This night was destin'd for the bloody deed.

King. Mistaken villains! if they wish my death,
They should in prudence lay their weapons by.
So jealous are the gods of *Egypt's* glory,
I cannot die whilst slaves are arm'd against me.
Haste, *Pheron*, to the dungeon, plunge them down
Far from the hopes of day, there let them lye;
Banish'd this world, while yet alive, and groan
In darkness and in horror.—Let double chains
Consume the flesh of *Memnon's* loaded limbs,
'Till death shall knock them off.—A king's thy friend;
Nay more, *Busiris*.---Go, let that suffice ———

[*Exit Pheron.*]

Queen. My lord, your thought's engag'd.

King. Affairs of state

Detain'd me from my queen.

Queen. The world may wait:

I've a request, my lord.

King. Oblige me with it.

Queen. Will you comply?

King. My queen, my pow'r is yours.

Queen. Your queen?

King. My queen.

Queen. Indeed, it should be so. ———

Then sign these orders for *Amelia's* death. ———

He stares, turns pale, he's sinking into earth.

Enough; begone, and fling thee at her feet;

Doat on my slave, and sue to her for mercy.

Go, pour forth all the folly of thy soul;
But bear in mind, thou giv'st not of thy own.
Thou giv'st that kindness which I bought with blood,
Nor shall I lose unmov'd.

King. I wish, my queen,
This still had slept a secret for thy sake;
But since thy restless jealousy of soul
Has been so studious of its own disquiet;
Support it as you may.---I own I've felt
Amelia's charms, and think them worth my love.

Queen. And dar'st thou bravely own it too? O insult!
Forgetful man! 'tis I then owe a crown!
Thou hadst still grovel'd in the lower world,
And view'd a throne at distance, had not I
'Told thee thou wast a man, and (dreadful thought!)
'Thro' my own brother, cut thy way to empire:
But thou might'st well forget a crown bestow'd,
'That gift was small. I listen'd to thy sighs,
And rais'd thee to my bed.

King. I thank you for it.
The gifts you made me were not cast away;
I understand their worth; husband and king
Are names of no mean import, they rise high
Into dominion, and are big with pow'r.---
Whate'er I was, I now am king of *Egypt*,
And *Myris'* lord.

Queen. I dream, art thou *Busiris*?
Busiris, that has trembled at my feet,
And art thou now my *Jove* with clouded brow,
Dispensing fate, and looking down on *Myris*?
Dost thou derive thy spirit from thy crimes?
'Cause thou hast wrong'd me, therefore dost thou threaten,
And roll thine eye in anger? rather bend,
And sue for pardon.----O detestable!
Burn for a stranger's bed! ---

King. And what was mine,
When *Myris* first vouchsaf'd to smile on me?

Queen. Distraction! death! upbraided for my love!--
Thou

Thou art not only criminal but base.
 Mine was a godlike guilt, ambition in it,
 Its foot in hell, its head above the clouds;
 For know I hated when I most care's'd:
 'Twas not *Busiris*, but the crown that charm'd me,
 And sent its sparkling glories to my heart;
 But thou canst soil thy diadem with slaves.

King. *Syphoc* is a king then.

Queen. Ha!

King. Let fair *Amelia* know the king attends her,
 [Exit.]

Queen. Go, tyrant, go, and wisely by thy shame
 Prepare thy way to ruin. I'll o'ertake thee,
 Living or dead; if dead, my ghost shall rise,
 Shriek in thy ears, and stalk before thy eyes:
 In death I'll triumph o'er my rival's charms,
 And chill thy blood, when clasp'd within her arms;
 Alone to suffer is beneath the great,
 Tyrant, thy torments shall support my state.

Exeunt.

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The general's house.*

Enter the King.

King. **H**ERE dwells my stubborn fair, I'll soothe
 her pride,
 And lay an humbled monarch at her feet.
 But let her well consider if she's slow
 To welcome bliss, and dead to glory's charms,
 Then my resentment rises in proportion
 To this high grace extended to my slave,
 And turns the force of her own charms against her:
 Monarchs may court, but cannot be deny'd.

Enter the Queen, veiled.

Amelia, dry thy tears, and lay aside

That melancholy veil. — Ha, *Myris*!

Queen. Myris,

A name that should like thunder strike thine ear,
And make thee tremble in this guilty place:
But wherefore dost thou think I meet thee here?
Not with mean sighs and deprecating tears
To humble me before thee, and increase
The number of thy slaves, in hope to break
Thy resolution, and avert thy crime;
But to denounce, if thou shalt dare persist,
The vengeance due to injur'd heav'n and me:
And by this warning double thy offence:
Think, think of vengeance, 'tis the only joy
Which thou hast left me; I'm no more thy wife,
Nor queen; but know I am a woman still.

Enter Auletes.

Aul. May all the gods watch o'er your life and empire,

And render omens vain! so fierce the storm,
Old *Memphis* from her deep foundations shakes,
And such unheard of prodigies hang o'er us,
As make the boldest tremble: see the moon
Robb'd of her light, discolour'd, without form
Appears a bloody sign, hung out by *Jove*,
To speak peace broken with the sons of men:
The *Nile*, as frightened, shrinks within its banks;
And as this hour I pass'd great *Isis*' temple,
A sudden flood of light'ning rush'd upon it,
And laid the shrine in ashes.

King. O mighty *Isis*!

Why all these signs in nature? why this tumult
To tell me I am guilty? if my crown
The fates demand, why let them take it back.
My crown indeed I may resign; but Oh!
Who can awake the dead? —

'Tis hence these spectres shock my midnight thoughts,
And nature's laws are broke to discompose me;
'Tis I that whirl these hurricanes in air,

And

And shake the earth's foundation's with my guilt.

O *Myris*, give me back my innocence!

Queen. I bought it with an empire.

King. Cheaply sold!

Why didst thou urge my lifted arm to strike

The pious king, when my own heart recoil'd?

Queen. Why did you yield when urg'd, and by a woman,

You that are vain of your superior reason,

And swell with the prerogative of man?

If you succeed, our counsel is of nought,

You own it, not accepted, tho' enjoy'd;

But steal the glory, and deny the favour;

Yet if a fatal consequence attend,

Then we're the authors, then your treach'rous praise

Allows us sense enough to be condemn'd.

King. 'Tis prudent to dissemble with her fury,

And wait a softer season for my love.

[*Aside*.

Bid *Isis*' priests attend their king's devotions,

I'll soothe with sacrifice the angry pow'rs;

Swift to my dungeons, bid their darksome wombs

Give up the numerous captives of my wars,

Ten thousand lives to heav'n devoutly pour,

Nor let the sacred knife grow cool from blood,

Till seven-fold *Nile*, infected with the stain,

In all his streams flows purple to the main.

[*Exit*.

Queen. Thin artifice! I know the sacrifice

You must intend.—But I will dash your joys;

Thou, victim, and thy goddess both shall feel me.

Aul. Madam, the prince.

Queen. And is he still afflicted?

Aul. It grieves your faithful servant to relate it;

He struggles manfully; but all in vain;

Sometimes he calls his music to his aid,

He strives with martial strains to fire his blood,

And rouse his soul to battle. —

Then he relapses into love again,

Feeds the disease, and doats upon his ruin.

Queen.

Queen. Why seeks he here the cause of all his sorrows?

Aul. He seeks not here *Mandane*, but her father;
For friendship is the balm of all our cares,
Melts in the wound, and softens ev'ry fate.

[*Martial music.*

Enter Myron at a distance.

Queen. Heav'ns! what a glory blazes from his eye!
What force! what majesty in ev'ry motion,
As at each step he trod upon a foe!

Myr. O that this ardor wou'd for ever last!
It shall; nor will I curse my being more;
Chain'd kings, and conquer'd kingdoms are before me;
I'll bend the bow, and launch the whistling spear,
Bound o'er the mountains, plunge into the stream,
Where thickest faulchions gleam, and helmets blaze,
Rush in and find amusement from my pain.
I'll number my own heart among my foes,
And conquer it, or die.

[*Exit.*

Queen. The thoughts of war
Will soon dislodge the fair one from his breast—
But this has broken in on my intent—
I wou'd remind thee of my late commands.

Aul. Madam, 'tis needless to remind your slave—
At dead of night I set the pris'ners free.

Queen. Yes, set the pris'ners free—'tis great revenge,
Such as my soul pants after---It becomes me.
O it will gall the tyrant, stab him home,
And if one spark of gratitude survives,
Soften *Syphaces* to my fond desire.
The tyrant's torment is my only joy;
Ye gods! or let me perish, or destroy,
Or rather both; for what has life to boast
When vice is tasteless grown, and virtue lost?
Glory and wealth I call upon in vain,
Nor wealth, nor glory can appease my pain;

My

My every joy upbraids me with my guilt,
And triumphs tell me sacred blood is spilt.

[Exit Queen.

Enter Myron.

Myr. The shining images of war are fled,
The fainting trumpets languish in mine ear,
The banners furl'd, and all the sprightly blaze
Of burnish'd armour, like the setting sun,
Insensibly is vanish'd from my thought:
No battle, siege, or storm sustain my soul
In wonted grandeur, and fill out my breast;
But softness steals upon me, melting down
My rugged heart in languishments and sighs,
And pours it out at my *Mandane's* feet—
I see her e'en this moment stand before me,
Too fair for sight, and fatal to behold.
I have her here, I clasp her in my arms;
And in the madness of excessive love
Sigh out my heart, and bleed with tenderness.

Aul. My lord, too much you cherish this delusion;
She is another's.

Myr. Do not tell me so,
Say rather she is dead: each heav'nly charm
Turn'd into horror! O the pain of pains
Is when the fair one, whom our soul is fond of,
Gives transport, and receives it from another!
How does my soul burn up with strong desire,
Now shrink into itself! now blaze again!
I'll tear and rend the strings that tie me to her:
If I stay longer here, I am undone.

As he is going, enter Nicanor.

Nic. My prince, (and since such honours you vouch-
safe).

My friend, I have presum'd upon your favour;
This is my daughter's birth-day, and this night
I dedicate to joys which ever languish,
If you refuse to crown them with your presence.

Myr.

Myr. Nicanor, I was warm on other thoughts---

Nic. I am still near you in the day of danger,
In toilsome marches and the bloody field,
When nations against nations clash in arms,
And half a people in one groan expire;
Why am I, with your helmet, thrown aside,
Cast off, and useless in the hour of peace?

Myr. Since then you press it, I must be your guest---
Methinks I labour as I onward move,
As under check of some controuling pow'r. [*Aside.*
What can this mean? wine may relieve my thoughts,
And mirth and converse lift my soul again. [*Exeunt.*

The back scene draws, and shews a banquet.

Enter Mandane, richly dress'd.

Mand. It was this day that gave me life, this day
Shou'd give much more, shou'd give me *Memnon* too:
But I am rival'd by his chains, they clasp
The hero round, (a cold, unkind embrace!)
And but an earnest of far worse to come.
While he, my soul, in dungeon darkness clos'd,
Breathes damp unwholsome steams, and lives on poison,
I am compell'd to suffer ornaments,
To wear the rainbow, and to blaze in gems;
To put on all the shining guilt of drefs,
When 'tis almost a crime that I still live:
These eyes, which can't dissemble, pouring forth
The dreadful truth, are honest to my heart.
These robes, O *Memnon*! are *Mandane's* chains,
And load, and gall, and wring her bleeding heart.

[*Exit Mandane.*

*Enter Myron, Nicanor, Auletes, &c. They take
their places.*

Nic. Sound louder, sound, and waft my wish to heav'n.
Hear me, ye righteous gods, and grant my pray'r,
For ever shine propitious on my daughter,
Protect her, prosper her, and, when I'm dead,
Still bless me in *Mandane's* happiness.——

[*The bowl goes round. Music.*
Haste,

Haste, call my daughter ; none can taste of joy
Till she, the mistress of the feast, is with us.

A servant brings Nicanor a letter, he reads it.

The king's commands at any hour are welcome.

Myr. Not leave us, general?

Nic. Ha ! the king here writes me,
The discontented populace, that held
O'er midnight bowls their desperate cabals,
Are now in bold defiance to his power,
Amid the terrors of this stormy night,
Ev'n now they deluge all yon western vale,
And form a war impatient for the day.
The spreading poison too has caught his troops,
And the revolting soldiers stand in arms
Mix'd with seditious citizens.

Myr. Your call is great.

Enter Mandane. Myron starts from his seat in disorder.

Mand. O Memnon ! how shall I become a banquet,
Suppress my sorrow, and comply with joy ?
Severest fate ! am I deny'd to grieve ? *[Aside.*

Nic. Be comforted, my child, I'll soon return.
Why dost thou make me blush ? I feel my tears
Run trickling down my cheek.

Myr. I must away :
Her smiles were dreadful, but her tears are death.
I can no more : I sink beneath her charms,
And feel a deadly sickness at my heart.

[Aside to Auletes.

Nic. Your cheek is pale, I dare not let you part,
You are not well. —

Myr. A small indisposition,
I soon shall throw it from me. — Farewel, general ;
Conquest attend your arms.

Nic. You shall not leave
Your servant's roof, 'tis an unwholesome air,
And my apartment wants a guest.

Myr.

Myr. Nicanor,

If health returns I shall not press my couch,
And hear of distant conquests; but o'ertake thee;
And add new terror to the front of war.

Nic. Mean time you are a guardian to my child,
Let her not miss a father in my absence;
She's all my soul holds dear.

Both. Farewel, farewel.

[*Embrace.*]

Nicanor waits on Myron off the stage, and returns.

Nic. My child, I feel a tenderness at heart
I never felt before; come near, *Mandane*,
Let me gaze on thee and indulge the father.——
Thy dying mother with her clay-cold hand
Press'd mine, then turning on thee her faint eye,
Let fall a tear of fondness, and expir'd.——
I cannot love thee well enough, her grace
Softens thy cheek, and lives within thine eye.
Let me embrace you both.—My heart o'erflows.——
If I should fall.—Thy mother's monument——
But I shall kill thy tenderness.—No more.
Nay, do not weep, I shall return again,
And with my dearest child sit down in peace,
And long enjoy her goodness.

Mand. If the gods

Regard your daughter's fervent vows, you will.

Nic. Farewel, my only care, my soul is with thee,
Regard yourself, and you remember me. [Exit.]

Enter Myron and Auletes.

Myr. No place can give me ease, my restless thought,
Like working billows in a troubled sea,
Tosses me to and fro, nor know I whither.
What am I, who, or where? ha! where indeed!
But let me pause, and ask myself again
If I am well awake.—Impetuous blifs!
My heart leaps up,* my mounting spirits blaze;
My soul is in a tempest of delight!

Aul.

Aul. My lord, you tremble, and your eyes betray
Strange tumults in your breast.

Myr. What hour of night?

Aul. My lord, the night's far spent.

Myr. The gates are barr'd,
And all the household is compos'd to rest?

Aul. All: and the great *Nicanor's* own apartment,
Proud to receive a royal guest, expects you.

Myr. Perdition on thy soul for naming him.

Nicanor! O I never shall sleep more!

Defend me! whither wander'd my bold thoughts!
Broke loose from reason, how did they run mad!
And now they are come home all arm'd with stings,
And pierce my bleeding heart. —

I beg the gods to disappoint my crime,
Yet almost with them deaf to my desire;
I long, repent; repent, and long again,
And every moment differs from the last.
I must no longer parley with destruction.

Auletes, seize me, force me to my chamber,
There chain me down, and guard me from myself;
Hell rises in each thought, 'tis time to fly. [Exeunt.

Enter Mandane and Ramefes.

Ram. I hope your fears have giv'n a false alarm.

Mand. You've heard my frequent visions of the
night,

You know my father's absence, *Myron's* passion;
Just now I met him, at my sight he started,
Then with such ardent eyes he wander'd o'er me,
And gaz'd with such malignity of love,
Sending his soul out to me in a look
So fiercely kind, I trembled, and retired.

Ram. No more; my friends, (which, as I have in-
form'd you,

The queen, to gall the tyrant, has set free)
Are lodg'd within your call; th' appointed signal,
If danger threatens, brings them to your rescue.

Mand. Where are they?

Ram.

Ram. In the hall beneath your chamber:
Memnon alone is wanting; he's providing
 For your escape before the morning dawn:
 The rest in vizors, fearing to be known,
 Have ventur'd through the streets for your protection.

Mand. Auspicious turn! then I again am happy.

Ram. Auspicious turn indeed! and what completes
 The happiness, the base man that betray'd us
 This arm laid low: I watch'd him from the king,
 I took him warm, while he with lifted brow
 Confess'd high thought, and triumph'd in his mein,
 I thank'd him with my dagger in his heart.
 'Tis late, refresh yourself with sleep, *Mandane*.

[*Exit Mandane.*]

So, 'tis resolv'd, if *Myron* dares attempt
 So black a crime, it justifies the blow;
 He dies, and my poor brother's ghost shall smile.
 This way he bends his steps, I hate his light,
 And shall till death has made it lovely to me. [*Exit.*]

Enter Myron and Auletes.

Myr. O how this passion, like a whirlpool, drives me,
 With giddy, rapid motion round and round,
 I know not where, and draws in all my soul!
 I reason much; but reason about her;
 And where she is, all reason dies before her;
 And arguments but tell me I am conquer'd.—
 So black the night, as if no star e'er shone
 In all the wide expanse, the light'ning's flash
 But shews the darkness, and the bursting clouds
 With peals of thunder seem to rock the land:
 Not beasts of prey dare now from shelter roam,
 But howl in dens, and make the forest groan.
 What then am I? a monster yet more fell,
 Than haunts the wilds?—I am, and threaten more:
 My breast is darker than this dreadful night,
 And feels a fiercer tempest rage within.—
 I must—I will—This leads me to her chamber—
 Did not the raven croak?

[*Starting.*
Aul.]

Aul. I hear her not.

Myr. By heav'n, methinks earth trembles under me. —

Awake, ye furies, you are wanting to me,
O finish me in ill, O take me whole;
Or gods confirm me good, without allay,
Nor leave me thus at variance with myself;
Let me not thus be dash'd from side to side —
The old man wept at parting, kneel'd before me,
Confided in me, gave her to my care,
Nor long since sav'd my life — and doubt I still?
I'm guilty of the fact, here let me lye,
And rather groan for ever in the dust,
And float the marble pavement with my tears,
Than rise into a monster. *[Flings himself down.]*

Mandane, passing at a distance, speaks to a servant.

Mand. Well, observe me.

Before the rising sun my lord arrives,
To seal our vows the holy priest is with him;
Watch to receive them at the western gate,
And privately conduct them to my chamber. *[Exit.]*

Myr. starting up.] O torment! racks! and flames!
then she expects him!

With open arms! am I cast out for ever,
For ever must despair, unless I snatch
The present moment? she is all prepar'd,
Her wishes waking, and her heart on fire!
That pow'rful thought sweeps heav'n and hell before it,
And lays all open to the prince of *Egypt*;
Born to enjoy whatever he desires,
And fling fear, anguish, and remorse behind him.
I see her midnight dress, her flowing hair,
Her slacken'd bosom, her relenting mein,
All the forbidden forms of day flung off
For yielding softness — O I'm all confusion!
I shiver in each joint! ah! she was made
To justify the blackest crimes, and gild
Ruin and death with her destructive charms.

Aul.

Aul. You'll force her then?

Myr. Thou villain but to think it.

No, I'll solicit her with all my pow'r,
Conquest and crowns shall sparkle in her sight.
If she consent, thy prince is blest'd indeed,
Takes wings, and tow'rs above mortality:
If she resist, I put an end to pain,
And lay my breathless body at her feet.

*Mandane passing at a distance to her chamber,
Myron meets her.*

Mand. Is this well done, my lord?

Myr. Condemn me not

Before you hear me; let this posture tell you,
I'm not so guilty as perhaps your fears,
Your commendable, modest fears suspect:
Nay, do not go, you know not what to do;
I wou'd receive a favour, not constrain it;
Return, or good *Nicanor*, best of fathers,
Shall charge you with the murder of his friend.

Mand. And dare you then pronounce that sacred
name,

And yet persist! were you his mortal foe
What cou'd your malice more?

Myr. O fair *Mandane*!

I know my fault, I know your virtue too,
But such the violence of my disorder,
That I dare tempt e'en you: methinks that guilt
Has something lovely which proclaims your pow'r----
But touch me with your hand, I die with bliss.
Why swells your eye? by heav'n I'd rather see
All nature mourn, than you let fall a tear.
I own I'm mad, but I am mad of love:
You can't condemn me more, than I myself,
In that we are agreed, agree in all.
Condemn, but pity me; resent, but yield;
For Oh, I burn, I rave, I die with love!

Mand. O Sir! ———

Myr. Nay, do not weep so, it will kill me;

This

This moment, while I speak, my eyes are darken'd,
 I cannot see thee, and my trembling limbs
 Refuse to bear their weight; all left of life
 Is that I love. If love was in our pow'r,
 The fault were mine; since not, you must comply.
 How godlike to bestow more heav'nly joys
 Than you can think, and I support and live?

Mand. O, how can you abuse your sacred reason,
 That particle of heav'n, that soul of *Jove*,
 To varnish o'er and paint so black a crime!
 O prince! —

Myr. What says *Mandane*?

Mand. Sir, observe me,
 My bursting sighs and ever-streaming tears,
 Your noble nature has with pity seen;
 But wou'd they not work deeper in your soul,
 Were you convinc'd my sorrows flow for you?
 For you, my lord, they flow, for I am safe,
 (I know you are surpriz'd) they flow for you;
Myron, my father's friend, my prince, my guest —

Myron, my guardian god, attempts my peace,
 And need I further reason for these tears?
 Nature affords no object of concern
 So great, as to behold a gen'rous mind,
 Driv'n by a sudden gust, and dash'd on guilt —
 'Tis base, you ought not; 'tis impracticable,
 You cannot---Make necessity your choice;
 Nor let one moment of defeated guilt,
 Of fruitless baseness, overthrow the glory
 Your whole illustrious life has dearly bought
 In toilsome marches, and in fields of blood.

Enter Auletes and servants.

Aul. My lord, your life's beset; the room beneath
 Is throng'd with ruffians, who but wait the signal
 To rush and sheath their daggers in your heart.

Myr. Betray'd! curs'd sorcerers, it was a plot
 Concerted by them all to take my life,

And

And this the bait to tempt me to the foil.
She dies.——

Aul. No, first enjoy, then murder her---
Trust to my conduct, and you still are safe.
They all are mask'd, I have my vizer too.
But time is short; for once confide in me.
You, sir, for safety, fly to your apartment:

[*To the prince.*

You bear *Mandane* to her closet---You [To servants.
Speed to the southern gate, and burst it open.

[*As the servants seize Mandane, she gives the signal.*
She is borne off.

Enter Rameses and conspirators mask'd.

Ram. The villain fled? perdition intercept him!
Disperse, fly several ways, let each man bear
A steady point well levell'd at his heart;
If he escapes us now, success attend him,
May he for ever triumph.

As they pass the stage in confusion, Auletes enters
mask'd among them.

Aul. Ha! why halt you!
Pursue, pursue, e'n now I saw the monster,
The villain *Myron*, with these eyes I saw him
Bearing his prize swift to the western gate:
There, there it burst. [A noise without.

All. Away, pursue.

Aul. 'Tis done, [Without.
Advance the massy bar, and all is safe;
Stand here, and with your lives defend the pass.

Enter Myron.

Myr. I shall at least have time for vengeance on her,
And then I care not if I die. Barbarians!
Their swords are pointed at my life! 'tis well!
But I will give them an excuse for murder,
Such, such a cause.---Off love, and soft compassion;
Harden each sinew of my heart to steel.

I'll do, what done will shock myself, and those
Whom time sets farthest from this dreadful hour.

Enter Mandane, forc'd in by Auletes.

Mand. By all the pow'rs that can revenge a falshood,
I'm innocent from any thoughts of blood.

Myr. Why then your champions here in arms?
'Tis false.

Mand. Ah let my life suffice you for the wrong
You charge upon me! O my royal master!
My safety from all ill! my great defender!
Or did my father but insult my tears,
And give me to your care to suffer wrong;
Kill me, but not your friend, but not my father;
He loves us both, and my severe distress
Will scarce more deeply wound him than your guilt.

[Myron walks passionately at a distance.]

Myr. Slaves are you sworn against me? stop her
voice,

And bear her to my chamber.

Mand. O sir! O *Myron*!

Behold my tears---here I will fix for ever---
I'll clasp your feet---and grow into the earth---
O cut me, hew me---give to ev'ry limb
A separate death---but spare my spotless virtue---
But spare my fame---you wound to distant ages---
And thro' all time my memory will bleed.

Myr. Distraction! all the pains of hell are on me!

[As servants force in Mandane.]

Mand. O *Memnon*! O my lord!--my life! where
art thou? *[She is borne off.]*

*[Myron expresses sudden passion and surprize, stands
awhile fixed in astonishment, then speaks.]*

Myr. As many accidents concur to work
My passions up to this unheard-of crime,
As if the gods design'd it---be it then
Their fault, not mine---*Memnon*! said she not *Memnon*?
My heart began to stagger, but 'tis over---

Heav'n

Heav'n blast me if I thought it possible
 I could be still more curst---That hated dog
 Her lord, her life!---I thank her for my cure
 Of all remorse and pity; this has left me
 Without a check, and thrown the loosen'd reins
 On my wild passion to run headlong on;
 And in her ruin quench a double fire,
 The blended rage of vengeance and of love.
 Destruction full of transport! lo, I come
 Swift on the wing, to meet my certain doom:
 I know the danger, and I know the shame;
 But, like our phoenix, in so rich a flame
 I plunge triumphant my devoted head,
 And doat on death in that luxurious bed.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Myron in the utmost disorder, bare-headed, without light, &c. Walks disturbedly before he speaks.

Myr. **H**enceforth let no man trust the false step
 Of guilt, it hangs upon a precipice,
 Whose steep descent in last perdition ends!
 How far am I plung'd down beyond all thought
 Which I this evening fram'd!---but be it so,
 Consummate horror! guilt beyond a name!
 Dare not, my soul, repent; in thee repentance
 Were second guilt, and thou blasphem'st just heav'n,
 By hoping mercy. Ah! my pain will cease
 When gods want pow'r to punish.--Ha! the dawn----
 Rise never more, O sun! let night prevail,
 Eternal darkness close the world's wide scene,
 And hide me from *Nicanor* and myself.

Enter Auletes.

Who's there?

Aul. My lord?

Myr. Auletes?

Aul. Guard your life.

The

KING OF EGYPT.

The house is rous'd, the servants all alarm'd,
The gliding tapers dart from room to room;
Solemn confusion, and a trembling haste,
Mixt with pale horror, glares on ev'ry face:
The strengthen'd foe has rush'd upon your guard,
And cut their passage thro' them to the gate.
Implacable *Rameses* leads them on,
Breathing revenge, and panting for your blood.

Myr. Why, let them come, let in the raging torrent.
I wish the world wou'd rise in arms against me;
For I must die, and I wou'd die in state.

The doors are burst open, servants pass the stage in tumult, Rameses, &c. pursue Myron's guards over the stage, then Rameses and Syphoces enter meeting.

Ram. Where's the prince?

Syph. The monster stands at bay;
We can no more than shut him from escap
Till further force arrive.

Ram. O my *Syphoces*!

Syph. This is a grief, but not for words.
Does she still live?

Ram. She lives!--but O how blest'd
Are they which are no more! By stealth I saw her,
Cast on the ground in mourning weeds she lyes,
Her torn and loosen'd tresses shade her round,
Thro' which her face, all pale as she were dead,
Gleams like a sickly moon; too great her grief
For words or tears! but ever and anon
After a dreadful, still, insidious calm,
Collecting all her breath, long, long suppress'd,
She sobs her soul out in a lengthen'd groan,
So sad, it breaks the heart of all that hear,
And sends her maids in agonies away.

Syph. O tale too mournful to be thought on!

Ram. Hold —

No, let her virgins weep, forbear *Syphoces*;
Tear out an eye, but damp not our revenge.

B U S I R I S,

Dispatch your letters ; I'll go comfort her.

[*A servant speaks aside to Ramefes. Exit Syphoces.*
And has she then commanded none approach her ?
I'm sorry for it, but I cannot blame her.
Such is the dreadful ill, that it converts
All offer'd cure into a new disease,
It shuns our love, and comfort gives her pain.

Re-enter Syphoces.

Syph. Your father is return'd; redundant Nile
Broke from its channel, overflows the pass,
And sends him back to wait the waters fall.

Ram. And is he then return'd? — I tremble for
him. —
I see his white head rolling in the dust:
But haste, it is our duty to receive him. [*Exit.*

Enter Myron.

Myr. I feel a pain of which I am not worthy,
A pain, an anguish, which the honest man
Alone deserves.—Is it not wond'rous strange
That I, who stabb'd the very heart of nature,
Should have surviving ought of man about me?
And yet I know not how, of gratitude
And friendship still the stubborn sparks survive,
And poor *Nicanor's* torments pierce my soul.
Confusion! he's return'd. [*Starting.*

Enter Nicanor.

Nic. My prince — [*Advancing to embrace.*

Myr. My friend — [*Turning aside, and hiding his face.*

Nic. I interrupt you.

Myr. I had thee there. [*Smiting his breast*
Before thou cam'st, my thoughts were bent upon thee.

Nic. O sir, you are too kind!

Myr. Death! tortures! hell! [*Aside.*

Nic. What says my prince?

Myr.

Myr. A sudden pain,
To which I'm subject, struck a-cross my heart:
'Tis past, I'm well again.

Nic. Heav'n guard your health.

Myr. Dost thou then wish it?

Nic. Am I then distrusted?

Then when I sav'd your life, I did the least
I e'er wou'd do to serve you.

Myr. Barbarous man!

Nic. What have I done, my prince, which way of-
fended?

Has not my life, my soul been yours?

Myr. Oh! — Oh!

Nic. By heav'n I'm wrong'd, speak, and I'll clear
myself. [*Takes him by the hand.*]

Myr. I'm poison and destruction, curse thy gods,
I'll kill thee in compassion. — Oh my brain!

Away, away, away. [*Shoves him from him, going.*]

Nic. Do, kill me, prince —

You shall not go, I do demand the cause,
Which has put forth thy hand against thy father!
For thus provok'd, I'll do myself the justice
To tell thee, youth, that I deserve that name,
Nor have thy parents lov'd thee more than I.

Myr. I hear them, they are on me — Loose thy hold,
Or I will plant my dagger in thy breast.

Nic. Your dagger's needless! O ungrateful boy!

Myr. Forgive me, father, O my soul bleeds for thee.

[*Embrace.*]

*As he is going out Auletes meets him, and speaks to him
aside.*

What, no escape? on every side inclos'd?
Then I resolve to perish by his hand;
'Tis just I shou'd, and meaner death I scorn.
But how to work him to my fate, to sting
His passion up so high, will be a task
To me severe, as difficult as strange.
Support me, cruel heart, it must be done.

[*Aside.*
Nic.

Nic. Now from my very soul, I cannot tell
 But 'tis enchantment all, for things so strange
 Have happen'd, I might well distrust my sense;
 But if mine eyes are true, I plainly read
 A heart in anguish, and I must confess
 Your grief is just—It was inhuman in you——
 But tell the cause, unravel from the bottom
 The mystery that has embroil'd our loves,
 (For still, my prince, I love, since you repent)
 What accident depriv'd me of my friend,
 And lost you to yourself?

Myr. A traitor's sight!

Nic. Beneath my roof?

Myr. Beneath thy very helmet,
 Thou art a traitor. Guard thyself. [Draws.

Nic. Distraction!

Traitor!—for standing by your father's throne;
 And stemming the wild stream that roars against it
 Of rebel subjects, and of foreign foes?
 For traini g thee to glory, and to war?
 For taking thee from out thy mother's arms
 A mortal child, and kindling in thy soul
 The noble ardors of a future god?
 Farewel, I dare not trust my temper more.

Myr. Grey-headed, venerable traitor!

Enter Ramefes.

Ram. Ha!

Turn, turn, blasphemers, and repress thy taunts;
 All provocation's needless, but thy sight.

[*He assaults the prince, Nicanor hinders him.*

Nic. Forbear, my son.

Ram. Forbear?

Nic. If I am calm,
 Your rage should cease.

Ram. No, 'tis my own revenge,
 Unless, Sir, you disown me for your son.

Nic. Thy sword against thy prince?

Ram. A villain.

Nic.

Nic. Hold.

Ram. The worst of villains.

Nic. 'Tis too much.

Ram. O father! —

Nic. What wouldst thou?

Ram. Sir, your daughter —

Nic. Rightly thought;

She best can comfort me in all my sorrow:

Call, call *Mandane*; to behold my child

Wou'd cheer me in the agonies of death;

Call her, *Rameses*. — Am I disobey'd?

Ram. O sir! —

Nic. What mean these transports of concern?

Ram. Tho' I'm an outcast from your love, I weep,
To open your black scene of misery.

Nic. Where will this end? — Oh my forboding
heart!

Ram. Should he to whom, as to a god, at parting,
You gave, with streaming eyes, your soul's delight,
While yet your last embrace was warm about him,
Gloomy and dreadful as this stormy night
Rush on your child, your comfort, your *Mandane*,
All sweet and lovely as the blushing morn,
Seize her by force, now trembling, breathless, pale,
Prostrate in anguish, tearing up the earth,
Imploring, shrieking to the gods and you. —
O hold my brain! — look there, and think the rest.

*The back scene opens. A darken'd chamber, a bed, and
the curtains drawn. Women pass out, weeping, &c.*

Nicanor falls back on Rameses.

Nic. Is't possible! — my child! my only daughter!
The growth of my own life! that sweeten'd age
And pain! — O nature bleeds within me!

Mand. Weep not, my virgins, cease your useless
tears,

Kindness is thrown away upon despair,
And but provokes the sorrow it wou'd ease.

Nic. Assist me forwards.

Mand. Most unwelcome news!
Is he return'd? The gods support my father.
I now begin to wish he lov'd me less.

Nic. There, there she pierc'd the very tend'rest nerve.
She pities me, dear babe, she pities me:
Through all the raging tortures of her soul
She feels my pain! but hold, my heart, to thank her,
Then burst at once, and let the pangs of death
Put *Myron* from my thought. [*Goes to her.*]

Mand. Severest fate
Has done its worst—I've drawn my father's tears.—

Nic. Forbear to call me by that tender name;
Since I can't help thee, I wou'd fain forget
Thou art a part of me—it only sharpens
Those pangs, which, if a stranger, I should feel.---
O spare me, my *Mandane*; to behold thee
In such excess of sorrow, quite destroys me;
And I shall die, and leave thee unreveng'd.

Mand. O fir, there are misfortunes most severe,
Which yet can bear the light, and well sustain'd
Adorn the sufferer.---But this affliction
Has made despair a virtue, and demands
Utter extinction, and eternal night,
As height of happiness [*Scene shuts on them.*]

Enter Syphoces.

Ram. O my *Syphoces*!

Syph. And does this move you, does this melt you
down,

And pour you out in sorrow? then fly far,
'Ere *Memnon* comes; he comes with flushing cheek,
And beating heart, to bear a bride away,
And bless his fate;—how dreadfully deceiv'd!

Ram. The melancholy scene at length begins.

Enter Memnon.

Mem. O give me leave
To yield to nature, and indulge my joy,
My friend! my brother! O the ecstacy

That

That fires my veins, and dances at my heart !
 You love me not, if you refuse to join
 In all the just extravagance and flight
 Of boundless transport, on this happy hour.
 Where is my soul, my bliss, my lovely bride !
 Call, call her forth ; O haste, the priest expects us,
 And ev'ry moment is a crime to love.

Ram. Speak to him.---Pr'ythee speak. [To Syph.

Syph. By heav'n I cannot.

Mem. What can this mean ?

Ram. *Syphoces.*

Syph. Nay, *Rameses.*

Mem. By all the gods they struggle with their sor-
 rows,
 And swallow down their tears to hide them from me.
 By friendship's sacred name, I charge you, speak.

[*They look on him with the utmost concern, and go
 out on different sides of the stage.*

Was ever man thus left to dreadful thought,
 And all the horrors of a black surmise !
 What woe is this too big to be express'd ?
 O my sad heart ! why bod'st thou so severely ?
Mandane's life's in danger ! there indeed,
 Fortune I fear thee still ; her beauties arm thee,
 Her virtues make thee dreadful to my thought :
 But for my love, how I cou'd laugh at fate !

Enter a servant, and gives him a paper. He reads.

Enter Rameses, Memnon swoons and falls on Rameses.

Ram. 'Twere happy if his soul wou'd ne'er return ;
 The gods may still be merciful in this.---
 His lids begin to rise.---How fares my friend ?

Mem. Did *Myron* feel my pangs, you'd pity him.

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. Fainting beneath th' oppression of her grief,
 This way *Mandane* seeks the fresher air :

Let us withdraw ; 'twill pain her to be seen,
And most of all by you.

Mem. By my own heart,
I judge, and am convinc'd.---I dare not see her,
The sight wou'd strike me dead.

[As Memnon is going, Mandane meets him ; both start back, she shrieks. Memnon recovers himself, and falls at her knees, embracing them ; she tries to disengage, he not permitting, she raises him ; he takes her passionately in his arms. They continue speechless and motionless for some time.]

Ram. Was ever mournful interview like this ?
See how they writhe with anguish ! hear them groan !
See the large silent dew run trickling down,
As from the weeping marble ; passion choaks
Their words, and they're the statues of despair !

Mem. O my Mandane !

[At this she violently breaks from him, and Exit.]
But one moment more.

[As Memnon is following, Rameses holds him.]

Ram. Brother ——

Mem. Forgive me ——

Ram. You're to blame. ——

Mem. Look there.

[Pointing after her.]

My heart is bursting.

Ram. With Revenge.

Mem. And love

Ram. Revenge.

Mem. One dear embrace, 'twill edge my sword.

Syph. No, *Memnon*, if our swords now want an
edge,

They'll want for ever ; to this spot I charm thee ;
By the dread words, revenge and liberty !
This is the crisis of our fates, this moment
The guardian gods of *Egypt* hover o'er us,
They watch to see us act like prudent men,
And out of ills extract our happiness.
My friends, these dire calamities, like poison,

May

May have their wholsome use! this sad occasion,
If manag'd artfully, revives our hopes;
It gives *Nicanor* to our sinking faction,
And still the tyrant shakes.

Ram. My father comes;
Or snatch this moment, or despair for ever.
While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

Enter Nicanor.

Nic. Why have the gods chose out my weakest hours,
To set their terrors in array against me?
This wou'd beat down the vigour of my youth,
Much more grey hairs, and life worn down so low.
Vain man! to be so fond of breathing long,
And spinning out a thread of misery.
The longer life the greater choice of evil;
The happiest man is but a wretched thing,
That steals poor comfort from comparison;
What then am I? Here will I fit me down,
Brood o'er my cares, and think myself to death.
Draw near, *Rameses*; I was rash erewhile,
And chid thee without cause.---How many years
Have I been cas'd in steel?

Ram. Full threescore years
Have chang'd the seasons o'er your crested brow,
And seen your fauchion dy'd in hostile blood.

Nic. How many triumphs since the king has reign'd?

Ram. They number just your battles, one for one.

Nic. True, I have follow'd the rough trade of war
With some success, and can, without a blush,
Review the shaken fort, and sanguine plain.
I have thought pain a pleasure, thirst and toil
Blest objects of ambition; I remember,
(Nor do my foes forget that bloody day)
When the barb'd arrow from my gaping thigh
Was wrench'd with labour, I disdain'd to groan,
Because I suffer'd for *Busiris'* sake.

Ram. The king is not to blame.

Nic. Is not the prince his son?

Ram. But in himself. —

Nic. And has he lost his guilt, [Rising in passion.
'Cause he has injur'd me? Erewhile thy blood
Was kindled at his name,---Didst thou not tell me
A shameful black design on poor *Amelia*?
O Memnon! what a glorious race is this,
To make the gods a party in our cause,
And draw down blessings on us!

Mem. He that supports them
In such black crimes, is sharer of their guilt.

Nic. Point out the man, and with these wither'd
hands

I'd fly upon his throat, tho' he were lodg'd
Within the circle of *Busiris'* arms.

Ram. He that prevents it not when in his power
Supports them in their course of flaming guilt,
And you are he.

Nic. Thou rav'lt,

Syph. The army's yours.

I've founded ev'ry chief; but wave your finger,
Thousands fall off the tyrant's side, and leave him
Naked of help, and open to destruction.
But sweep his minions, cut a padder's throat,
Or lop a sycophant, the work is done.

Nic. What wou'd you have me do? [Starting.

Mem. Let not your heart

Fly off from your own thought, be truly great,
Resent your country's sufferings as your own.
A generous soul is not confin'd at home,
But spreads itself abroad o'er all the public,
And feels for every member of the land.
What have we seen for twenty rolling years,
But one long tract of blood! or, what is worse,
Throng'd dungeons pouring forth perpetual groans,
And free-born men oppress'd! Shall half mankind
Be doom'd to curse the moment of their birth?
Shall all the mother's fondness be employ'd

To

KING OF EGYPT.

55

To rear them up to bondage, give them strength
To bear afflictions, and support their chains?

Syph. To you the valiant youth must humbly bend,
[*Kneeling.*

And beg that nature's gifts, the vigorous nerve,
And graceful port design'd to bless the world,
And take your great example in the field,
May not be forc'd by lewdness in high place
To other toils, to labour for disease,
To wither in a loath'd embrace, and die
At an inglorious distance from the foe.

Ram. To you *Amelia* lifts her hands for safety.

[*Kneeling.*

Mem. To you—to you—— [Bursting into tears.

Nic. By heav'n he cannot speak.—I understand thee,
Rise---rise---my son. Rise all; your work is done;
They perish all, these creatures of my sword.
Have I not seen whole armies vaulted o'er.
With flying javelins, which shut out the day,
And fell in rattling storms at my command,
To slay, and bury proud *Busiris'* foe?
He lives and reigns, for I have been his friend;
But I'll unmake him, and plough up the ground
Where his proud palace stands. [Exit.

Mem. O my *Mandane*!

The gods by dreadful means bestow success,
And in their vengeance most severely bless:
From thy bright streaming eyes our triumphs flow,
The tyrant falls, *Mandane* strikes the blow.
So the fair moon, when seas swell high, and pour
A wasteful deluge on the trembling shore,
Inspires the tumult from her clouded throne,
Where silent, pensive, pale, she sits alone,
And all the distant ruin is her own.

ACT

B U S I R I S,

A C T V. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The field.*

Enter Busiris and Auletes. An alarm at a distance.

Bus. WELCOME the voice of war! though loud the
found,

It faintly speaks the language of my heart,
It whispers what I mean. But say, *Auletes*,
What urge these forlorn rebels in excuse
For chusing ruin?

Aul. Various their complaints;
But some are loud, that while your heavy hand
Presses whole millions with incessant toil,
(Toils fitter far for beasts than human creatures)
In building wonders for the world to gaze at,
Weeds are their food, their cup the muddy *Nile*.

Bus. Do they not build for me? let that reward them.
Yes, I will build more wonders to be gaz'd at,
And temper all my cement with their blood.
Whose pains and art reform'd the puzzled year,
Thus drawing down the sun to human use,
And making him their servant? who push'd off
With mountain dams the broad redundant *Nile*
Descended from the moon, and bid it wander
A stranger stream in unaccustom'd shores?
Who from the *Ganges* to the *Danube* reigns?
But virtues are forgot---away---to arms!
I call to mind my glorious ancestry,
Which for ten thousand rolling years renown'd
Shines up into eternity itself,
And ends among the gods.

[*An alarm.*

Enter Memnon.

Aul. The rebel braves us.

Bus. Hold, let our weapons thirst one moment longer;
And death stand still, 'till he receives my nod.—

Whom

Whom meet I in the midst of my own realm,
With bold defiance on his brow?

Mem. The slave,
Whom dread *Busiris* lately laid in chains,
An emblem of his country.

Bus. Is it thus
You thank my royal bounty?

Mem. Thus you thank'd the good *Artaxes*,
Thus you thank'd my father.

Bus. What I have done, conclude most right and just,
For I have done it, and the gods alone
Shall ask me why; thou liv'st, altho' they fell;
And if they fell unjustly, greater thanks
Are due from thee, whom e'en injustice spar'd.

Mem. Thy kindnesses are wrongs, they mean to
sooth

My injur'd soul, and steal it from revenge.

Bus. Turn back thine eye, behold thy troops are thin,
Thy men are rarely sprinkled o'er the field,
And yet thou carriest millions on thy tongue.

Mem. All thy blood-thirsty sword has laid in dust
Are on my side, they come in bloody swarms,
And throng my banners; thy unequal'd crimes
Have made thee weak, and rob my victory. —

Bus. Ha!

Mem. Nay, stamp not, tyrant; I can stamp as loud,
And raise as many demons at the sound.

Bus. I wear a diadem.

Mem. And I a sword.

Bus. Yet, yet submit, I give thee life.

Mem. Secure your own:

No more, *Busiris*, bid the sun farewell.

Bus. *Busiris* and the sun should set together;
If this day's angry gods ordain my fate,
Know thou, I fall like some vast pyramid,
I bury thousands in my great destruction,
And thou the first,—Slave! in the front of battle;
There thou shalt find me.

Mem.

Mem. Thou shalt find me there,
And have well paid that gratitude I owe. [*Exeunt.*]

A continued alarm.

Enter Myron and Nicanor meeting.

Nic. Does not mine eye strike horror through thy
foul,
And shake the weapon from thy trembling arm?
Base boy! the foulness of thy guilt secures thee
From my reproach, I dare not name thy crime.

Myr. Old man, didst thou stand up in thy own cause,
I then shou'd be afraid of fourscore years,
And tremble at grey hairs; but since thy frenzy
Has lent those venerable locks to cast
A gloss of virtue on the blackest crime,
Accurst rebellion! this gives back my heart,
With all its rage, and I'm a man again.

Nic. Come on, and use that force in arms I taught
thee;
I'll now resume the life I gave so late.

Myr. I grieve thou hast but half a life to lose,
And dost defraud my vengeance---At my touch
Thou moulder'st into dust, and art forgotten.

[*Preparing to fight, Myron stops short.*]

Ah, no! I cannot fight with thee, begone,
And shake elsewhere; thou canst not want a death
In such a field, though I refuse it to thee.

Rameses, Memnon, give them to my sword,
Sustain'd by thousands; but to fly from thee,
From thee, most injur'd man, shall be my praise,
And rise above the conquest of my foes.

Nic. 'Tis not old age, th' avenging gods pursue thee!

[*He retires before Nicanor off the stage. A loud alarm.*]

Enter Busris and Auletes in pursuit.

Bus. 'Tis well, I like this madness of the field:
Let heighten'd horrors, and a waste of death
Inform the world, *Busris* is in arms.

But

But then I grudge the glory of my sword
To slaves and rebels; while they die by me,
They cheat my vengeance, and survive in fame.

Aul. I panted after in the paths of death,
And cou'd not but from far behold your plume
O'ershadow slaughter'd heaps; while your bright helm
Struck a distinguish'd terror through the field,
The distant legions trembling as it blaz'd.

Buf. Think not a crown alone lights up my name,
My hand is deep in fight. Forbid it, *Isis*!
That whilst *Bufiris* treads the sanguine field,
The foremost spirit of his host shou'd conquer
But by example, and beneath the shade
Of this high-brandish'd arm. Didst thou e'er fear?
Sure 'tis an art, I know not how to fear.

'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;
And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,
Thy master is immortal, O *Auletes*. —
But while I speak, they live!

Where fall the sounding cataracts of *Nile*,
The mountains tremble, and the waters boil;
Like them I'll rush, like them my fury pour,
And give the future world one wonder more.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Myron engaged with a party: his plume is smitten off. He drives the foe, and returns.

Myr. When death's so near, but dares not venture on
us,

'Tis heaven's regard, a kind of salutation,
Which to ourselves our own importance shews: —

Faint as I am, and almost sick of blood,

There is one cordial would revive me still;

The sight of *Memnon*, place that fiend before me. —

[*Exit.*

Enter Memnon.

Mem. Where, where's the prince? O give him to my
sword!

His

His tall white plume, which like a high-wrought foam
 Floated on the tempestuous stream of fight,
 Shew'd where he swept the field; I follow'd swift,
 But my approach has turn'd him into air——

Enter Myron.

The fight but now begins!

Myr. Why, who art thou?

Mem. Prince I am ——

Myr. *Memnon.*

[*Disdainfully.*]

Mem. No—I'm *Mandane*.

Myr. Ha!

Mem. She's here, she's here, she's all: her wrongs
 and virtues! [*Striking his head and breast.*]

Virtues and wrongs! thou worse than murderer!

Myr. I charge thee name her not, forbear the croak
 With that ill-omen'd note.

Mem. *Mandane!*

Myr. Be it so.

When I reflect on her mean love for thee,
 And plot against my life, my pain is less.

Mem. 'Tis false; she meant, she knew it not; *Rameses*,
 He, only he, was conscious of the thought.

Myr. Then I'm a wretch indeed!

Mem. As such I'll use thee:

I'll crush thee like some poison on the earth,
 Then haste and cleanse me in the blood of men.

Myr. I thank thee for this spirit which exalts thee
 Into a foe I need not blush to meet.

Now from my soul, it joys me thou art found,
 And found alive; by heav'n, so much I hate thee,
 I fear'd that thou wast dead, and hadst escap'd me:
 I'll drench my sword in thy detested blood,
 Or soon make thee immortal by my own.
 Villain!

Mem. *Myron!*

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. *Myron!*

Myr. Hell!

Mem.

Mem. Mandane!

[*Myron falls.*

Myr. Just the blow, and juster still,
Because imbitter'd to me by that hand
I most detest; which gives my soul an earnest
Of vast unfathomable woes to come,
That dreadful dowry for my dreadful love.
I leave the world my misery's example,
If us'd aright, no trivial legacy.

[*Dies.*

Enter Syphoces.

Syph. My lord, I bring you most unwelcome news.
As poor *Mandane* wander'd near the field,
In hope to see her injuries reveng'd;
Thoughtless of any suff'rings but the past,
A party of the foe saw, seiz'd, and bore her off.

Mem. Veng'ance and conquest now are trivial things.
Love made their prize! 'tis impious in my soul
To entertain a thought but of her rescue.
Now, now I plunge into the thickest war,
As some bold diver from a precipice
Into mid ocean to regain a gem,
Whose loss impoverish'd kings to bring it back,
Or see the day no more.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Mandane prisoner.

Mand. A gen'rous foe will hear his captive speak;
A benefit thus kneeling I emlore:
Let one of all those swords that glitter round me,
Vouchsafe to hide its point within my breast.

Enter Memnon.

Mem. Ah villains! cursed atheists! can you bear
That posture from that form? what, what are numbers,
When I behold those eyes? not mine the glory,
That singly thus I quell a host of foes.
Inhuman robbers! O bring back my soul.

[*They force her off, he rushes in upon them and is taken.*

Poor

Poor comfort to mankind that they can lose
 Their lives but once—but O! a thousand times
 Be torn from what they love.

Enter Ramefes.

Ram. Far have I waded in the bloody field,
 Laborious through the stubborn ranks of war,
 And trac'd thee in a labyrinth of death;
 But thus to find thee!—better find thee dead!
 These slaves will use thee ill.

Mem. Of that no more;
Myron is dead, and by this arm.

Ram. I thank thee.
 All my few spirits left exult with joy.
 I'll chafe and scourge him through the lower world.

Mem. Alas, thou bleed'st.

Ram. Curse on the tyrant's sword,
 I bleed to death. But cou'd not leave the world
 Without a last embrace. Just now I met
 The poor *Mandane*.

Mem. Quickly speak. What said she?

Ram. Nothing of comfort. Cease to ask me farther.
 If you meet more, your meeting will be sad.—
 Your arm, I faint---Ah what is human life!
 How like the dial's tardy-moving shade!
 Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd:
 The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
 Too subtle is the movement to be seen,
 Yet soon the hour is up---and we are gone.
 Farewell, I pity thee. [Dies.

Mem. Farewell, brave friend!
 Wou'd I cou'd bear thee company to rest,
 But life in all its terrors stands before me,
 And shuts the gate of peace against my wishes.—
 Do I nor hear a peal of distant thunder,
 And see a sudden darkness shuts the day,
 And quite blots out the sun?---but what to me
 The colour of the sky? a death-cold dew
 Hangs on my brow, and all my slacken'd joints

Are

Are shook without a cause---A groan! from whence?
 Again! and no one near me; vain delusion!
 Yet not I fear in vain! some ill is tow'rd's me,
 More dreadful sure than all that's past. *Mandane!*
 I hop'd she was at peace, and past the reach
 Of this ill news, but such my wayward fate
 I cannot ask a curse, but 'tis deny'd me:
 And cou'd I wish I ne'er could see her more?

Enter Mandane guarded.

Mand. This is my brother; a short privacy
 Is a small favour you may grant a foe.

Guard. Let it be short, we may not wait your leisure.

Mem. 'Tis wond'rous strange, there's something
 holds me from her,
 And keeps this foot fast rooted to the ground.
 This is the last time I shall ever pray:
 To me, ye gods, confine your threaten'd vengeance,
 And I will bless your mercies while I suffer.

*[Memnon and Mandane advance slowly to
 the front of the stage.]*

Mand. What didst thou pray for?

Mem. For thy peace.

Mand. 'Twas kind:

But Oh! those hands in bonds deny the blessing,
 For which they earnestly were rais'd to heav'n—

Mem. I fear so too; what we have yet to do
 Must be soon done; this meeting is our last.
 How shall we use it?

Mand. How? consult thy chains,
 And my calamities.

Mem. Sad counsellors,
 And cruel their advice—are there no other?

Mand. I look around—and find no glimpse of hope,
 A perfect night of horror and despair!

Mem. Of horror and despair, indeed, *Mandane!*
 Canst thou believe me? nay, can I believe

My-

Myself? the last thing that I wish'd for was—'tis false
The weight of my misfortune hurts my mind.

Mand. Was what?

Mem. I dare not think, to think is to look down
A precipice ten thousand fathoms deep,
That turns my brain---Oh! Oh!

Mand. *Memnon*, no more:

That silence and those tears need no explaining;
And it is kind, with such severe reluctance,
To think upon my death---though necessary.

Mem. Ah hold! you plant a thousand daggers here.
Talk not of dying---I disown the thought;
Right is not right, and reason is not reason,
All is distraction when I look on thee.
O all ye pitying gods! dash out from nature
Your stars, your sun, but let *Mandane* live.

Mand. No: death long since was my confirm'd re-
solve.

Mem. *Myron* is dead.

Mand. What joy a heart like mine
Can feel, it feels---had he been never born,
I might have liv'd---'tis now---impossible.

Mem. This even to my miseries I owe,
That it discovers greater virtues still
In her my soul adores---O my *Mandane*!
O glorious maid! then thou wilt be at peace.---

[*Memnon walks thoughtfully, then returns.*]

Must I survive, and change thy tenderness
For a stern master, and perpetual chains?
Long I may groan on earth to sate their malice,
Then through slow torments linger into death,
No steel to stab, no wall to dash my brain!

Mand. Ha!

Mem. Why thus fix'd in thought? what mighty birth
Is lab'ring in your soul? your eyes speak wonders---

Mand. Will not the blood-hounds be content with
life?

Mem. Alas, *Mandane*! no; they study nature

To

To find out all her secret seats of pain,
And carry killing to a dreadful art:

A simple death in *Egypt* is for friends.

Mand. O then it must be so!---and yet it cannot.---

Mem. What means this sudden paleness?

Mand. Heav'n assist me!

[Feeling in her bosom she swoons.]

Mem. My love! *Mandane!* hear me, my espous'd!
My dearest heart! the infant of my bosom!

Whom I would foster with my vital blood.

Mand. 'Tis well, and in return I give thee---this.

[Shows a dagger.]

Mem. Millions of thanks, thou refuge in despair.

Mand. Terrible kindness! horrid mercy! Oh!

I cannot give it thee.

Mem. Full well I know

Thy tender soul, and I must force it from thee.

[As he is struggling with her for the dagger, she speaks.]

Mand. My lord! my soul! my self! you tear my
heart.

Art thou not dearer to my eyes than light!

Dost thou not circulate through all my veins,

Mingle with life, and form my very soul!

Mem. Now, monsters, I defy you: fate forbids

A long farewell, my guard may interpose;

And make your favour vain---Thus only thus.

And now---

[Embrace.]

Mand. Ah no! since last I saw thee, thrice I rais'd

[Holds his arm.]

My trembling arm, and thrice I let it fall.---

If you refuse compassion to my sex,

Memnon betrays me, and is *Myron's* friend.---

As I a ponyard, you supply an arm,

And I shall still be happy in your love.

[After a pause of astonishment, he sinks gently on the earth.]

Mem. From dreadful to more dreadful I am plung'd,
And

And find in deepest anguish deeper still.
 I can't complain in common with mankind——
 But am a wretched species all alone.
 Must I not only lose thee, but be curs'd
 To sprinkle my own hands with thy life-blood?

Mand. It cannot be avoided.

Mem. Nor perform'd.

Lift up my hand against thee as a foe!
 I, who should save thee from thy very father,
 And teach thy dearest friends to use thee well,
 Make kindness kind, and soften all their smiles?
 O my *Mandane*! think how I have lov'd!
 O my *Mandane*! think upon thy pow'r!
 How often hast thou seen me pale with joy,
 And trembling at a smile? and shall I——

Mand. *Myron*——

[*At that Memnon starts up suddenly.*

Mem. Ah hold! I charge thee hold! one glance that
 way

Awakes my hell, and blows up all its flames.——
 The world turns round, my heart is sick to death!
 O my distraction! perfect loss of thought!

Mand. Why stand you like a statue? are you dead?
 What do you fold so fast within your arms?
 Why with fix'd eye-balls do you pierce the ground?
 Why shift your place, as if you trod on fire?
 Why gnaw your lip and groan so dreadfully?
 My lord, if I have spent whole live-long nights
 In tears, and sigh'd away the day in private,
 Only oppress'd with an excess of love,
 O turn, and speak to me!

Mem. And these, no doubt,
 Are arguments that I should draw thy blood.——
 No child was ever lull'd upon the breast
 With half that tenderness has melted from thee,
 And fell like balm upon my wounded soul.
 And shall I murder thee? yes, thus---thus---thus---

[*Embracing some time.*

Mand.

Mand. Alas! my lord forgets we are to die.

[*Memnon gazes with wonder on the dagger.*]

Mem. By heav'n I had, my soul had took her flight
In bliss---why, is not this our bridal-day?

Mand. That way distraction lyes.

Mem. Indeed it does.

Both. Oh! Oh!

Mand. Thy sighs and groans are sharper than thy
steel.

The guard is on us.

Mem. Then it must be done.

Sun, hide thy face, and put the world in mourning,
Though blood start out for tears, 'tis done---but one,
One last embrace.

[*As he embraces her, she bursts into tears.*]

Let me not see a tear.---I cou'd as soon
Stab at the face of heaven, as kill thee weeping.

Mand. 'Tis past---I am compos'd.

Mem. And now, and now.

Mand. Be not so fearful, 'tis the second blow
Will pain my heart---indeed this will not hurt me.

Mem. O thou hast stung my soul quite through and
through,

With those kind words; I had just steel'd my breast,

[*Dashing down the dagger.*]

And thou undo'st it all---I could not bear
To raze thy skin to save the world from ruin.

Mand. If you're a woman, I'll be something more----

[*Stabs herself.*]

I shall not taste of heav'n till you arrive. [Dies.]

Mem. Struck home---and in her heart.----She's dead
already,

And now with me all nature is expir'd---

My lovely bride! now we again are happy,

[*Stabs himself.*]

And better worlds prepare our nuptial bow'r.---

Now every splendid object of ambition,

Which lately with their various glosses play'd

Upon my brain, and fool'd my idle heart,

Are

Are taken from me by a little mist,
And all the world is vanish'd.

[Dies.

A march sounded. Enter Nicanor and Syphôces victorious.

The guard, which are advancing to the bodies, fly.

Nic. The day's our own, the *Perſian's* angry pow'r's
Have well repaid this morning's insolence,
And turn'd the desperate fortune of the field
By ſure, tho' late relief.

Syph. Nicanor, friend,
I from the city bring you welcome news:
My guilty letter from the amorous queen
I ſpread amongſt the multitude; while yet
Their blood was warm with reading the black ſcroll,
Myris, to view the fortune of the fight,
Leaving her palace for the weſtern tow'r,
Was ſeiz'd, torn, ſcatter'd on the guilty ſpot
Where her great brother fell.

Nic. The gods are juſt.

Syph. See where *Buſiris* comes, your royal captive,
In his miſfortune great; an awful ruin!
And dreadful to the conqueror!

[*Nicanor advancing, ſees the bodies.*

Nic. Sad fight!
A fight that teaches triumph how to mourn,
And more than juſtifies theſe ſtreaming tears,
Even on the moment that my country's ſav'd
From ſore oppreſſion, and inglorious chains.

[*He falls on his attendants.*

A great ſhout. Enter Buſiris wounded.

Buſ. Conquer'd; 'tis falſe; I am your maſter ſtill;
Your maſter, tho' in bonds: you ſtand aghaſt
At your good fate, and trembling can't enjoy.
Now from my ſoul, I hug theſe welcome chains
Which ſhew you all *Buſiris*. and declare
Towns and ſucceſs ſuperfluous to my fame. —

You

You think this streaming blood will low'r my thought;
 No, ye mistaken men, I smile at death;
 For living here, is living all alone,
 For me a real solitude, amid
 A throng of little beings, groveling round me;
 Which yet usurp one common shape and name.
 I thank these wounds, these raging pains, which promise
 An interview with equals soon elsewhere.

[He sees Memnon.

Ha! death? 'tis well; he rose not to my sword,
 I only wish'd his fate, and there he lies.
 Some when they die, die all; their mould'ring clay
 Is but an emblem of their memories:
 The space quite closes up through which they pass'd.
 That I have liv'd, I leave a mark behind,
 Shall pluck the shining age from vulgar time,
 And give it who'e to late posterity.
 My name is writ in mighty characters,
 Triumphant columns, and eternal domes,
 Whose splendor heightens our *Egyptian* day,
 Whose strengths shall laugh at time, till their great basis,
 Old earth itself, shall fail. In after ages,
 Who war or build, shall build or war from me,
 Grow great in each, as my example fires;
 'Tis I of art the future wonders raise;
 I fight the future battles of the world.-----

Great Jove, I come! *Egypt* thou art forsaken: [Sinks.
Asia's impoverish'd by my sinking glories,
 And the world lessens, when *Busiris* falls. [Dies.

Syph. Bear the dead monarch to his pyramid;
 And for what use soe'er it was design'd,
 By that high-minded but mistaken man,
 There let him lye magnificent in death;
 Great was his life, great be his monument:
 And on *Busiris'* nephew, young *Arfaces*,
 Of gentler spirit, let the crown devolve.

From this day's vengeance let the nations know,
Jove lays the pride of haughtiest monarchs low,

T

And

And they who kindled with ambitious fire,
In arts and arms with most success aspire,
If void of virtue, but provoke their doom,
Grasp at their fate, and build themselves a tomb.



EPILOGUE.

By a FRIEND.

Spoken by Mrs. OLDFIELD.

THE race of critics, dull, judicious rogues,
To mournful plays deny brisk epilogues.
Each gentle swain and tender nymph, say they,
From a sad tale should go in tears away,
From hence quite home should streams of sorrow shed,
And, drown'd in grief, steal supperless to bed.

This doctrine is so grave, the sparks won't bear it ;
They love to go in humour to their claret.
The cit, who owns a little fun worth buying,
Holds half-a-crown too much to pay for crying.
Besides, who knows without these healing arts,
But love might turn your heads, and break your hearts ;
And the poor author, by imagin'd woes,
Might people Beth'lem with our belles and beaux ?

Hence I, who lately bid adieu to pleasure,
Robb'd of my spouse, and my dear virgin treasure ;
I, whom you saw despairing breathe my last,
Am free and easy, as if nought had past ;
Again put on my airs, and play my fan,
And fear no more that dreadful creature, man.
---But whence does this malicious mirth begin ?----
I know, ye beasts, you reckon it no sin.

'Tis strange that crimes the same, in diff'rent plays,
Should move our horror, and our laughter raise.
Love's Jove secure the comic actor tries,
But if he's wicked in blank verse he dies.
The farce, where wives prove frail, still makes the best,
And the poor cuckold is a standing jest :

But

E P I L O G U E.

*But our grave bard, a virtuous son of Isis,
Counts a bold stroke in love among the vices,
In blood and wounds a guilty land he dips ye,
And wastes an empire for one ravish'd gipsy.*

*What musty morals fill an Oxford head,
To notions of pedantic virtue bred!
There each stiff Don at galantry exclaims,
And calls fine men and ladies filthy names;
They tell you, rakes and jilts corrupt a nation:
----Such is the prejudice of education!*

*You, who knows better things, will sure approve
These scenes, that show the boundless power of love.
Let, when they will, th' Italian things appear,
This play, we trust, shall throng an audience here.
Bold Myron's passion, up to frenzy wrought,
Would ill be warbled through an eunuch's throat:
His part, at least, his part requires a man;
Let Nicolani act it if he can.*



